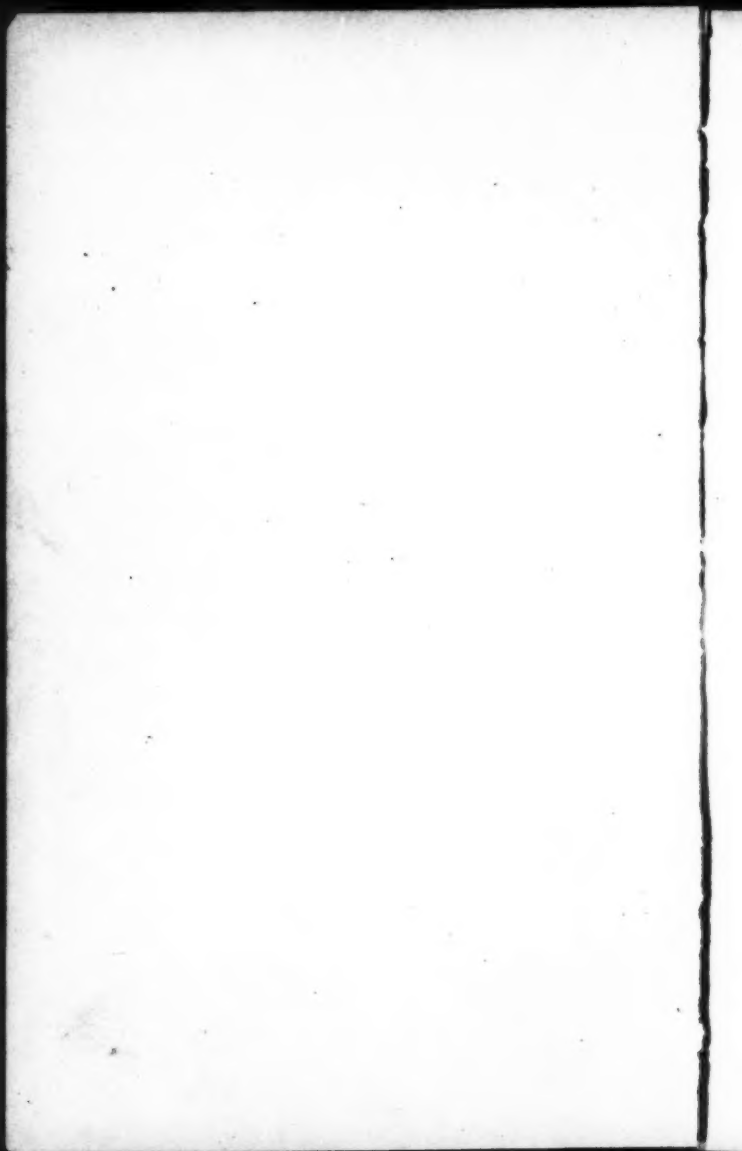


1828

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THE
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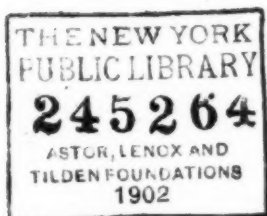
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

OFFERING.

1828.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA & CAREY.

SOLD IN BOSTON BY
HILLIARD, GRAY, & Co.



EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the twenty-seventh day of August, in the fifty-second year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, Carey, Lea & Carey of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

“The Atlantic Souvenir; a Christmas and New Year's Offerings, 1828.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act, entitled, ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the act of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Skerrett—Ninth street,
Philadelphia.

PREFACE.

THE publishers of the Atlantic Souvenir, appear for a third time before the American public, with their annual volume, and they feel it their duty to make sincere acknowledgment for the kindness and liberal patronage that have aided them in a work, which, new as it was to our country, would only have proved, without them, an abortive attempt to foster native literature and art. They have endeavoured to show their sense of this, by the efforts they have made to give additional merit to the present volume. The literary portion of the work, embraces nearly twice as many articles as were inserted last year; much greater variety has been introduced in their character; a large portion of the most distinguished writers of the country are included among the contributors; and no expense or effort has been spared to obtain and produce the best specimens of native genius. The embellishments have been attended to with, if possible, still more care; several celebrated pictures painted by American artists of distinguished merit, have been, for the first time, engraved; other designs have been made expressly for the work; and the engravings have been executed by our best artists, in a style which has certainly never been excelled in this country. Both in the embellishments and contributions, with a single

exception, the plan at first adopted of making the work exclusively American, has been strictly observed; the exception is in the introduction of a few stanzas, which have never yet been published, from the pen of a lady whose poetry has always been devoted to the cause of virtue, and has proved and done honour to female genius. As a specimen of early talent they are truly remarkable, and seem to be brought forward for the first time, with peculiar propriety in this country, where her works have been first collected together.

The publishers would feel guilty of neglect, were they to omit noticing the generosity and promptness with which the valuable pictures they have introduced, were offered to them by the gentlemen to whom they belong. Next to that honourable patronage of the arts which promotes the execution of such works, is the liberality which thus throws them open to the public. To the authors of the several articles, the most sincere acknowledgments are also made; and it is a subject of extreme regret, that want of room, has compelled the postponement to a future volume, of much which it was wished and intended to insert.

In conclusion, the publishers beg to add, that as it is their desire to give to their work a character as national as possible, they will always feel honoured by contributions, addressed to them, for the future numbers, and that the most liberal compensation will be made for such as may be accepted.

Philadelphia, 1st October, 1827.

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FORGET ME NOT.

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake, on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of the myosotis growing on the water, close to the bank of an island, at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when her knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant, but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried, 'forget me not,' and was buried in the waters."—*Mills' Chivalry*.

Beside a placid lake there stood,
A lady and her knight;
Around them all was solitude,
Above them all was bright.
Embosom'd in the waters wide,
An islet rose to view;
And there, amid the sleeping tide,
The myosotis grew.

A smile was on the lady's cheek,
A blush was on her brow;
"My knight," she said, in accents meek,
"Rememb'rest thou thy vow?"
"Now tell me how my troth to prove!"
And fire was in his eye!
"And name thy 'hest, my lady-love,
No recreant am I!"

She gazed upon his glowing face,
And timidly she gazed!
And oh! that look was full of grace,
And confidence replaced!
“Now list to me my gallant knight!
See'st thou yon modest flower?
Go bring to me that token bright,
To deck thy lady's bower.”

He plunged into the quiet lake,
Nor dream'd he aught of harm;
The rippling waters foaming break,
Before his lusty arm.
Away, away! he nears the isle;
His task is lightly done!
Now thinks he of his lady's smile;
The prize is proudly won!

He turn'd him towards the distant land,
Where knelt the trembling maid;
The crucifix was in her hand,
And fervently she pray'd.
He wrestles hard to win the shore,
He hears her welcome voice;
She warns him of his peril o'er;
She bids her knight rejoice!

But faint, and fainter grows his arm,
His strength is well-nigh gone;
What visions now his soul alarm!
His task indeed is done!

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Painted by W. Allston.

Engraved by J.B. Longacre.

THE VALENTINE.

But dying he had not forgot
His lady's high behest;
He flung the flower—"Forget me not,"
He cried, and sunk to rest!

FRANCIS COSBY, JR.

THE VALENTINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.

What are thy thoughts, thou placid one?
Thy glance is mild as evening sun—
Holy and bright the lucid beam,
As love and hope were in thy dream.
Calm are thy feelings—still and deep
As seraph's joy, or infant's sleep.
Not thine the British Sappho's* eye,
Like love's volcano blazing high—
Flush'd cheek, and passion-stricken brow,
Are not for one so pure as thou;
Thou'rt not a thing all smiles and tears,
Wasting thy soul in hopes and fears;
Yet thou, sweet maiden, can'st not hide
Affection's deep and noiseless tide.

* L. E. L.



Printed by W. Allston.

Designed by W. Allston.

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THE VALENTINE.

A sadden'd hue is on thy cheek—
Thy thoughtful look is still and meek;
And well I know that young love flings
A shadow from his purple wings.
'Tis sad to think life's sunlight gleam
May leave thee, like a morning dream—
Can brows so gentle and so fair,
Be early mark'd by with'ring care?
Ah, listen to the plaintive tone
O'er all Felicia's music thrown!
Heaven spare thee the thrilling sigh,
Which wakes her harp to melody!

There's subtle power in every line
Of that bewitching Valentine;
If once within the throbbing heart,
Nor time, nor change bids it depart;
And seldom it's a quiet guest,
In woman's fond devoted breast;
New thoughts may fire the weary brain,
But hearts once chill'd, ne'er warm again.

Yet, lady, trust the dang'rous boy!
His smiles are full of light and joy;
And e'en his most envenom'd dart
Is better than a vacant heart.

WHY DOTH THE BULBUL.

Why doth the Bulbul to the rose
Repeat his nightly lay,
Yet cease at morn? because he knows
Thou'dst shame his melody.

Why do those bright seraphic eyes,
That round us nightly shine,
Retire when morning bids thee rise?
Because they yield to thine.

I twined a wreath at matin hour,
And bound it in thy hair;
The dew was dripping from the flow'r
That blush'd in beauty there:

But look—even now—ere close of day,
How pale the wreath I wove!
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love.

ROBERT SWEENEY.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

“What witchery there is in a garden glowing with the spring’s first blushes! After the chilling, deadening influence of winter, its beauty and freshness come over the heart, with breathings of hope and happiness!”

Such was the language of the young Rosina, as she knelt gracefully down upon the bordering turf of a circular flower-bed, redolent with buds and blossoms. Then, timidly raising her eyes, they met the gaze of a youth, who under the powerful sympathy of that passion which so mysteriously attracts the soul, had unconsciously knelt down on the bank of the same bed, directly opposite to her. The mingling glance passed with electric quickness to every throbbing pulse; and the emotions, the hopes, and fears of months were condensed in that brief minute of existence. Nature in all her winning loveliness and most attractive drapery, was stretched before them, wooing attention. The air breathed of music produced by the sweet carolling of birds; every zephyr was laden with perfume; and the skies were smiling brightly. But this congregated loveliness was all unheeded—they felt not that the world contained any thing beside themselves: for the maiden was at that sweet age, when the heart knows nothing of life but its purity and enchantment; and sanguine na-

ture revels in the fond dream of unembittered bliss. The youth had just entered upon his nineteenth year—love was in its infancy, and in their simplicity they scarcely knew what name to give the bantling. It had never found utterance in words, but expressed itself by suddenly averted eyes, and mantling blushes; in spell-bound lips, and trembling movements. Frederick had been an invalid from childhood, and his better genius whispered him that it would be cruelty to endeavour to win the heart of a young creature, and take her to a bosom which must soon cease to beat forever: to remove this bud of promise from its native garden, ere long to be left unsheltered and exposed to the storms of a cold world. But sympathy and interesting manners had done that for him, which he could not prevail upon himself voluntarily to accomplish. The heart had been given unasked, except by the irresistible eloquence of eyes. The young affections were secretly devoted in all their purity and gentleness: and at the time now spoken of, the enthusiastic pair had wandered into the garden to rid themselves of the embarrassing and conscious feelings, which a recent discovery of the nature of their sensations had given rise to; and Frederick to divert his thoughts into a different channel, that he might avoid the expression of that which was continually throbbing in his bosom. Ah how did they mistake the influence of perfume, and flowers, and sunshine! The world explored could not have produced a scene more fitted to elicit every emotion of tenderness and feeling: and when they found themselves under the magic bond of sympathy, involuntarily kneeling together,

as if interchanging mutual, though tacit vows at nature's own altar, the youth felt the danger of the moment, and springing upon his feet, exclaimed with startling emphasis, "we must not linger here." Suddenly, as is often the case in the fitful climate of the north, a cloud obscured the fair heavens, and a drop of rain fell between the ringlets on Rosina's forehead. The spell was dissolved—the charm was broken—superstition seized upon her fancy, and she regarded the simple rain-drop as a messenger of evil. "Thus then," thought she, as, like the first lovers leaving paradise, her eyes turned with a lingering look towards her little Eden, "thus then are my brightest days to be abruptly terminated, by tears of bitterness and sorrow."

Rosina Walsingham was the only daughter of a wealthy trader, who by unfortunate speculations had lost nearly all the fortune, which a life of persevering industry and untiring self-denial had accumulated. The loss of a vessel, during a storm in the West Indian seas, together with its cargo, and the lives of two affectionate and endeared brothers, added to his previous calamities, oppressed his heart with such a weight of misery, that he resolved to relinquish all that fortune might have in store for him; and with the wreck of thousands he had once possessed, betake himself with his wife and infant daughter, to some spot far from the world, its blandishments, and frowns, there with "sacred nature, to hold high converse," and become familiar with her various forms of fair and terrible.

In one of the wildest regions of Vermont, cradled between giant mountains, reposes a clear and lovely lake.

In its transparent mirror, the eye can gaze upon the meridian sun undazzled; and the pure heaven with her coronet of stars, is nightly painted on its undulating surface. No sound, save the sweet mellow note of the wood-robin, or the gay chirp of the grasshopper, breaks in upon the sober quiet of the place. Here would man instinctively lay aside the fiercer and unhallowed passions which distort his being, and participating in all the placid serenity of the scene, his mind would be soothed almost to holiness, by the mute eloquence of nature in her gentlest forms. In an humble, but tasteful cottage, on the borders of this unpeopled lake, Rosina Walsingham was reared to womanhood. Pure as the air with which she was surrounded, and joyous as the laughing skies that canopied her mountain fastness, she dreamed not of the anxieties, and sorrows, and fluctuations which agitated the world without. Her own heart was her kingdom; and although inhaling with every breath, the very genius of poetry and romance, she was wholly unconscious of the deep wells of sensibility that lay concealed beneath her bosom; or the infinite variety of sweet and profound emotions, of which that heart was capable. She trod the earth, the bright spirit of hope and gladness, and diffused an atmosphere of sunshine round her. Rosina's parents, who were her only teachers, marked with delight the expanding buds of intellect and sensibility, and guarded them with more than a miser's watchfulness and care. To him who gave the treasure, they considered themselves responsible for its culture; and as far as human power is capable, they early instructed her in the ways of righteousness. But it is only the teaching of

the Most High, that can subdue the soul entirely to himself; that can make every wish and feeling, a willing captive to the obedience of Christ. This sweet child of nature, was to be disciplined in the school of sorrow; and she, who had never known affliction, but by name, was to drink of its bitter cup to the very dregs, and thus learn, that "here we have no continuing city."

One bright and delicious morning in the month of June, I had carelessly seated myself on a moss-covered stone, beneath the huge shadow of an embowering elm. The fame of this fairy-land having reached my ears, with the name of her who was its presiding genius, I had brought my drawing implements to sketch the scene, and was deeply absorbed by its surpassing loveliness, when I heard a sweet and gentle voice pronounce persuasively—"this way, my good old Jacques, let me direct your path!" Looking up, I saw the gladsome creature, for there could be no mistake, with her small white hand clasped round the arm of an infirm, and nearly blind old man, endeavouring to guide his footsteps.

"How could you find us?" the same voice softly murmured. "It is a long, long way to the village; and I fear you are sadly tired. Let me carry your basket, and then you will not have that to care for!"

"Heaven bless you! young lady," rejoined he, "I am a troublesome old creature!"

"Talk not of trouble, Jacques! but tell me why you have ventured thus far alone?"

"My poor, dear wife!" and the old man lifted up his hands and wept.

"She is not ill, I hope"

"Oh yes! she will die! and she has been to me the kindest, the most affectionate of God's creatures! and I, miserable old man! shall be left blind, and alone in this wide world, with none to care for me, or comfort me!" and the forlorn being sobbed aloud in the fulness of affliction.

There is something in the natural expression of grief, however homely, which is too sacred to be interrupted by a murmur, scarcely by a breath. A pause of affecting silence followed this effusion. After a few moments, I heard in a tone of persuasive, soothing entreaty—

"Nay, say not you are alone, my good, good Jacques! He who 'feeds the young ravens when they cry unto him,' will be your present help in trouble. Trust me, he will not leave you comfortless!" And thus, as she guided the old man's footsteps, carefully removing every little stone and brush, that intercepted his devious pathway, did this angel of compassion pour balm into his bleeding heart.

I love nature—I love simplicity in all its forms—I am also a true lover of romance—and I determined, at every hazard, to adventure an acquaintance with this attractive being, who appeared to my excited fancy so perfectly unique, an anomaly among created things. Hastily rising, therefore, and following the singularly contrasted pair, who seemed, as they wandered on, like the spirit of Despair, supported by the charmer Hope, I proffered my assistance to the youthful maiden in conducting the trembling steps of the old man. I found her unsuspecting nature, in its kindness, disposed to make friendship with all the world; and industriously

improved the period allowed me. I passed many months in this enchanted region, and by degrees attached the soul of the maiden very closely to me; thus winning for myself an opportunity of knowing her intimately in the artless days of childhood, and afterwards, when new attachments and deeper interests had taught her the concealed treasures locked up in her heart.

It was the practice of Rosina to rise with the sun, and accompanied by a favourite spaniel of her father's, take a solitary ramble on the shore of the lake, or through the dense forest that skirted its silver waters. Occasionally leaving what she playfully styled the "lower regions," she would ascend half way to the mountain's brow; and there in every nook, and cave, and curious hiding-place, investigate the secrets of inanimate nature with an inquiring eye. Bounding, like the fearless doe, from rock to rock and crag to crag, she would return, glowing with health and exercise, to give a history of her adventures, and pour a profusion of shells and wild flowers, trophies of her rural pastime, into the lap of her dear, doting, mother.

On one of these occasions, having ascended even higher than was usual, and being slightly fatigued by the exertion, she sat down on the jutting root of a decayed old pine whose trunk was completely hollow; and on the side opposite to her torn off so near the ground, as to afford free egress and regress to any animal who might choose to burrow there.

Perfectly unconscious of danger from any thing, Rosina threw off the large sun-bonnet which had concealed her features, and taking it in both hands, began to fan her-

self; then laying it aside, while her faithful spaniel stretched himself at her feet, wove a chaplet of wild flowers, singing gaily as she wreathed them. Afterwards twining it gracefully around her chesnut locks, and patting the dog upon his head, she sportively interrogated—

“How lik’st thy mistress, Rover? Hadst thou the gift of speech, I’ll warrant me thou would’st exclaim, in all the pomp of *dog-gerel*—

‘This is my throne—let kings come bow to it!’”

The spaniel looked wistfully in her face, and grumbled out his fondness as expressively as a dog could do. At that instant a low and continued growl seemed to echo from the very ground beneath them. Rosina looked around her with alarm, and it amounted almost to agony, when she saw Rover start upon his feet, and with rapid and impatient glances, growl fiercely, as if replying to an enemy. Every sense was now rendered painfully acute by terror; and the blood curdled in her veins as she listened to the angry and threatening sounds which appeared to increase. Gazing intensely far as the eye could reach, as if to penetrate every cave of the mountain, her heart throbbed almost to suffocation, when she descried a young bear making his way furiously towards her, from behind the very tree where she was seated.

“May God protect me!” she shrieked out—and summoning all her resolution, caught up the huge bonnet, which had before shaded her face, and with a desperate effort, thrust it directly over the head and eyes of the disturbed animal, as he rushed onward

to attack her. All the strength of her system was expended in this act of heroism, and falling powerless against the body of the tree, she awaited with heart-sickening expectation the horrible result. Enraged by his disappointment, the blinded and furious beast rushed on, and passed beyond her; when, goaded to madness by the confinement of his head, he rolled in phrensy on the ground. The bonnet came off with his exertions, Rover rushed to the contest, but the heart of the maiden ceased to throb, as hope left it, and her eyes closed upon the fearful struggle.

A feeling of pain brought back the recollection of suffering. On opening her eyes she saw that her garments were sprinkled with blood, and drops of the same crimson hue were issuing from her arm, just above the elbow. Startling as this might have been, in less fearful circumstances, it was now scarcely heeded. Her distracted vision sought wildly that terrific object which engrossed all her imagination. It rested upon him in the agonies of death. She turned from the shocking spectacle in astonishment and gratitude, and found an explanation for these mysterious circumstances, in the pallid countenance of a young man who was leaning over her, and with the deepest solicitude and anguish painted on his visage, gazing painfully at the startling colour of her sleeve and dress.

"Oh, heed it not!" she soothingly addressed him, "you are my deliverer from a death, oh too, too terrible!" and she firmly closed her eyes, as if to shut out the horrid thought. "Let us leave this place," she add-

ed, giving a hand to the youth, that he might assist her to enforce her resolution.

"Fear nothing now!" said he, with an encouraging, though melancholy smile. "You are yet unable to exert yourself—and I, in my attempt to save you, have been the unhappy cause of shedding blood that must be very precious!"

"Think not of that! think not of that! remember only that you have saved my life—the life of Rosina Walsingham! My dear, dear father and mother! how will you thank him for the rescue of your child!"

Overpowered by emotion at the thought of her parents, her danger, and her escape, the tears burst forth in uncontrolled abundance. They relieved her full heart, and were the natural consequence of a tremendous conflict of the soul. It was, however, the weakness of a moment only. She collected all the forces of her mind, and looking up brightly through her tears, exclaimed, "But I distress you—I am now strong, and we will go—but first," said she, exerting herself to smile even playfully, on observing the youth still look with deep anxiety at her bloodied garments, "you must enact the surgeon, and bind up my wounds. He who made, must heal them. Look not so sombre at my threat, however; I think it will be no Herculean labour."

Our hero had seized the handkerchief proffered him, and assured by her gay tone that the hurt was inconsiderable, proceeded to tie it firmly, but perhaps not very professionally, around the arm. He then assisted her to rise; and leaning upon him, she was enabled slowly and languidly to descend the mountain. Thus providentially

thrown together, one short half hour made them more sweetly familiar, than a whole year might have done of ordinary acquaintance. Tenderly and carefully he guarded her steps, as he supported her down the rugged pathway; and she felt her whole soul warm towards him with perfect confidence and gratitude.

Such is the heart of woman in its purity and singleness! Artless and unsophisticated, it dreams not of guile in others, but seems to move in an atmosphere created for itself, and distinct from the grosser elements of this licentious world. So hallowed is the influence of trusting innocence, that vice will often shrink from its confiding glance, as if fearing to be uncurtained by something participating of angelic nature.

The reader need scarcely be informed, that the young man ushered into the scene at such a crisis, and under such favourable auspices, was no other than the same Mr. Frederick Courtenay, who was introduced to his acquaintance in the commencement of our narrative. It may be thought a marvellous occurrence, and quite in the spirit of romance, that he should have chanced to be hunting with his dog and gun, at the very hour our heroine had walked abroad to take her morning exercise. But by the attraction of composition, foreign bodies are drawn towards each other; and when we consider, gentle reader, the magic power of sympathy, can it be wondered that two spirits so congenial, should go forth to taste the sweets, and breathe the freshness of the same autumnal morning?

But, it may be perseveringly objected, that it is highly improbable the young gentleman should appear on

the spot of action, at the moment when most needed; at the identical one when the infuriated animal was on the point of springing at the lady; and that to save her life, he was under the necessity of firing in such a direction as to wound her arm. I will not tell him to remember the old adage, "that his satanic majesty, (for I dare not say the devil,) is always near when he is spoken of;" but I will say, that under Providence such coincidences do sometimes happen, and that our merciful Father never forsakes those who trust in him.

Sweetly and confidently did our hero and heroine commune together on their way homeward. Ere they had half-way reached the paternal mansion, the youth had made known his name, and related to the maiden all the circumstances of the meeting, with which she was unacquainted. And often since have I heard him aver, that his heart never throbbed with a deeper sense of his own dignity: he never felt so proudly conscious of his own rank in the scale of created beings, as during the brief moments he was imparting protection, to a creature so lovely and so helpless.

It cannot be supposed that an acquaintance thus commenced, was either entirely abandoned, or even sustained with a listless spirit. It needed only to discover the concealed treasure of this enchanted region, to be anxious to lift the veil that curtailed it from the gaze of an admiring world. Frederick was consequently there as much as his state of health would permit him to be, together with a ride of nine miles over a rough and unfrequented road, often rendered almost impassable by the trees and stones which the mountain torrents forced

down in their fury. It was impossible not to love Rosina; and still he felt that to encourage his affection, was cruelty to both. These opinions, our readers are aware influenced his conduct in the garden. Under the same influence, he hastily departed from his fair enslaver, regardless of the increasing rain drops; and without indulging himself even in a last adieu, became a voluntary exile from his native country.

After traversing the shores of Europe, "the world's tired denizen; with none to bless him, none whom he could bless," his wearied spirit sought once more to refresh itself with the scenes of his early youth—and the first glance at his loved natal village, brought back feelings to which he had been long a stranger. For such a length of time he had sated his eyes with the exuberant cultivation of European scenery, which has grown old in luxury and refinement, that his own rude forests, and rugged mountains, and grassy plains, rose before him with all the freshness of childhood. Their very wildness possessed a charm to his palled senses; and every where was the witching spell of early and endeared association. The lessons of prudence which he had so painfully pressed into his mind, in his enthusiastic joy were all forgotten, or remembered but as the suggestions of an evil genius. He sought Rosina's residence, and after having mingled with impunity among the polished dames of Europe, he found in her that which defied resistance, and came over his soul like delightful music which has almost faded from the memory, but which some trifling incident has restored to us in all its melting tenderness. The start of surprise and

pleasure at his entrance—the flattering blush—the smile—the trembling touch as she extended her hand to welcome him—the downcast eyes and quivering lips, as she vainly endeavoured to subdue her agitation, whispered to his awakened fancy a truth but too delightful. He felt that that young heart in its purity, and gentleness, and constancy, was all his own; and forgetful of every thing but that she was again before him, he drew her to his throbbing bosom, and murmured in her ear his dream of love.

Months now passed rapidly away. To tread arm in arm the same pathway; to gaze in unison upon the same planet; to breathe the same air, seemed to be as much happiness as their full hearts could suffer. And when he imprinted upon her glowing cheek the first fond kiss of wedded love, he felt not more secure of her affection, than when her artless accents first confessed it.

Vain is the attempt to express by words what has its home in the deep cells of feeling! The death of both the parents of Rosina, left her ardent nature at liberty to bestow the fulness of its treasures upon that husband, who had selected her from out the universe as the one thing to love and cherish. They lived but in each other, and every minor interest seemed swallowed up in this fond, but dangerous idolatry.

When the heart becomes so absorbed in worldly blessings, as to forget their Author: when all its tendrils are so closely entwined about temporal delights, as to make it necessary with a rude hand to sever them: when the whole being is so fascinated by things of earth, as to

he lulled in the fond dream that this is its abiding place: it is time for him who has said "give *me* thine heart," to arouse it by stern remembrancers. If mercies have been lost upon us, justice must assert her claims. But he who loved us enough to give his only Son for our transgressions, is so compassionate even in his chastenings, that it is not till the proud spirit is unsubdued by lesser means, that he breaks it by severer judgments.

The wife of Frederick had scarcely pressed to her bosom her first born babe, and gazed upon it as the child of that husband who was so precious to her, and who was then necessarily absent upon business, ere she was aroused from the security of bliss, by the appalling intelligence that he was very ill. In consequence of extreme exertion, he had burst a blood vessel, and a change of scene and air became necessary to his existence. Every hope melted within her like winter's fairy frost-work. The sad moment recurred as a death-bolt to her memory, when she was so startled from her dream of imagination in the garden, by a simple rain-drop, and the unprecedented tones of that voice as it uttered, "We must not linger here!" She fancied them again sounded in her ears: again she found it impossible to repel the dark strivings of superstition. While it cruelly foreboded that now, as formerly, those words were but the harbinger of a separation from her husband, too heart-breaking even in imagination; the spirit of mercy in milder accents whispered, "let not your affections linger in this vale of tears." The slave of perpetual doubts and fears, not wholly enabled to place her trust where alone consolation is to be found; and prevented

by the state of her own health, and the demands of a helpless infant, from going with her husband, the unhappy wife died almost a thousand deaths from anxiety and suspense.

At length, he returned to her. But so changed—so pale—so languid. Oh can it be, that the hopes of earth are held by such a feeble tenure?

“I have come,” he said, “my beloved, to breathe out the frail remnant of my life with you. Still to be near, to see, to feel you, to receive the kind offices of existence at your hands—this will endear to me even my days of pain and suffering. How I have loved you my blessed wife! but God is about to teach me that he loves me, with a more enduring affection than belongs to mortals. I have been very near my eternal home Rosina, and I am but brought back to earth, that I may whisper words of consolation to your heart. We have loved fondly—blindly, and God in faithfulness to the soul, has recalled us to a sense of our dependence. Submit in meekness, my beloved! and you will find him precious, far beyond any earthly comfort. Oh! I cannot tell you how sweetly he has sustained me, since we were parted!”

Frederick Courtenay had been habitually pious from a boy. The frailty of his health was a beacon to warn him against the engrossing cares of earth; and the shock which his constitution had recently sustained, awakened all the slumbering ardour of his piety, and taught him how far he had wandered from that God, who had bought him with a price so infinite.

Day after day did the devoted wife watch over her husband's symptoms with unceasing solicitude: day after

day were her hopes and fears perpetually awakened. She was observant of every look and word, as if the fiat of life, or death hung on his lips: she was tremblingly alive to the most trifling cause of joy or sorrow. How did she grudge to Providence the right to recal the existence which he had given; so were her Christian feelings clouded by this all-absorbing interest; so did her sanguine nature cling to the fond dream that all would yet be well. She could not believe it possible, that one so young and excellent, so fraught with every thing to make life desirable, could die. That one whom she saw moving before her cheerful and animated; in whose veins life was so rapidly and ardently coursing; whose cheeks were flushed with the hue of health; and whose eyes beamed with such speaking and melting tenderness: it was not possible to think that his heart could become still and pulseless—that he could sleep contented and moveless, with the cold, unsympathising turf pressing upon his bosom—that the breast which had so often pillowed her aching head, should ever cease to throb with love for her. Thus did she cheat her heart, to break it—thus did hope flatter, to destroy. She thought when that long and fearful winter had passed away with all its storms, and spring once more smiled upon their little paradise, it would find her husband invigorated and renewed, by its renewing beams.

He saw her error, and anxiously and affectionately strove to obliterate it.

“Rosina,” would he say, “if spirits of the departed are permitted to watch over those whom they have loved on earth, how tenderly and unremittingly will I watch

over thee, my blessed one! When your heart is oppressed with the fulness of its grief; when the world looks dark to you, and you have no friend on earth to soothe you; recollect that you have a Father in the Heavens, and through his mercy your husband's spirit may be hovering around you, and let that thought bring comfort. I would fain live to share all the sorrows which await you—but God, with whom futurity is present time, knows every principle of this frail nature, and every assault which threatens it. He can, therefore, best judge of the moment, when it is most important to withdraw me from a world of temptation and of guilt. Yield to him, then, my sweet wife, as to one who loves you with an infinite and enduring love; and who will impose no suffering that he will not enable you, through grace, to triumph over!”

Thus daily was this meek spirit chastened and purified, and so made meet for the society of saints and angels. At length, too, he had the consolation of seeing his beloved one imbibe more and more of that soul-subduing resignation, which so completely tenanted his own breast. And when the last spark of life was fluttering in his bosom; when he saw his dying bed surrounded by those friends, whom sympathy and affection had drawn from their homes to administer solace in the hour of direst need; no quickening pulse indicated alarm or terror. The hand of the wretched wife was locked in his—and as he drew her to him for the last, last time, he uttered, with a smile beaming of heaven, “True to the very utmost! Her untiring affection has watched over all my sufferings; and submitted to all my way-

wardness with an angel's meekness. It was no sordid motive that influenced our hearts in loving: the tie that bound us was single and fond affection."

His fading eye rested upon the dark green summits which bounded the horizon. "Beyond those mountains was I born—he faintly murmured; and here, where the spirit of repose has cast its mantle over every object, shall I rest in quietness.—Oh the security and sweetness of seeking refuge in the bosom of a Saviour!" With these scarcely uttered words, the eyes of Frederick Courtenay closed upon all he had so loved below: and softly—softly—as a mother commits her slumbering babe to its cradled pillow, his soul withdrew itself from the embrace of earth.

Clouds obscured the setting and rising sun—but the darkness of the grave shrouded the heart of Rosina. To her, the world had been desolated at one stroke. She felt alone in the universe—with none to succour, and none to sympathise. Many attempted consolation. But he who knows any thing of the grief which consumes the spirit, which withers every source of earthly comfort, by the loss of what it most loved on earth; knows also the impotence of words, to soften sorrow. They are but adding fuel to a flame—and the seathed soul writhes under their infliction. It is the language of Deity alone which can find its way to the heart of the sufferer. An emanation from his spirit only, can emit a ray of light across its darkness, or dispel the one maddening recollection which has raged there with destructive power. Rosina raised her thoughts to heaven—but they returned back into her own widowed bosom—and she could only

utter in her anguish, "all thy billows and thy storms have gone over me; and my soul is brought into the dust of death!"

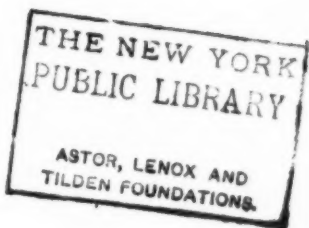
The sun set once more upon the lone one—and the moon shone in the zenith with unwonted brilliancy. As she careered rejoicing in her own strength, like a victor who has driven a foe from his dominions, it was observed that she was attended by a single star of surprising magnitude and splendour; so near, as almost to mingle with her being, yet perfectly distinct; and its effulgence entirely undimmed by the moon's expansive orb. Every eye in the house of mourning was attracted by this celestial phenomenon, save her's alone, whom all objects were alike powerless to interest. But an affectionate voice whispered, (for stillness is fitted to the abode of death,) an entreaty to Rosina that she would rise, and look at it. It was not in her nature to resist so gentle a supplication—and she was passively guided to the door. With the intensity of despair she raised her head—but oh! what floods of sensibility deluged her heart and eyes, as she gazed upon its sparkling and novel beauty! Her mind was precisely in a state to receive supernatural impressions: her excited imagination was strung to its highest tone: wild and fanciful, but beautiful ideas immediately associated in her thoughts, this planet, with her husband's disembodied spirit. She fancied it, heaven addressing itself to her afflicted being. She received it as sent by the Almighty expressly for her comfort.

"The spirits of the just shall shine like stars in the kingdom of my Father," murmured she; "and thou

shalt be my star! I will love thy mild beam, and gaze at thee as the harbinger of peace and blessedness."

Her soul was subdued, and meekly bowed itself to the will of God, acknowledging him as her compassionate and tender parent. She was taught to feel how many mercies had been mingled in her cup of suffering, and adored the goodness that had not withheld his only Son from death, for the redemption of a lost world from sin and sorrow.

Again she pressed her infant to her bosom with a mother's fondness; and as the intensity of loneliness passed away with the first months of widowhood, scenes that a husband's companionship had once endeared, again became refreshing to her soul. The flowers that had been nurtured with so much care, which were interwoven with the history of their loves, brought back the thrilling remembrance of its earliest days. The trees, whose overshadowing branches had so often been protection and retirement: the still calm lake, which had borne their little bark upon its bosom: the stars, which so eloquently preach of better worlds, and seem like lamps hung in the heavens to guide the soul upon its journey thither: all—all, breathed of her husband. She found in them a voiceless spirit, which diffusing itself around her, brought back the thought of him she loved, in sad, but sweet remembrance. Her worldly affections were chastised by suffering; her hopes were placed above; and she endeavoured day by day, to yield her heart unreservedly to that compassionate being, who had called her to the sorrows of EARTH, that she might be made meet for the happiness of HEAVEN.



F 447



Placed by T. Droughy

Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis

A LAKE SCENE.

Ye, who amid the bustle, and the pomp,
 And gilded misery of cities dwell,
 And love the wretched and luxurious life.
 Away! This sylvan solitude was form'd
 By Nature for herself, and minds alone
 Unsullied by the world. Here Pride will miss
 Her worshippers, and, his associates, Guilt;
 And Power will have no victims: tyrant Man,
 Naught but the feeble tenants of the wild,
 On which to wreak his vengeance. Then, away!
 And leave the votaries of Nature here,
 To sober meditation and to peace.

O God, how beautiful are all thy works!
 How beautiful even in this mirror view'd—
 This lucid mirror of the painter's soul.
 But how surpassing fair the real scenes
 Of this magnificent world. The earth, indeed,
 Is but a varied picture, wrought by God.
 Himself for grateful man, where all that's grand,
 And beautiful, and tender, is combined,
 And with miraculous colours stamp'd. Thy hand
 Artificer divine, the mountains form'd,
 Those pillars of the heavens! upon whose tops
 Thy spirit rests sublime. 'Tis thou uprear'st
 The everlasting hills, and fashion'st them

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At will; and as they swell beneath thine eye,
Thou mantlest them with forests and with vines,
In wild and matchless beauty. Thou scoop'st out
The laughing vallies, strewing them with flowers
Lovely as those of heaven: and thou the isles,
The ever-blooming and the perfumed isles—
Sparkling like emeralds in their azure fields,
From the dark depths of ocean givest to day.
Nor less do the indissoluble rocks,
Frowning aloft where the sea chafes in vain—
Or from the abyss of waters shooting up
Their giant forms—or, based on Alpine heights
Sublime, lifting their dazzling pinnales
Above the cloudy realms beneath—claim thee
Their author, and thy power display. Thou ev'n
The caves and marble chambers of the earth,
Where flame the hidden treasures of the world,
Hast into labyrinths form'd, or wide o'erarch'd
Magnificent: and thou, the rosy bowers,
Whose perfume once was but the breath of love—
When love celestial spread the nuptial couch
Of innocence—yet deignest to adorn.
Thou too within the hollow of thine hand
Uphold'st the mighty floods, and from the heavens
Pour'st them in showers o'er hill and dale; or soft
In silvery mists, or fertilizing dews,
Let'st them descend: then gath'ring straight again
The limpid element, teachest it to roll
Now in bright convolutions o'er the plains—
Now smooth into the mirror-lake expand—
And now towards the precipice's brink

Bid'st it tumultuous rush, and with wild bound,
In thundering cataract pour upon the vales:—
Yet destined all ere long to be ingulf'd
And lost within the fathomless abyss
Of ocean, vast and glorious like thyself!
But what were these—what this majestic globe—
Ah! what were Man, so long estranged from thee,
Hadst thou not hung thy lamp in heaven? That
quench'd—

How miserable he! How without form
And void, this splendid, heavenly-pictured sphere!

Then hail, bright emanation from the fount
Of light ineffable! Thou goest forth
O sun! upon thine errand through the skies,
Kindling in beauty the unnumber'd worlds
That shout at thy approach: but thou the earth
Rejoicest most. Waving thy golden locks,
Thou from her thousand hills triumphant look'st,
And pour'st a flood of radiance round the globe.
Swift with her shadowy train the night departs;
While the light clouds and mists that hide the vales,
Rise graceful, curtaining the mountains brows,
And then amid the void expanse are lost,
Or in thin air dissolved. And now unveil'd,
And glittering in the dews of heaven, fresh
As Eden's flowery fields, and haply too
As those, supremely fair—lo! the wide land,
Robed in its mantle of innumerable dyes,
Fix'd, and yet ever varying to the view,
And as the rainbow's beautiful: the plains,

The hills, the valleys bosom'd deep within
The hills, and forests sweeping to the vales—
All of resplendent verdure: and far off
The mountains of pure violet, whose tops
Now radiant, seem like steps that lead to heaven.
While flowing where they list, through shadowy
dells,
Through boundless woods and plains, the rivers
course
In silvery volumes: and the mighty sea,
(Green, or sky-tintured, or of darker blue,)
Which compasses the continents and isles,
Like its own huge leviathan, aroused
To transport, heaves, and tosses, and throws up
Its liquid diamonds to the sun. But if
Thus clothed in splendour be the risen day,
Not less the glory of his parting beam.
Look! where in awful beauty he descends,
Inwapp'd in gorgeous clouds, crimson, and gold,
And purple; till impatient to be free,
Up to the zenith, and aslant o'er all
The earth, he darts his rays effulgent. Now
Quick fly the opal colour'd robes of heaven;
And to the adoring world, once more reveal'd
In naked majesty, the Lord of light
Sinks unperturb'd upon his dazzling throne:
While all the ethereal perspective immense,
Seems but a sea of flame, and the wide earth
One vast and beautiful mirror of the skies.
But ah, how weak are words! and vision too
How weak! O ye glad ministers of light,

That tread with glittering sandals the bright floor
 Of heaven, and round the dying day extend
 Your azure pinions, bear, swift bear me on
 Your wings of joy! Seraphs should paint, and lyres
 Of angels sound thy wondrous works, O God!
 For all are thine: thine the green earth, and thine
 Her gentle satellite the moon: thine too
 That sapphire vault with all its golden fires;
 And he, in whose insufferable light
 Those golden fires are quench'd—that givest to earth
 Its various beauties, and to heaven its charms,
 Ev'n he, the Regent of the day, is thine!

H. PICKERING.

GENIUS WAKING.

SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee—
 Where is now thy fire?
 Feebler wings are gathering round thee—
 Shall they hover higher?
 Can no power, no spell recall thee
 From inglorious dreams?
 O! could glory so appal thee
 With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion,
In the midway air,
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear—
Like the herald, winged with lightning,
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightning,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of Heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the surging storm,
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O! what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights a cavern's glooms—
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
But the tempest's gush—

Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things—
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings—
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a Heaven like this.

But thou slumberest—faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing;
Like a dove in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion,
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark—his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide—
Now his nodding beak is steady—
Wide his burning eye—
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim—how high.

Now he curves his neck, and proudly
Now is stretched for flight—
Hark his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright.
Onward—onward, over mountains,
Thro' the rock and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird! thy dream has left thee—
Thou hast reached thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not reft thee
Of the glory given—
With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

TO EMMA.

NAY ask me not to strike the tuneful lyre—
My hand were murderous o'er its gentle strings;
Seek not the muse's bright ethereal fire,
In caverns cold, in cheerless ice-bound springs.
Thou art a fair one, and the rarest seal
Of beauty's varied impress was selected,
To make thy face unconsciously reveal
The softest light her magic e'er reflected:
Thou art a gentle fair one! and thine heart
Is clear and peaceful as the crystal water;
Then why should I, who'd rather hurl a dart
'Gainst all thy sex in one revengeful slaughter,
Wake the wild harp of praise?—no let it sleep;
Or let some bard with happier spirit teeming,
Smile as it swells, or o'er its murmurs weep—
Of thee and fancy's dearest visions dreaming.
Enough, to think thy charm hath power to stay,
And harmless turn the shaft's impending fall;
Enough, to think thine innocence's sway,
Not only spares, but almost pardons all.

R.

SABBATH EVENING.

LIST! there is music in the air:
It is the sabbath evening bell,
Chiming the vesper hour of pray'r,
O'er mountain top and lowland dell.
And infancy and age are seen,
Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest; the light
Still lingers on the moss-grown tow'r,
While to the drowsy ear of night,
Slowly it marks the evening hour.
'Tis hushed! and all is silent there,
Save the low, fervent voice of pray'r.

And now far down the quiet vale,
Sweet hymnings on the air float by;
Hushing the whip-poor-will's sad wail
With its own plaintive melody.
They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains
That swept at night o'er Bethlem's plains.

And heads are bowed, as the low hymn
Steals through that gray and time-worn pile;
And the altar lights burn faint and dim,
In the long and moss-grown aisle.

And the distant foot-fall echoes loud,
Above that hush'd and kneeling crowd.

And now beneath the old elm's shade,
Where the cold moon-beams may not smile:
Bright flow'rs upon the graves are laid,
And sad tears shed unseen the while.
The last sweet gift affection brings,
To deck the earth to which it clings.

How beautiful those simple flow'rs
Strewn o'er that silent spot still sleep:
Still wet with summer's gentle showers,
As if they too could feel and weep!
They fade and die; the wintry wind
Shall leave no trace of them behind!

The bright new moon hath set: the light
Is fading on the far blue hills;
And on the passing breeze of night,
The music of their thousand rills
Comes echoing through the twilight gray,
With the lone watch-dog's distant bay.

The crowd hath pass'd away; the pray'r
And low breath'd evening hymn are gone;
The cold mist only lingers there,
O'er the dark moss and mould'ring stone.
And the stars shine brightly o'er the glen,
Where rest the quiet homes of men.

FREDERIC MELLEK.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows—
 Where underneath the white-thorn in the glade
 The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air
 The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
 With what a tender and impassion'd voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
 O'er riding the gray hills with golden scarf:
 Or when the cowl'd and dusky-sandled eve,
 In mourning weeds, from out the western gate
 Departs with silent pace. That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook
 From its full laver pours the white cascade,
 And babbling low amid the tangled woods,
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless
 laughter.

And frequent on the everlasting hills
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern strong wind. And here amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift.

Hence gifted bards
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all

The sylvan pomp of woods—the golden sun—
The flowers—the leaves—the river on its way—
Blue skies—and silver clouds—and gentle winds—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope at evening goes—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in—
Mountain—and shatter'd cliff—and sunny vale—
The distant lake—fountains—and mighty trees
In many a lazy syllable repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.
And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world—and in these wayward days of youth
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature: of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That lie i' the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, was hung,
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Was as the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushed all the richness of an autumn sky
With its ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath—
It was so like the gentle air of spring,
As from the morning's dewy flowers it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it was a joy
To have it round us—and her silver voice
Was the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night with its passionate cadence.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VACATION.

IT was a soft beautiful morning in June. Commons were just out. The students were collected in groups under the trees, or lounging lazily to their rooms. There was a crazy imitation of the "levi susurro" in the scrape of slippers on the gravel, and the clatter of plates from the hall. The segar smoke had an indolent curl, and every thing tended irresistibly to awake tender recollections of sleep. It was one of those rare points upon which seniors and freshmen have a common opinion. The anodyne aspect sat alike upon the beautiful nonchalance of the former, and the diagram angularity of the latter. "Will you take a stroll, George?" I was standing on the hall steps yawning fearfully, when a tremendous clap on the shoulder, to which this speech was the motto, brought me from the zenith.

If I was a pacha of any number of tails, I would make that offence a matter of bowstring. I turned upon the aggressor like a stung jaguar—"and what if I will!—Who in the name of surfaces, would ask such a trivial question with your sledge-hammer emphasis?" I loved Peyton Grey, and when he thrust his arm into mine, I intermitted my "Dii Immortales," and forgave him. A moment before, I was twirling my empty purse round my fore-finger, and sighing that "rascal counters" were

the only "quid pro quo" with an hostler. But a vacuum is your good philosopher. I gave up the saddle, and adjusted my cravat for a stroll.

Every body has seen New Haven; and the same indefinite person knows that in the "garniture of June," it is like a scholar's dream of Arcadia. Its beautiful square, fine churches, and noble elms; its white houses with their Venetian blinds, and tasteful gardens, and its streets literally embowered in green leaves, draw admiration even from a stranger. But to the student who has lived in its quiet retirement till he has cast his mental slough, and come out a rational being, it is a place of no week-day interest. If he is any thing but a stump, the dawn of a classic taste, and the development of a springing intellect have endeared it to his associations—and if he be made of the "finer clays," he has laid up in his heart the maps of his holiday wanderings, till the green slopes and majestic rocks of its amphitheatre, its near and quiet lake among the hills, and its crescented bay, are remembered like birth-places—for his young imaginations were born among them. More than all, if he has cherished his social feelings, he has been received into the bosom of a people, (excuse me, reader, while I commit one sin of sentiment,) a people whose frank and generous hospitality is no where exceeded. I am glad of this opportunity, to pay it a passing tribute. It is a debt of gratitude for much kindness, and while I remember their polished and delicate refinement as a people, I cannot forget them in the exercise of their generous and unmingled hospitality.

I am not writing a journal, and of course, I am not obliged to tell you how we lounged along the shaded pavé of Elm street, and how we talked about ourselves, and how we digressed sometimes to a pretty foot or a profession; and how we reconnoitred the windows of our pretty acquaintances; nor, lastly, how we came to speak of travelling, and the Springs. We did speak of them, however, and walked on for the space of five minutes in a mathematical abstraction. "George," said Peyton, laying his dexter on his breast with infinite gravity, "I'm not exactly well. I think I must journey." I took instantly. The weather had been warm, and I was somewhat enervated; my appetite was gone, and from the best light my medical knowledge threw upon it, my case would be less hopeless for a tonic. It is easy to come at the conclusion. Saratoga was indispensable.

Here again, let me remind the reader, I am not writing a journal. It is difficult to make this light detail run into pretty sentences, like the Spectator; and I shall proceed in my own way to enumerate—that we procured permission without much difficulty—anticipated one or two quarterly remittances—borrowed all the dickeys, cravats, and unutterables, that were laid away for Sundays—packed up gloves, cologne, and hair brushes, and with a catalogue of the class dandies inscribed on the corners of our wardrobe, bade a triumphant adieu to a hundred disconsolate sophisters.

It was a delicious summer evening when we started from the pier. The sun had just set, and we stood on the deck as the boat shot out of the bay, watching the

gorgeous changes of the west. Heavy tumuli, edged with gold lay along the horizon; the skirts of the light clouds far up in the sky, were tinged with purple; the smooth circles spreading away from the prow, were stained like glass, and the whole scene was repeated to the minutest pencilling, in the broad mirror of the bay. An hour after, the moon cast our shadows on the water, and every thing but the azure ground of the stars was silvered by her beautiful alchymy. "Eel-like, spiral lines" of light were inlaying the edges of the waves, and the spangled path thrown to us from beneath the moon, like a carpet for fairy feet, was studded like the white belt of the firmament. The bass leaped up from the surface; the phosphorus floated like sprinklings in the wake, and the tipped waves stole by like fishes of silver. Had I fallen upon a fairy revel? or is the eye unsealed, and the hidden leaf unfolded by joy?

We waited a day or two in New York, to put our heads in training and catch the air of the Corinthians. The prevailing chapter of neckclothiana, and the compounded ease and science of Beau Brummel and Captain Cliaa, were carefully studied. Our Alma Mater would not have known us. We looked with complacency at last upon our "tournure," and took boat for Albany. The deck was crowded. It was a clear day with a mild west wind. The barge moved steadily up the river to the music of the band, and the laugh of the gayest of the travellers. The slope of the green shore went by like a panorama. The fine seats with their grass sward and back ground of trees, looked like paintings

upon velvet. Noble avenues of elms led up from the water's edge, and boats, fancifully painted, lay at anchor off the shore. We had caught the geological mania from our eloquent professor, and the Palisades were a feast for Werner. Nothing can be finer in internal scenery than on sweeping round a point, to see this majestic barrier stretching away for miles up the river. Raptures were out of character, and we admired in silence.

Just after sunset, we entered the little bay at West Point. It looked like a small lake; for the passage through the hills was not visible. There was not a breath to raise a curl upon the surface, and the red glow of the heavens painted it like a sky. A fine bugle on shore was ringing echoes to the hills—our band played a martial air—the erect figures of the cadets upon the edge of the cliff which made our horizon, were relieved against the sky, and we were shooting past like a dream. I will not attempt to describe the passage through the Highlands. Every body has been there, and will remember stealing in among the hills upon the quiet river, as if following a vein of silver into the earth, with the talisman of the dervise. Catskill too, looking like a huge thunder cloud piled up in the west! It should be described by the master-hand that put Niagara into a stanza, as majestic, if not as "large as life." And now, if the reader pleases, we will step from mountains to men, from Catskill to Congress Hall.

Every one is at home at the Springs. People go there for amusement, and either as actors or observers they find it. There is no unnecessary etiquette, for acquaint-

ances made there are considered *par parenthèse*, and may be cut, or continued, elsewhere. It is a kind of limited saturnalia; and he who goes there to study human nature, finds the best contrast, and the finest grouping in the world. The "blood of the Howards," and the *nouveau riche*, meet at the same table. The consumptive preacher, and the *roué* of the first magnitude, lounge on the platform at the spring. The city belle and the dark-eyed Jewess float together in the dance. Young men fish in company on the lake, who have no recollection of it in the city. And young ladies walk arm in arm under the portico, who "could not be positive," if they met in Castle Garden. Flirtation is pursued, like card-playing, for amusement. Here and there, indeed, you find a desperate gamester, but with the majority, it is mere pastime. Tender moments, to be sure, there are; and the uninitiated would translate the sigh, true pathos; but who that has "seen the world," remembers a *tete-a-tete* in the drawing room, or a drive to Ballston, or attentions at a "hop"?

The night after our arrival there was a ball at our hotel. It was a fine opportunity for a debut, and we prepared for it in high spirits. Our toilet was unusually particular. Grey was very handsome, and had a taste for dress. His figure was military, and his jaw-bone had the rare medium between the spherical and angular which sets a collar superbly. I looked at him with despair as he completed his Falkland at the glass. He had, besides, a fine address, and was inimitably cool and self-possessed. As to my own appearance, I cannot arrange

my features with sufficient gravity to get a portrait—but we expected to make an impression.

It was a splendid ball. The decorations were in taste, and the music I need not speak of—for who has not heard of Johnson? In speaking of beauty, I must be more exclusive. Not that I was fastidious; for I was a raw collegier and perfectly bewildered. I could sweep them all up with a superlative. Still, in my own astronomy, I have some dim remembrance of a distinction. I remember, for instance, a northern star, which I followed till she set. She was as tall as the Venus of the Capitol; but her proportions were exquisite, and she wore them with the grace of a Hebe. Her features were irregular, and might not be beautiful in marble; but the expression!—did you ever dream an angel came down to you, and told you about paradise and the peris—and do you remember the angel's face?—There was another from the same quarter, with flowing hair—as airy a spirituelle as I ever saw; and another, and another—and I have no doubt they are the cause of the Borealis. But this is nothing to the purpose. I danced with a lady from—no matter—I cannot be particular—but she had large dark eyes, and the longest eyelashes that ever drooped. Her forehead was low, and the black hair was parted on it as they paint the madonna—with an expression. If any body wishes to flirt with me, let her have black hair, and a sweet forehead to part it on. She did not dance well; and if she had, it would have been out of character. I never saw a woman with rich dark eyes that did. It would be like a Magdalen painted at blind man's buff.

It is a pity there is not a musical star. I am sure I was born under one. She, (I did not hear her name when I was introduced, but she looked as if it was Isabella,) she had a tone I shall not attempt to describe. It was low and reedy, like the death of a fine sweep on an Æolian. I have heard doves who came near it, and if I understood music, I could tell you of a note in a second flute which makes me think of it; but it was irresistible. I never could withstand a sweet tone from my childhood; and if I had lived in the days of Orpheus, I am persuaded I should have walked into the wall. She said a few common places, and I answered like an amateur at a concert, with a nod or a monosyllable. It was a perfect spell. I am better at conversation than any thing else—but I had lost my talisman. You would have taken my speeches for the list of impersonal verbs in the grammar. She was engaged for the next cotillion, and a mere cypher of a fop led her off in the middle of a sentence. I would have given the puppy my degree for a delay of two minutes.

I met her afterwards at the spring—sat opposite to her at table—met her accidentally in walks, and was very much surprised to be riding in the same direction on horseback. She was always polite, and received my apoeryphal explanations with a smile that went through me like a coup de soleil—only more moderately. Her bewildering voice too!—it gave the airy nothings of courtesy, the power of a Maelstrom—my heart was completely swallowed up. I staid day after day, till I had far outstaid my permission. My funds were low,

and Peyton's quite gone. He had been urging our departure for a week or two, and was entirely out of patience. Still I could not make up my mind to go. One morning, however, she came down in a riding-habit. I supposed she was going upon an early ride, and gave orders for a horse immediately. A moment before I had the appetite of a New Zealander; but I hurried away to change my dress, and stood on the promenade equipped from stock to spur, as she came out from breakfast.

"Good morning! What! do you ride so early?"

"Yes—so early—and a long ride too."

"And who goes with you?"

"I suppose the next question will be, 'which way are you going?'—So I'll save your catechism, and tell you at once—I go in a carriage; my companions are my father, mother, and servants, and my destination, Niagara."

"Is it possible?—You leave us then?"

"Just so—and now I'll excuse that rueful expression, which is extremely proper and sentimental, and ask the favour of your arm; for I must make an early call at the Pavilion." I offered my arm mechanically, but was as speechless as a college expellee.

"What! not a word! no 'regrets!'—no 'painful disappointments!'—nothing about the 'shorn beam,' and the 'setting star!'"

"Miss Graham"—and I felt as if I looked expos-
tulatory, but could get no farther.

"Well!—Miss Graham is a good beginning—go on!"

"Seriously, Miss Graham"—I thought I should
choke,

"Seriously, Mr. Halsey, you don't appear to have any thing to say. Am I to consider this a mere hiatus, or is your dying speech concluded?"

"Spare me! spare me! I'll go on directly!"

"No, I shall not spare you—for 'directly' we shall come to the Pavilion—and 'directly' I shall be very busy with my friends—and so you'll hang without a confession. Come—the speech!"

"Miss Graham—I—I—I—"

"A respectable pronoun!—Go on!"

"I"—

"What?"

"Love you!"

"Hem! quite to the point!"—I had passed the Rubicon, and grew desperate.

"It is to the point, madam!—I have loved you from the first moment"—

"Stop! stop!—be original, or I won't listen. I can read all that in Sir Charles Grandison."

"Miss Graham, will you speak seriously?"

"Yes, Sir—'seriously' we are slight acquaintances—and 'seriously' I know nothing about you—and 'seriously' you are not out of your teens—and 'seriously' we are at the Pavilion—will you walk in?"

We met the ladies at the door. Miss Graham announced her departure, and after the suitable expressions of surprise and disappointment, they sent for their hats, and insisted on returning with us. It was to me a small purgatory. The ladies rallied me on my abstraction, and Miss Graham rattled away unmercifully. She

"had been here too long"—"the springs were excessively stupid"—"the beaux were all bores, begging Mr. Halsey's pardon"—and she was "delighted to go." I tried every manœuvre to speak a word to her—but she was "in too much of a hurry to step aside for a view"—and she "did'nt care for the dust"—and she "always preferred a lady's arm to a gentleman's."

She left us at the door to go to her room. On her return the carriage was waiting. "Come, Caroline," shouted a bass and a cracked treble. "Coming, sir,—coming, madam,"—and she shook hands with the gay circle. I offered my arm, and under cover of a bagatelle made a desperate offer—

"Will you give me one word, Miss Graham?"

"Yes, sir—two—good bye"—and she jumped into the carriage.

I think if I ever hang, I shall feel as I did when that carriage drove off.

ROY.

SACRED MELODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEISURE HOURS AT SEA."

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity. Ecclesiastes i. 2.

I LOOK back o'er the waste of years
My weary feet have pass'd,
And find my progress wet with tears,
And dark from first to last;
The sun that lights the morning sky,
Sinks down again at eve;
Thus hope sometimes illumines the eye,
Then leaves the heart to grieve.

This head hath worn a regal crown,
On Israel's throne erewhile;
Destruction waited on my frown,
And fortune on my smile:
I sought to fill my breast with mirth
From dance, and song, and wine;
But vain were all the joys of earth
To light this heart of mine.

I gather'd wealth from many a mart,
Built many a towering fane—
But soon experience told my heart
That these were all in vain!

I gave my mind with ardent zest
To wisdom's varied lore,
And found that knowledge lights the breast,
To make it ache the more!

At last, while bitter tears I shed,
To heaven I raised my pray'r,
And found, when earthly joys are fled,
There still is comfort there.
A star that sheds a radiance bright
O'er life's tumultuous wave:
And he who guides him by its light
Shall safely pass the grave.

W. L.

LINES

On seeing an Eagle pass near me in Autumn twilight.

SAIL on, thou lone imperial bird
Of quenchless eye and tireless wing,
How is thy distant coming heard
As the night breezes round thee ring!
Thy course was 'gainst the burning sun
In his extremest glory!—how!
Is thy unequal'd daring done,
Thou stoop'st to earth so lowly now!

Or hast thou left thy rocking dome,
 Thy roaring crag, thy lightning pine,
 To find some secret, meaner home
 Less stormy and unsafe than thine!
 Else why thy dusky pinions bend
 So closely to this shadowy world,
 And round thy scorching glances send
 As wishing thy broad pens were furled!

Yet lonely is thy shatter'd nest,
 Thy eyry desolate though high!
 And lonely thou, alike, at rest,
 Or soaring in thy upper sky!
 The golden light that bathes thy plumes
 On thine interminable flight,
 Falls cheerless on earth's desert tombs,
 And makes the North's ice-mountains bright!

So come the eagle-hearted down,
 So come the proud and high to earth,
 When life's night-gathering tempests frown
 Over their glory and their mirth!
 So quails the mind's undying eye
 That bore unveil'd fame's noontide sun—
 So man seeks solitude, to die,
 His high place left—his triumphs done!

So round the residence of power
 A cold and joyless lustre shines,
 And on life's pinnacles will lower
 Clouds dark as bathe the eagle's pines.

But oh! the mellow light that pours
From God's pure throne—the light that saves!
It warms the spirit as it soars
And sheds deep radiance round our graves!

GRENVILLE MELLER.

THE MEETING.

We met, 'twas mid the starry night,
Beneath her myrtle bower:
When no cold eye could shed its blight
On passion's chosen hour.

The breath of evening swept along,
With tone so soft and clear,
It seem'd as if a spirit's song
Was echo'd on the ear.

We met, and yet we could but weep
When love's fond words were said;
As if he had been there to keep
Our vigils o'er the dead.

The hopes, the dreams of former days,
Which once could cheer life's gloom;
Arose before our tearful gaze
Like spectres from the tomb.

But soon, the shadowy ray reveal'd
A smile upon her brow;
As if the glorious night could yield
A charm to brighten woe.

We met, oh clouds of grief and ill!
O'er future years may lower
Unheeded, if fate leaves me still,
The memory of that hour.

CALLIOPE.

SUNSET.

OFt, as the glowing tints of autumn's even
Have o'er the west their golden radiance flung—
Soft as that hallowed light that burst from heaven
When angel minstrels to the shepherds sung—
When not a cloud has on the horizon hung.
When stillness has her peaceful mantle spread,
And lulled e'en whispering zephyr into rest—
Calmed every throbbing heart, and gently shed
Her holy happy influence o'er the breast—
Thus, have I thought the righteous seek repose—
Thus shine effulgent ere their labours close.

But dearer far to me the evening hour,
When from the west, in massive volumes roll'd,
High up the blue empyrean vapours lower—
And leave below a glorious space of gold—
For thus I've hoped, though clogged with earthly
mould—
Though sin her cloudy veil around me cast—
When all my little hour of life is told,
And all my errings and repentings past—
Thus have I hoped shall Faith disperse the gloom—
And thus with rays of promise gild the tomb.

C. D.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

A king lay on his death bed—the rich robe,
The jewell'd tiara, and golden crown
Were at his side, a thousand weapons gleam'd
Thro' his wide palace, and gemm'd censers flung
Their perfume to the lofty roof. I gazed
Long, on the humbled monarch's face. It turn'd
From pomp's gay mockeries, to catch the light
Of those prized jewels to a dying man,

Pale sorrow's tears—alas! there flow'd not one
To gladden his dim eye. A fearful sob
Burst from his broken heart—and lo! the soul
Past from his earthly shrine—and thus the mighty die!

I heard the difficult breathing—the weak groan
Of one who had strove hard for fame's red wreath
Mid glory's perishing crown. Alas! his hopes
Were buried in the ghastly night of war!
With a sick, weary heart, he faltered back
To sleep—death's dreamless sleep! 'neath the green
turf.

I look'd yet once again, death's pallid hue
Was settling peacefully on the brow of one
Who had aye led a pure and peaceful life—
He went down full of years—as dies the sun
In the last days of autumn—with a smile,
And thus the well-spent life draws to its quiet close.

J. M'LELLAN, JR.

PREDICTION.

IN the year 1812, shortly after the declaration of war with Great Britain, I made an excursion, partly of business, partly of pleasure, into that beautiful and romantic section of Pennsylvania, which lies along its north-eastern boundary. One morning while pursuing my journey, I heard at a distance the sound of martial music, which gradually became more distinct as I ascended the Blue Ridge, and seemed to proceed from a humble village, situated in the deep valley beneath, on the bank of the Delaware. Nothing could exceed the splendour of the scene that lay below. The sun was just rising; his first beams were gradually stealing through the break or gap in the distant mountains, which seems to have been burst open by the force of the torrent; and as they gilded the dark green foliage of the wilderness, presented a view which might well awaken the genius of art, and the speculations of science, but was far too pure to be estimated by those, whose taste had been corrupted by admiration of the feeble skill of man.

There are indeed throughout the globe, various features which the most plausible theories are scarce sufficient to account for, and among them may truly be classed that to which we have alluded, where the Delaware has cut its way through the rugged bosom of the

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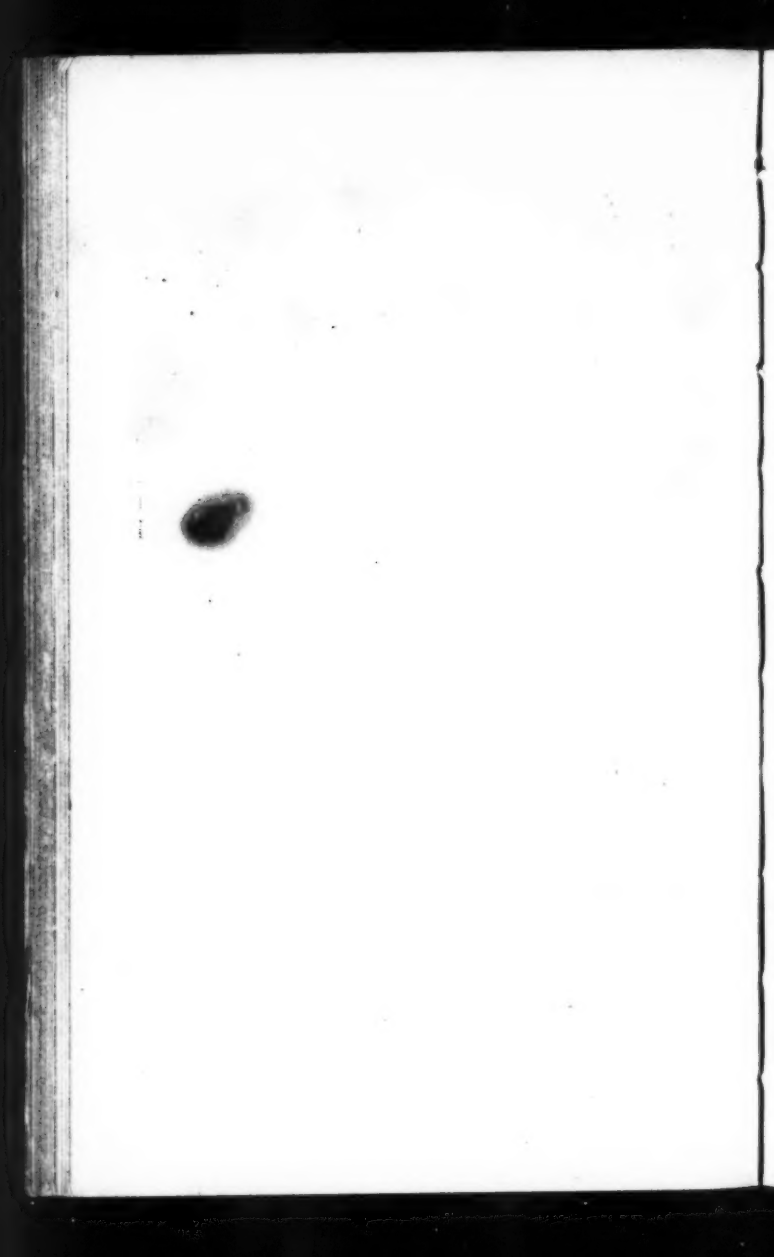
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Drawn by T. Doughty

THE HISTORY OF THE

Engraved by Geo. H. Ellis



Kittatinny mountain. The scene is indeed sublime, and while raising the eye from the surface of the water to the blue summit of the ridge, a perpendicular height of twelve hundred and fifty feet, the question forcibly occurs, was this wonderful work the effect of an inward convulsion of nature, or was it occasioned by the irresistible pressure of water, ages before the European dreamed of the existence of a western world?

After gazing and reflecting for some time on the wonders of nature, thus suddenly spread before me, I resumed my journey. The music which still continued, proceeded as I found, from a band of soldiers ~~up~~ up in the main street of the village, surrounded by their friends and families who had evidently assembled for the purpose of taking a melancholy farewell. I descended the mountain by the circuitous path, and rode up to the inn before which the crowd had gathered, but they were all too busily engaged with their own feelings to notice the arrival of a stranger. Wives were listening to the last injunction of their husbands, the widowed mother to the voice of her valued son, the prop of her declining years, and many a bashful maiden lent her ear to the protestations of eternal affection, which at that time, sounded tenfold sweeter as they flowed from the lips of the warlike lover. The shrill fife was playing; the drum beating, and amid the jargon of voices, the corporal was heard swearing like a trooper, in order to keep up the dignity of his station. The little bawly-legged drummer beat with uncommon earnestness; it was uncalled for at the time, and I was at a loss to account for his making such a deafening noise, when I perceived a

shrewish looking beldame at his elbow, whose shrill voice satisfied me that he would find comparative tranquillity in the field of battle, to being within its appalling influence. The fifer out of compassion, lent the aid of his shrill music to relieve his friend from this last unpleasant lecture.

Removed from the crowd, I observed a young man, an officer of the corps, in conversation with a young woman, who did not strive to conceal her sorrow on the occasion. Health, beauty and innocence were strongly depicted in her countenance, and her rustic garb concealed a form, even thus decorated, far more attractive than any who move for a season the constellation of a ball-room, and imagine they have attained the extent of worldly ambition. The young man's face was animated, yet in the enthusiasm of the moment, he could not conceal the sadness of his heart, while gazing on the lovely being standing in tears beside him; the order was given to march; he embraced her, imprinted a fervent kiss upon her pale forehead, placed her in the arms of an aged woman, who stood hard by, and hurried to the ranks. The soldiers left the village followed by a troop of little urchins, who were either pleased with the parade, or were desirous of prolonging the melancholy moment of separating from a parent or brother. The women remained in the street watching them as they slowly ascended the mountain path, until they were out of sight, and then returned to their lonely cottages: one only lingered on the spot until the last sound of the distant drum was no longer repeated by the echo of the mountains.

I inquired of the innkeeper concerning the young woman just mentioned, who informed me that her name was Lucy Gray, the only child of a poor widow, who in former days had been in more prosperous circumstances: that she had been betrothed to Hugh Cameron, the young soldier, from their childhood, and that their nuptials were to have been celebrated in a few weeks, but as he was draughted for the frontiers, prudence obliged them to postpone the ceremony until the campaign should be over.

Mine host was as loquacious as most village landlords, and as he was familiar with the life, birth, and death of every individual in the village, it was not long before I received a full account of the young officer, to use the narrator's own words, "had gained the good will of all the gray heads and green hearts on that side of the Blue Mountain."

Hugh Cameron had been protected from his infancy by his grandmother, who was a native of the Highlands of Scotland, and whose mind was strongly imbued with the numerous superstitions of the uneducated of her country. He was the child of her only daughter, who had fallen a victim to unlimited confidence in him she loved, and finally expiated her offence by a broken heart. Hugh soon learnt the history of his mother's shame from his playmates, who upon the slightest offence would remind him of it, in derision, for man appears determined most religiously to adhere to the law, as laid down in Deuteronomy, where it is written, that the unfortunate in birth, "even to his tenth generation, shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord."

The taunts of his school-mates, preyed upon the

mind of the boy; he avoided them and sought seclusion. What time was allowed from study, was passed in the deepest recesses of the mountain, or on the giddy precipice, where the eagle made his eyry. Often was he seen by the astonished villagers, apparently hanging in mid air, by some projecting rock, hitherto untrodden by mortal foot, shouting with joy at the affrighted birds of prey, as they wildly dashed in circling flight around his head. They had nothing to fear from the approach of the daring boy, for his was not a heart, wantonly to inflict a wound upon the humblest of God's creatures. His feelings were acute, and his imagination vivid. For hours he would listen to the tales of his grandmother, of warlocks, witchcraft, omens, and prognostics of death. With her, not a breeze agitated the woods or the river; not a drop of rain fell, nor an insect moved, but for a special purpose. He never became weary of listening to her, nor she of relating, the wonderful legends with which her mind was stored.

The village schoolmaster was also every way calculated to give a freshness of colouring to the rude narratives of the old crone, and increase their fascination with the semblance of reality. He had lived long and seen much of the world: a Hungarian, a classical scholar and fond of that lore which too frequently destroys the worldly hopes, and enervates the mind of the possessor. He fed on thriftless verse until his mind sickened at the realities of life. His reading had been various and profound, but that which was speculative and visionary, possessed more charms for his mind, than that which partook of earthly matter. He was an accomplished

musician, and many a time at midnight was his solitary flute heard in the deep recesses of the mountain, and on the surface of the river.

He was an isolated man, and imagined no earthly being possessed a feeling in unison with his own. When he discovered the wildness and delicate texture of his pupil's mind, they became almost inseparable companions. The youth improved rapidly under his guidance, not only in literature and music, but in the facility of creating theories, which, at the time they expanded and enlarged his mind, involved it in an ocean of difficulty and doubt, without a compass to guide him to a haven.

With years, the feelings of the youth became more sensibly alive to the charms of nature. For hours he would contemplate the rolling river, and as wave succeeded wave, the Hungarian would discover some analogy to human life, which served to illustrate his visionary theories. The hollow moan of the forest, at midnight, which foretold the coming storm, was music to their ears, and those hours which the wearied villagers devoted to repose, were passed by the old man and his pupil in gazing at the stars. The Hungarian fancied he had ascertained the star of his nativity, and for years, whenever visible, he regularly rose at the hour of twelve, to note its station in the heavens. He had made his calculations and predicted the day of his death. He communicated the time to his pupil, who, though a convert to his opinions, and fearful that the prediction would be verified, treated it lightly, and endeavoured to remove the impression from his mind. The attempt was

fruitless. The night preceding his death, at the hour of twelve, he called at Hugh Cameron's cottage, awoke him, and they proceeded to the grave-yard together in silence, for the Hungarian's mind was so engrossed with thought, that Hugh did not venture to break the chain of reflection.

They paused beneath the tall cypress that stood in the eastern corner of the yard: the old man examined the position of the star upon whose movements, he said, depended his destiny, and then turning to his companion, added

"A weakness to feel any concern about the disposition of the body when life is extinct, for, though the dust of which this frail tenement is composed, be scattered to the four corners of the earth, there is that magnetism inseparable from each particle which at one day will cause re-union; yet it is natural that the mind at parting from the body, should feel some interest in its future destiny, and I have often marked spots where I fancied the sleep of the dead would be more undisturbed than in others; and this is one of them. I make but one request; when the few sands which yet linger of my life are run, see that my remains be decently interred beneath this cypress tree. This is all I ask of you in this world."

Hugh replied that he hoped he would live long, to command many a service of a less melancholy nature.

The old man continued in a solemn tone; "Do you see that star; it is already low in the west, and its rays are fitful and feeble. When the first gray light of the morning shall have extinguished it, my light will also

be extinguished. I have predicted it for years, and at this moment there are too many omens concurring to leave a doubt of the accuracy of my calculation. At times the mind is so delicately attuned as to shrink instinctively from unseen approaching danger, without the slightest sound or touch to communicate it to the outward senses, and such is the present state of my feelings. My life has been a long one; not altogether unprofitably, and I humbly trust, harmlessly spent. 'My basket and my store' are not quite empty, and to you I bequeath the gleanings of my life. Among my papers you will find one to this effect. I have not much to leave, but what little there is will be of consequence to one whose mind is constituted like yours." He struck his cane into the earth, and added; "remember this spot, Hugh Cameron; here let my head lie. Come, my last request is made."

He left his stick where he had planted it, and they returned in silence to the village. When they came in front of Hugh's cottage, they parted. It was a parting under a full conviction of meeting no more in this world. Much time elapsed before Cameron could compose his troubled mind to sleep, and when finally exhausted, he slumbered in a state of consciousness. He arose about two hours after the sun, and hurried towards the residence of his friend. His heart felt like a lump of lead in his bosom, as he discovered at a distance the shutters of his chamber window bowed. The chamber was on the ground floor of the cottage, and opened into a little flower-garden, the cultivation of which was the Hungarian's chief delight. He was curious in flowers,

and had acquired the art of varying their colours by the application of minerals to the root. Hugh crossed the garden, and with trembling hands, pulled open the shutters. He stood for a moment transfixed with grief, then shrunk from the sight that presented itself.

On a broad board supported by chairs, lay the mortal remains of his friend already clad in the garments of the grave. He silently closed the window, and on entering the house learnt, that as the Hungarian had not appeared at his usual hour of rising, the family had entered the room, apprehensive that he was ill, and discovered him lying in his bed, his body already stiff and cold. Upon a small table, near the head of the bed, a lamp was still burning, though broad daylight, and his clenched hands still held his bible, which rested upon his bosom; the book still open at the page he was last reading. Every circumstance proved that his death was as calm as the sleep of the spotless infant. He was buried in the place pointed out the preceding night, and all the villagers, from infancy to age, followed him in sorrow to the grave. On examining his papers his will was found, in which he bequeathed his little possessions exclusively to his pupil, Hugh Cameron.

This is briefly the substance of the prolix narrative of mine host. My horse being refreshed, I mounted and pursued my journey, reflecting upon how frail a thread human happiness depends. As I passed along the street all was silent and dejected; not even a dog stirred to bark at me, but as the village gradually receded from my view, other thoughts engrossed my mind, and the lovely Lucy Gray and her sorrows were forgotten.

Shortly after the peace, business obliged me to take a similar journey. The sun was about setting as I found myself upon the summit of the Blue Mountain, and the welcome village in the deep valley, again presented itself. My jaded horse leisurely descended, carefully kicking every stone out of the way that lay in his rugged path. When half way down the height, I paused to rest the weary animal. A young woman suddenly emerged from a cluster of blooming laurels and wild honeysuckles, which grew round the base of a large projecting rock. Her dark hair was luxuriant, and bound with neatness and simplicity; her face lovely and glowing, yet slightly overcast with sadness, and the matchless symmetry of her small and elastic frame, was heightened by the uncommon neatness of her rustic apparel. On one arm hung a basket, well stored with rich and various mountain flowers, while the other was extended, to assist a young man to rise who was seated at a short distance from the rock, and upon whose enfeebled frame the hand of death pressed heavily. He was a cripple, deprived of his right arm, and his manly forehead was disfigured by a wound. He rose with difficulty, and stood silent, absorbed in thought.

"I fear," said Lucy, for it was the widow's child, "we have extended our walk too far. The mountain path was too rugged for you yet. You are fatigued, but in a few weeks you will be strong enough to revisit the haunt you loved so when a boy."

"No, Lucy, no," he replied in a hollow, tremulous voice, "I shall never again clamber to the rugged brow of yonder ridge, upon which the beams of the setting

sun are now dancing. It would give a new impulse to my heart to be for a moment there, and the flagging stream of life would flow more freely; but I shall never again gaze upon the setting sun from that loved spot; never again listen to the roar of the torrent that dashes down that precipice."

They disappeared behind the rock and struck into another path; I urged my horse forward, and as I descended, the drowsy tinkling of bells was heard, as the sheep boy, whistling, leisurely followed his charge to the fold. The village boys were driving the herds to water; some were paddling the light canoe across the river, while others, more idle, were busied with their childish sports upon the lawn. Several women were at work with their wash-tubs on the bank, and, as I drew nigh, a momentary cessation from labour ensued. One of them in particular was calculated to attract notice. She was tall and meagre; her visage was sharp, swarth, and wrinkled, and every line of it denoted that the family into which it was the fate of Socrates to wed, had not become extinct even to the present age. My eyes were turned upon her, and I fancied I recognised her countenance. I accosted her, and she no sooner gave loose to her inharmonious tongue, than my doubts vanished. It was impossible to forget the sound having once heard it. It was the voice of the village shrew, the bandy-legged drummer's wife.

"And are you the stranger," she exclaimed, drawing her skinny arms from the suds in which they were immersed, and placing them akimbo; "Are you the stranger, who baited at our village years ago, when

our husbands and our sons were marching to the wars in the Canadas?"

"I am the same."

"Well my old eyes have not failed me yet, in spite of all my sorrow. That was a woful day to many of us, and many a woful day did it bring after it." I inquired after the fate of her husband. "Good man," she continued, "he has gone to a more peaceful world than this. He was a hard-working man, and well to do, and never wronged another of the value of that suds, and that is more than some can say that ride in their gilt coaches. But he has now gone where honesty will turn a better account, than all the gold and dross of this world. If he were but back again, I should not be slaving here like a galley slave as I am, to find bread for his poor dear orphan boy. Gilbert!" she cried in a shrill tone, and continued: "but I will train him up in the right path, and he will not depart from it. Gilbert!" she again cried with increased energy. "He is the comfort of my age, the joy of my widowed heart. Gilbert, you Gilbert," she shrieked, "which way can the brat have gone?" She espied the luckless little ragged urchin hard by, laughing aloud and wrestling with a water dog, dripping wet from the river. "I'll change your note, you undutiful hound, take that," she exclaimed, at the same time suiting the action to the word. The boy made a hasty retreat, crying, and the dog ran after him, barking, and rubbing his wet skin on the green sward, in the fulness of joy, which can hardly be attributable to the lad's misfortune.

I inquired of the virago how her husband, the drummer, died.

"Like a soldier on the frontiers. He was shot with a musket ball, and fell by the side of Hugh Cameron, who, heaven bless him, was at the same time maimed, and made a cripple for life. See, yon he goes, leaning on the arm of Lucy Gray. Poor souls, their only joy is to be together, but that joy will not last long. I have lived a goodly time, and have seen many, but never a pair like them. Their troth was plighted before the wars; he loved Lucy more than life from the time he was a boy, and used to break the hush of the mountains with the sound of his flute at midnight, with him who now rests under the big cypress tree. Yet when he found himself a cripple, and unable to support his Lucy by the labour of his hands, he sent a letter from the hospital where he was lying, many a long mile from this, releasing Lucy from her vows, and making her quite free to marry another if she fancied him."

"It was nobly done on his part: what answer returned Lucy?"

"She wrote to him, that as Hugh Cameron was no longer able to work for Lucy Gray, she was able and willing to work for Hugh Cameron. He no sooner received the letter than he left the hospital, and travelled homewards, for he was impatient to see her that he now loved more than ever. He travelled far and fast, night and day, which brought on a fever, and when he arrived at last, he looked like the shadow of what he was. He lay on his sick bed for weeks; the fever was

cured, but it left behind a disease which no medicine can cure."

Lucy and the invalid had by this time entered the village; I felt a curiosity to see more of them, and taking an abrupt leave of the loquacious widow, I rode up to the inn, and was cordially welcomed by my quondam host. I lost no time in directing my steps towards the widow Gray's cottage. As I approached, the unceasing hum of the widow's wheel denoted that she was at her station. I entered, and on making myself known as an early acquaintance of her husband, she recognised me, though her features had escaped my memory. The room was uncommonly neat. The fragrance of the wild flowers, culled by Lucy, was perceptible. They were placed in water upon a bureau, in front of a looking glass, in a well polished mahogany frame. Lucy and the young soldier were in the garden. We passed into it through the back door of the cottage, shaded by an arbour, over which the vines were already gradually stealing. The lovely girl was at the extremity of the little garden, bending over a flower that required her attention.

"Every evening it is thus," said the widow, "whenever she can spare an hour from her labour, she devotes it to the garden, and really the care she takes, adds much to the appearance of our dwelling."

"Truly," I observed, "her labour has not been idly spent."

"A blessing," continued the widow, "appears to attend all she does."

The invalid appeared intent upon what Lucy was do-

ing, but the praise which escaped the widow's lips, did not escape him. He turned towards us and said—

“True, mother, even the drooping narcissus revives at her touch, your aged heart grows glad in her presence, and the weight of years is forgotten; nay, even I dream of coming happiness when I see her smile, but the narcissus will bloom only for a few days longer, then wither and sink to the earth.”

“But the flower will revive again in spring,” said Lucy, “more beautiful than at the time it faded.”

“All things look glad in spring,” he continued, “the notes of the various birds are more melodious, the buds burst forth, the mountain trees put on their rich attire, the flowers of the valley dispense their hidden fragrance, the ice-bound brook is freed from its fetters, and every breeze is fresh with fragrance; but I, amid this general revival, must fade and die alone. I would the autumn were already arrived, and the leaves were falling, for then to die would be natural, and I should leave the world with less regret.”

We returned to the cottage, and the widow resumed her station at the wheel, while Lucy prepared the tea-table, which was covered with fine bleached linen, which the widow mentioned with an air of pride, was the product of her hands. The humble meal was soon ready, and was eaten with thankfulness and delight by the cottagers, a joy unknown to those who have not by their own labour, first produced the sustenance of life.

The meal being over, the widow returned to her wheel, and recounted the occurrences of former days, until the sadness of the present was forgotten in the re-

membrance of the past. The brow of the invalid became more cheerful, and Lucy's spirits resumed their natural buoyancy from the transient gleam of sunshine that lit up the face of her lover. She sang. Her voice was sweet, and there was a heart-thrilling wildness in it, seldom to be found in those more refined and cultivated. It was powerful and spirit-stirring. Hugh Cameron dwelt upon each note with intense interest. His features became animated, and he mingled his voice with her's. The widow stopped her incessant wheel and lifted her head to listen. The invalid suddenly raised his voice, and cried, "that note again, Lucy, that note again."

She repeated it with so full a tone, and so clearly, that the glasses in the window, and on the cupboard, vibrated with the sound.

"Hush; that is the note, I know it well. Now listen." He attempted to imitate the note, but he failed, for his voice was too feeble. He then added, "Not yet, Lucy, not yet; my time is not come yet." The cheerfulness of the poor girl was suddenly changed to sadness; she ceased to sing; the widow's countenance fell, and she resumed her labour in silence.

The evening was now considerably advanced, and I arose to take my departure. The invalid accompanied me towards the inn. I expressed my curiosity to know what he meant by his observation, when he failed to imitate the note.

"That," said he, "was the note to which the heavenly spheres were attuned, when concord prevailed

throughout creation; when the mighty plan was first set in motion, and God pronounced all good."

I looked at him with astonishment. He continued: "I have heard that note at midnight, proceed from the voice of my dog, as he howled beneath my chamber window at the moon. It was ominous. I have heard it in the voice of the screech-owl, while perched on the large cypress tree in the church-yard. I have heard it in the echoes of the mountains when I have shouted; in the howling of the tempest, in the murmuring of the waters, and the rustling of the trees; for every thing, both animate and inanimate, retains that sound, to which universal harmony will again be attuned by the master-hand. And when that sound proceeds from this voice, I shall cease to think of earthly matters. I perceive you doubt the truth of my theory. If you suspend a piece of metal or glass by a thread, and strike the note which lies dormant therein, upon a musical instrument, you will draw it forth; the substance will respond; and when the heavenly harps are attuned, and their notes are permitted to extend to the numberless spheres, all created things, both animate and inanimate, will join in the concord; the discordant particles will be reconciled and all be harmony again. All things partake of heaven. Even the daisy of the valley and the wild flowers of the mountain, retain and diffuse a portion of the aromatic atmosphere, which prevails in purer regions than this. As we approach death, the sense of smelling becomes more acute and delicate; so much so, that I can already discover in the flowers of the season, that fragrance which belongs to this world, and that which is ethereal.

There are numberless omens in nature, which warn the wise man of approaching change, and they are not to be idly slighted." With these remarks we arrived at the inn; he pressed my hand at parting, and slowly retraced his steps to the widow's cottage.

I arose early the succeeding morning, and continued my journey towards the border line of New York. I was absent about two weeks from the village, and it was a calm evening as I again approached it, through the valley formed by the Delaware. Before the village appeared, I heard the solemn tolling of a church bell, which grew louder and fainter, as the breeze that swept up the valley rose and died away. Every hill responded to the knell. I quickened my pace, and as I drew nigh to the village, it appeared quite deserted. I rode up to the tavern, but my attentive host did not make his appearance. I remained seated on my horse, with my face towards the Blue Ridge. The winding road which led across the mountain, though nearly concealed by the towering trees, was at intervals to be seen, perfectly bare, from the village. A long retinue appeared crossing one of these interstices; it moved slowly along, and was lost in the shades of the forest. When the last had disappeared I alighted, and discovered at a short distance a lad with his eyes fixed intently upon the spot, over which the mournful train had passed. It was little Gilbert, the drummer's child. I inquired the reason of the village being deserted, and he sobbed, "Hugh Cameron is dead, and they are now burying him where he wished to be buried." The boy, still weeping, led the way to the stable, and supplied my horse with food.

What are the promises of this world! There was a time when fancy whispered to Hugh Cameron, the ceaseless hum of the widow's wheel would be silenced; her chair would occupy the most conspicuous place around his fire-side, and clambering on her knees would be seen, a little image of his lovely Lucy. The dream was a joyous one, and life is but a dream. He whose fancy can paint the hopes of to-morrow in the most vivid colours, attains the summit of all earthly bliss; for there is much, very much in anticipation, but little, very little in fruition.

In the evening I went to condole with the mourners. Lucy had already retired, for her's was a sorrow to obtrude upon which, would add to its poignancy.

"The day you left us," said the widow, "the departed crossed the river with Lucy and little Gilbert. They strolled up the cypress hollow until they arrived at his favourite retreat, where the torrent dashes impetuously down the side of the mountain, and the surrounding precipice sends back numberless echoes. He seated himself, and listened intently to the roar of the waters. Not a sound escaped him, and every note was tried by his ear. He stooped by the stream where the water gurgled over its pebbly bed, and discovered notes imperceptible to any ear less acute than his own. A sudden gust of wind agitated the tall pines; he stood erect, paused and pointing to the bending tops of the trees, exclaimed, 'it is there too Lucy, even in that hollow moan of the monarch of the forest I detect it.' He shouted, and the valley rung with echo; he repeated it; listened to every sound, and his face became animated

as he caught the faint return made by the most distant hill. His dog raised his ears and barked, 'it is there too Lucy,' he exclaimed, 'even the voice of poor Carlo is full of melody, and your voice, Lucy, even when you first told me that you loved, sounded not so musically, so heavenly sweet.' He directed Gilbert to gather for him, the mountain honey-suckle, the cypress branches, the laurel, and such flowers and blossoms as were putting forth. The boy soon came with his arms full, and laid them at the feet of the invalid. 'My sense of smelling,' he said, 'was never so acute. The fragrance arising from these branches almost overpowers me. Yet I enjoy it, and although widely different in their odours, I can perceive a portion of the same subduing fragrance proceeding from each. Their colours are more vivid, sounds are more distinct, and my touch more sensible than formerly. These changes tell me that I shall never visit this valley again.' He rose from the rock upon which he was seated, took Lucy by the arm, and proceeded towards the village in silence. Carlo walked closely, and dejectedly by his master's side, and even the reckless Gilbert did not venture to break the silence, until he had safely paddled them across the river, and was left alone to secure the canoe.

"From that day," continued the widow, "he grew worse, and it was evident to all, that the dear boy would not long be with us. The evening preceding his death, he was lying on the bed, and Lucy and myself were taking our solitary meal with little appetite, for he who dispensed joy around our board, was unable to take his wonted place. He turned in his bed, and said in a voice

scarcely above his breath, 'mother, what time does the moon go down?' I told him the hour, and inquired why he asked. 'Nothing,' he added, 'only this, mother, say all you have to say to me, before the moon goes down.' His voice was scarcely articulate. Lucy burst into tears, and removed her chair to the head of his bed. He perceived her grief, and pressing her hand to his feverish lips, said, 'do not weep Lucy, indeed I have more cause to grieve than you, though my heart feels little of sorrow at present.' She asked him his cause of grief. 'It is this Lucy, that I cannot live to repay your matchless love, and unwearied care of me.' The poor girl's tears flowed afresh, and her heart sobbed as if it would break. The evening was spent in reading such passages of the scriptures to him as he pointed out. His mind continued firm and clear. About midnight he desired that the casement of the window might be thrown open. It opened upon a full view of the river. The night was sultry, and almost as bright as day. An owl was hooting from the grave-yard, and the whip-poor-will was flying low and screaming. Poor Carlo howled sorrowfully. The sounds did not escape the notice of the dying man. Two or three canoes were in the middle of the river, with a bright blazing fire kindled in the stern of each. He said in a low voice, 'the villagers are preparing to spear the salmon trout, then the moon must be nearly down.' His bed lay beside the window, and he desired to be removed to the extremity, that he might look out upon the sky. He did so. His face became animated, and as we replaced him in his former position, he said, 'the works of God never before appeared to me so exquisitely beau-

tiful,' and yet his whole life had been passed in admiring the works of God. He whispered to me, that it was time for us to take our last farewell. My heart, in the course of a long life, met only once with so trying a moment as that of parting with the boy; but my Lucy—my poor Lucy; I thought her heart would break outright. He then desired the window to be closed; the light to be removed into the next room, and not to be disturbed. At a short distance, we listened to the rattling in his throat, for about an hour, when it suddenly ceased. Lucy imagined he slept, and softly approached the bed. I put my hand under the bed cover, and felt his feet. They were stone cold. Animal heat had forsaken his extremities, and the chills of death were fast invading his heart. I induced my child to retire to her chamber, under the belief that he slept, and she did not learn his fate until she arose in the morning." Thus ended the widow's simple narrative.

Poor Lucy Gray! No being is more deserving of commiseration, than an amiable female brooding over the sorrows of hopeless love. If her afflictions are occasioned by the treachery of man, the bitterness of thought poisons the very sources of life, and works a sure and rapid decay. Even a deviation from the path of rectitude, may be philosophized into a virtue, when occasioned by one beloved, but it will rise up in judgment, when passion has lost its influence, and the fatal conviction flashes upon the mind, that the object was unworthy of the sacrifice. But she who has watched by the death-bed of him she doated on, and by her angel-presence, drawn his thoughts to heaven, and taught him re-

signation; who kissed his soul when passing from his lips, and watched the glazed eye that even in death expressed his tenderness, until she fancied that he lingered still, and paused to hear him breathing—such a one may mingle in society, and pass along unnoticed with the rest of the crowd; she may join the sportive dance and seem to partake of its merriment; the wound may apparently be healed, and the smile of cheerfulness may enlighten her countenance; but still her midnight thoughts are working in the grave, and straining near to madness to picture the being that is mouldering there. She fades, without being conscious herself of gradual decay, and like the tulip, becomes more lovely, in consequence of disease engendered at the root. Such has been the fate of myriads of the fairest and the best of creation, and such was the destiny of Lucy Gray.

RICHARD PENN SMITH.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

SEE the sun at close of day,
Calmly gliding down the west—
Mark the soft expiring ray,
Ling'ring to denote the way,
Where he sinks to rest!

So in peace her spirit fled,
Bright amid the shades of death;
Thus, around her dying bed,
Mild and heavenly lustre shed
At the parting breath:

When from earthly pain and grief,
From the world's deceit and sin,
Full of hope she sought relief,
Full of days, a golden sheaf,
She was gather'd in.

She had fought the goodly fight—
She her Father's will had done;
Till her raven locks were white,
Long to wear a crown of light,
She the race had run.

COUNSEL.

Then are sighs and tears for me?
Shall this aching heart repine,
Mourning still, dear friend, for thee,
Or its better purpose be,
Life and death like thine?

H. F. GOULD.

COUNSEL.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DMITRIEFF.

YOUTH! those moments so entrancing,
Spend in sports and pleasures gay,
Mirth and singing, love, and dancing—
Like a shade thou'lt pass away!

Nature leads the way before us,
Friends! to her sweet voice give ear.
Form the dances, raise the chorus,
We but for an hour are here.

Think the term of mirth and pleasure,
Comes no more, when once gone by,
Let us prize life's only treasure,
Blest with love and jollity.

And the bard all sorrows scorning,
Who tho' old still joins your ring,
With gay wreathes of flowers adorning,
Crown him that he still may sing.

Youth! those moments so entrancing,
Spend in sports and pleasures gay,
Mirth and singing, love and dancing—
Like a shade thou'lt pass away!

W. D. L.

LITERATURE.

SPIRIT of Light! sprung from that source divine,
Which gave the heavenly essences to shine;
Spirit, whose radiant soul-exalting ray
Pours on the mind a never-fading day;
Thou whose blest beams can equal power impart
To raise the intellect and warm the heart,
To thy own praise inspiring vigour bring,
And aid the vot'ry who thy charms would sing;
Recount the blessings which thy smiles bestow,
To guide and gild our pilgrimage below.

In yonder wilds how wretched, feeble, blind,
The child of nature, whose untutor'd mind

Surveys the wonders of creation's frame,
But knows not, thinks not, cares not whence they came!
Scarce raised in soul above the beasts that stray
The desert round, his terror and his prey:
Scarcely nobler than the shrubs that round him rise,
Unmark'd, unknown, he vegetates and dies!
True, he can feel—yes! want, and pain, and fear,
Form the distinctions of his rude career;
True, skill'd in slaughter, he subdues the plain.
And frighten'd brutes confess his brutal reign.
Nor brutes alone; his fellow men must feel
His winged arrows, and his sharpen'd steel:
His captive's groans no throbs of pity wake,
Though doom'd to bear the torture and the stake!
Then comes his turn; fear'd, hated, and forlorn,
To yield a life too grievous to be borne!
Poor savage, ah! what comforts to thee fall?
Sorrow in life, at death oblivion's pall!—
Such the sad record of that wild career
Which culture does not smooth, nor knowledge cheer!

How different far, where'er instruction throws
Her blessings round to mitigate our woes!
For knowledge brings the virtues in her train
To sweeten life and triumph over pain.
Then reason rules, discordant minds agree,
And rancorous hate is soothed to charity.
Do wars arise? or is oppression borne?
Of more than half their horrors they are shorn.
The press exists; and villains shrink with shame,
Worth is upheld, and talents earn their fame.

With Learning's fairer genius, meek and bland,
The spirit of the age moves hand in hand:
Before their march the foes of man withdraw,
Tyrants submit to Freedom's holy law,
Av'rice and power consent t' unchain the slave,
And bigotry fast hastens to his grave!

Hark, science speaks; obedient nature yields
The countless treasures of her hidden fields!
There may philanthropy exulting find,
Strength for the body, knowledge for the mind.
Lo! balm is found to soothe the throbs of pain,
And raise th' enfeebled frame to health again.
Lo! richer harvests load the cultured soil,
And safer channels aid the seaman's toil.
Statesmen and patriots from fair science draw
The best supports of liberty and law:
And he whose soul, ambitious of a name,
Pants for distinction on the rolls of fame,
May earn in fields of literary toil,
A brighter glory and a richer spoil,
Than e'er the slaughtering warrior could obtain,
By bloody conquests, on th' embattled plain.
Ah! where the man whom true ambition warms,
Would barter Milton's muse for Cromwell's arms:
Or yield the glorious wreath of Scott's renown,
For all the splendours of Napoleon's crown!

Illustrious Watt! whose genius gave the power
To do the work of ages in an hour,

The debt of gratitude how unconfined,
To thee and science, owed by all mankind!
Hail potent steam! how high our pride expands
To think of thee, the creature of our hands!
Unbounded force subjected to our will!
Untiring slave our mandates to fulfil!
At our command thou conqu'rest wind and tide;
Streams are roll'd back, and fleets through forests glide!
We move with winged speed from clime to clime,
And distance dwindles in the grasp of time!

But turn thine eyes to those domestic bowers,
Where taste and learning cheer the fleeting hours;
Ah! there dwell joys and charities of life,
In full atonement for its woes and strife.
See! there the cherish'd arts are smiling round;
The pencil's magic, music's melting sound,
Convenience, comfort, elegance and ease;
Whate'er can ornament the mind or please,
Here find a home, if home on earth can be,
For such a type of heaven's felicity!
And ev'n in heaven, so holy men declare,
Increasing knowledge forms enjoyment there!

Oh! as yon glorious monarch of the day,
While round heaven's arch he drives his rapid way,
Beaming refulgent from his golden car,
Dispenses light and life to worlds afar;
So do thou! Knowledge, shine on all mankind,
Dispel the shades from each benighted mind,

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

F. 783 I



From a sketch by Major Denham.

Engraved by E. Kearney

BODY GUARD
OF THE SHERIF OF BORNOUT

Till headstrong passions shrinking from thy sight,
With crime and punishment shall take their flight!
Then sage and savage equal laws shall own,
Tyrant and slave shall be no longer known:
Reason shall rule the mind with mild command,
And peace and plenty gladden every land.

JAMES M'HENRY.

BORNOUNESE WAR SONG.

THOU God of our prophet! whose strength we all own,
Whose smile is all sunshine, but tempest his frown;
Look forth on the fight, make our spears like thy flame,
To scath where they strike, and to strike in thy name.

Make the battle to us like the gay wedding feast,
And the neigh of our steeds like thy bolt in the east,
To the ears of the Kerdies: let us the fight wage
With the strength of the elephant—buffaloe's rage.

Make us rush upon danger with death in full view,
For glory is sweeter than honey when new;
And the faithful who fight for their prophet and creed,
Shall never expire, though in battle they bleed.

F. 783 I



JOHN GILFILLAN
OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESS

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And now for Mandara! the battle of spears,
The thunder of strife and the blood-stream of tears!
Wherever we strike, may wild terror prevail,
And the might of our strength make the Kerdies bewail.

Our spears now shine forth like the red lightning fire,
To shed the foul blood of the foes who conspire
To scoff at our prophet, his sheik and his laws—
The all-seeing eye that looks down on our cause.

Stronger than rocks, than the lion more fierce,
Our forest of spears shall the enemy pierce,
For who can the rage of Bornouese restrain?
The flame of his fix'd eye what foeman sustain?

Till prostrate on earth, they our mercy implore,
Acknowledge our prophet, and vow to adore,
Spear them, nor cease till the sun sees their bones,
And hyenas feast in the midst of their groans.

The timbrels and zemtoos now bid us prepare,
The yerma is floating too, proudly in air;
Then onward, believers, then onward! away!
The sword of the prophet must conquer to-day.

S.

VIRGINIA.

THERE are few who have not wept over the fate of Virginia, as described by the master-hand of St. Pierre. To know that the tale is founded on fact, increases the intensity of its interest, while it makes us desirous of learning the real circumstances which gave birth to it. We cannot, therefore, but believe that the following letter will be gratifying to the admirers of this beautiful fiction.

The gentleman by whom it was written, examined most carefully all the facts relative to the loss of the vessel; and, the better to acquaint himself with the different places mentioned by St. Pierre, made the circuit of the island on foot, visiting every part of that romantic spot. The correctness of his statements, may be most fully relied on; the story required not the embellishments of fancy to render it deeply interesting.

I have made the researches you requested, relative to the loss of the St. Gerant; and have discovered that nothing can be more true, nothing more affecting, than the fate of the unfortunate VIRGINIA; its details must touch the coldest heart. I have examined and read the correspondence of the Directors of the India Company, as well

as the declarations of those who were saved from the shipwreck, which are found upon the records. Almost all the circumstances of the sad event, I learned from an officer, who knew, and had made a voyage with Virginia; who was employed in saving the effects of the *St. Gerant*, and who had all the particulars of her loss from a naval officer, that had been fortunate enough to escape.

There were two young ladies on board this vessel, Mademoiselle Caillon and Mademoiselle Mallet; but which of them was Virginia, I do not now recollect. She went while still very young to the Isle of France. In the year 1741, she returned to France with her uncle, who had been employed in the island as chief engineer. She was then about twelve years of age; of a good figure, very pretty, and above all, interesting from extreme sensibility and modesty, which characterized all her actions. Her education was finished, and her mind and character fully developed when her uncle M. de Belval was reinstated in his function of chief engineer; and, determining to return to the islands, took Virginia with him. They embarked at l'Orient in the *St. Gerant*, a vessel of the East India Company. A young lady so pretty and fascinating as Virginia, could not remain long on board without attracting the attentions and admiration of all who surrounded her. M. Longchamp of Montendu, a lieutenant of the vessel, was the first to pay her homage. He was twenty-six years of age, tall, well made, of a character, mild, tender and enthusiastic. He very soon discovered the virtues and exalted character of Virginia, and gave her his vows of eternal love. Her conduct during a long voyage, did not discredit the opinion he

had formed of her on their first acquaintance. There can be no stronger trial of a disposition than a tedious voyage. So many persons with so little congeniality of sentiments embarked together, without having met before, crossed by the elements, and fretting and worrying each other, become at length so irritable, that they can no longer restrain themselves, and discover all the asperities of temper, which vanity or the restraints of society may have hitherto enabled them to conceal; dislikes are engendered, which augment the horror of a situation already too trying by the maladies attending a long voyage. Virginia was always the same; the presence of so many men, the attentions she received changed not in the least the retiring modesty of her character.

The sight of land can only be appreciated by those who find again, after a long absence, a cherished object. Land was seen from the *St. Gerant* in the evening of the 17th of August, 1744. The joy, the negligence, the too great security of the officers, were the cause of the sad calamity which ensued. *M. de la Marre*, captain of the vessel, confided her direction to those who knew the coast better than himself. He took in sail to wait for day; but the wind and current carried her towards the shore. Believing they were too near, he gave orders to veer the ship at two in the morning. But it was too late; scarcely had the order been given when she struck; the rudder was carried away, and the waves beating over the deck, threw her against a chain of rocks. Nothing could resist the shock; the masts were broken, and falling with violence crushed the sides of the ship. It being now evident that the vessel was lost without any resource,

every one embraced, and gave and took a last farewell. M. Longchamp did not abandon Virginia; he saw that all the boats were destroyed, and resolved to swim to the Isle of Amber, which was about a league distant, promising Virginia to return for her in a canoe. He threw himself into the sea, and reached the shore without accident. This would appear incredible to you, did I omit to mention that the shallows and numerous rocks, while they increased the danger, afforded him rest. All the men followed the example of M. Longchamp, though but few with the same success; the sea was covered with the fragments of the wreck, and night rendered their situation more appalling. M. de la Marre, who refused to undress, thinking it unbecoming his station, placed himself on a plank, which he soon after quitted for a raft, on which he was overwhelmed by the waves and drowned. At day-break the vessel split asunder, and opened a grave to about one hundred unfortunate creatures, who, sick in their hammocks, were unable to succour themselves. Virginia was almost alone upon the wreck. I leave you to judge of the horrors of such a situation. The image of death was presented in shapes the most shocking to the feelings; she was surrounded by the dead and dying, who were crushed by the floating timber, whose cries and groans mingled with the din of waters. It would seem, however, that we become familiarised to the idea of death, under whatever form he presents himself. Either Providence, merciful in his most severe judgments, softens the aspect of the destroyer in such frightful moments, or human nature exhausted by such protracted suffering, gladly receives relief from pain in the arms of

death. M. Longchamp, on reaching the shore, sought in vain for succour; till the rising of the sun he paced the then uninhabited coast, casting mournful glances around, in the hope of finding some means of assistance. He fixed his eyes upon the wreck, and to complete his despair, he saw, or love made him believe he saw, his dear Virginia. A prey to all the feelings that agitate a generous and tender heart, he lost the natural desire of preserving his own life, and listening alone to the dictates of love and friendship, threw himself into the sea, and avoiding with incredible skill and courage the pieces of the wreck floating around him, he arrived in sight of Virginia. Her presence animated his exertions, he was soon on board. He employed all the resources of his reason and imagination to induce her to undress, as indispensable to her safety. She was inexorable in her refusal; their situation admitted not of delay, her lover threw himself into the sea, and took her upon his shoulders. For some time his strength continued and enabled him to swim, but at length, borne down by a weight so dear, and confined in his movements by the garments of Virginia, he was unable to resist the power of a turbulent ocean. His strength failed. In this fatal moment, Virginia and her lover encircled each other in a last embrace, and gave and received reciprocally the last sigh. The sea respected so sacred an union, and carried them to land, where they were found firmly locked in each other's arms.

Such was the end of these unhappy lovers, victims to a passion the most faithful and generous, and to the unfortunate delicacy of Virginia. A delicacy that at an

age more ripe, she would, without doubt have sacrificed to the duty of saving her life and that of her lover, who thus perished for her. Though the fate of these ill-starred lovers will excite our tears, may we not still call them happy, in having known each other but to love, and to share the same destiny. No stone transmits to posterity the memory of these interesting beings, whose noble and generous conduct was a tribute to virtue and to the purest love.

Of two hundred and fifty persons on board the ship, but eight sailors and one officer were saved. The loss was not known at Port Louis until two days after it occurred, when succours arrived, only to bury those who were cast on shore. The curate of the parish of Pamplémousse attended on this solemn duty. I have examined the register of the church, but found no mention of the lovers. "Cape Misfortune" is so called from the numerous chains of rocks which surround it; the "Bay of the Tomb" receives its name from an Hollander having been buried there, in the time when the island belonged to that nation. The *St. Gerant* was lost about a league west of the Isle of Amber, and a league and a half from the Isle of France. It has given name to a passage you will find marked upon the maps of Mr. Belin.

K.

TO MELANTHE.

Is it bliss to see a crowd
Gazing on thee,
Or like a gilded insect, proud
In flattery sun thee?
Is there not a dearer thing,
Than when a fop, with painted wing,
Too poor to bless, too weak to sting,
Dreams he has won thee.

Is it bliss to think thy charms
Are lauded ever;
That all would rush into thy arms,
And leave thee never.
O! is it not a sweeter thought,
That only one thy love has sought,
And in his soul, that love is wrought
So deep it cannot sever.

Is it bliss to hear thy praise
By all repeated;
To dream a round of sunny days,
Then find thee cheated.
O! happier the hidden flower
Within a far secluded bower,
Whither some mind of gentle power
Has long retreated.

Is it not bliss to hear thy name
From lips so holy—
O! better than the transient flame,
That circles folly.
If thou art lovely, thou wilt find,
Pure worship from so pure a mind,
And love, that will not leave behind
One taint of melancholy.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

RUINS.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

O ye, whose looks are as the voice of time,
Deep-sounding to the soul of years gone by;
Ruins! through whose rent walls the wild winds sigh;
Whose broken columns, weeds and ivy climb,
In rank luxuriance, while his path of slime
The slow snail traces, loathsome to the eye;
What are ye?—Mournful wrecks beneath the sky!
What were ye once?—the splendid haunts sublime,
Of love, and beauty, chivalry and power,
With music swelling in your echoing halls.
Yet ruins! ye remain—but I who tower
In youth, and strength, a deeper doom inthralls:
A few brief springs will bring the destined hour,
And leave no trace of me, to man or time!

G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE.

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F.1002



Painted by Sir T. Lawrence.

Engraved by J.B. Longacre.

LITTLE RED-RIDING-HOOD.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,
So meek, so modest: what a pity, madam,
That one so young and innocent, should fall
A prey to the ravenous wolf.

——— The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose,
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,
Though, in the time of Æsop, or before.
—Waa't not a wolf, then? I have read the story
A hundred times; and heard it told: nay, told it
Myself, to my younger sisters, when we've shrank
Together in the sheets, from very terror,
And, with protecting arms, each round the other,
E'en sobb'd ourselves to sleep. But I remember,
I saw the story acted on the stage,
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,
With our most kind preceptress Mrs. Bazely,
And so it was a robber, not a wolf
That met poor little Riding Hood i' the wood?
—Nor wolf nor rob'ber, child: this nursery tale
Contains a hidden moral.

——— Hidden: nay,

I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,
And thus it is: children, when sent on errands,
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.
—Tut! wolves again: wilt listen to me, child?

F1002



Painted by Sir J. G. S. S. S.

Engraved by J. H. Langdon

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE

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—Say on dear grandma.

———Thus then, dear my daughter:
In this young person, culling idle flowers,
You see the peril that attends the maiden
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,
And quits the onward path to stray aside,
Allured by gaudy weeds.

———Nay, none but children,
Could gather butter-cups and May-weed, mother.
But violets, dear violets—methinks
I could live ever on a bank of violets,
Or die most happy there.

———You die, indeed,
At your years die!

———Then sleep, ma'am, if you please.
As you did yesterday, in that sweet spot
Down by the fountain; where you seated you
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call't—
The Prairie, was it not?

———It was, my love,
And there, as I remember, your kind arm
Pillow'd my aged head: 'twas irksome sure,
To your young limbs and spirit.

———No, believe me,
To keep the insects from disturbing you
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek
When the breeze lull'd.

———You're a dear child!

———And then,
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank.
So gently sloping to the rivulet,

All purple with my own dear violet,
And sprinkled o'er with spring flowers of each tint.
There was that pale and humble little blossom,
Looking so like its namesake, INNOCENCE;
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, call'd by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness,
And her companion of the season, dress'd
In varied pink. The partridge ever-green,
Hanging its fragrant wax-work on each stem,
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries—
—Did you see all those flowers? I mark'd them not.
—O many more, whose names I have not learn'd.
And then to see the light blue butterfly
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,
From flow'r to flow'r, and the bright honey-bee—
And there too was the fountain, overhung
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,
Leapt joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,
And fell in music—then pass'd prattling on,
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.

—————I dream'd not of these sights or sounds.

—————Then just

Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,
Like a rich riband, of enamel'd meadow,
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top

Was crown'd with rose-bay. Half-way down there stood
Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine
As ready to leap down unto her lover
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest
Of green and crimson.

———Tut! enough, enough,
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl,
We must shut up your books of Botany,
And give you graver studies.

———Will you shut
The book of nature, too, for it is that
I love and study. Do not take me back
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer
O let me hold communion here with nature.
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lecture
Upon this picture—

———Poor Red Riding Hood!
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.
And now the hidden moral.

———Thus it is:
Mere children read such stories literally,
But the more elderly and wise, deduce
A moral from the fiction. In a word,
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.
—I thought love was an infant; "toujours enfant."
—The world and love were young together, child,
And innocent—alas! time changes all things.
—True, I remember, love is now a man.

And, the song says, "a very saucy one"—
But how a wolf?

———In ravenous appetite,
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb,
Is he to innocence.

———I shall remember,
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,
Be he a boy or man, I'll take good heed,
And hold no converse with him.

———You'll do wisely.
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,
Shall he from me know whither I am going,
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

———That's my child.
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

———Well, my dear,
You've learned your lesson.

———Yet one thing, my mother,
Somewhat perplexes me.

———Say what, my love,
I will explain.

———This wolf, the story goes,
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:
What is the moral here. Have all our grandmas
Been first devoured by love?

———Let us go in;
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.

B.

THE POET'S TALE.

SOME persons yet alive, may perhaps recollect an odd figure, who was frequently seen at all those places of general recreation, where people can go for nothing, and seemed to enjoy with peculiar zest, all the good things he got at the expense of others. He never missed a funeral, nor even let the waiter pass without filling his glass, and drinking with a special air of simpering melancholy, exceedingly edifying. But it was at those hymeneal merry-makings, called punch drinkings, that he was wont most particularly to exhibit his appetite and vivacity. He ate, drank, and joked with the best of them, and was the merriest man in the company, though his threadbare coat and old-fashioned hat, bore ample testimony that his vivacity was that of the spirit, rather than of the purse. It was of no consequence to him whether he was acquainted with the master of the feast or not; at such times all are welcome, and our hero, though unacquainted with a single soul in the room, managed to make it appear he knew every body. The entertainer took him for a friend of some one of his guests, and the guests believed him a friend of their host. Thus he escaped detection as an interloper, and managed to partake of many a feast, which a man of more modesty and less enterprise would have missed forever.

It used to be a whim of mine, to watch such odd fellows, whenever they fell in my way, for I always consi-

dered the eccentricities of mankind, as among the most amusing portions of the drama of human life. Accordingly, wherever I met this unceremonious person, I made it a point to be very civil; helping him from the best dishes that happened to be near me, and never failing to ask him to drink wine. In process of time we formed a sort of speaking acquaintance with each other, which at length ripened into such a degree of intimacy, that he would sometimes venture to come up to me on the Battery, when he found me standing alone, and once he carried his friendship so far as to borrow money.

It has often been asserted that he who lends money loses a friend. It was so with me on this occasion, for from this moment I lost my sociable companion. All at once he grew near-sighted, and the difficulty of catching his eye became insurmountable. I could never fairly bring him to exchange a glance of recognition, although more for amusement than any other motive, I never failed to persecute him with my eyes and attentions. When I chanced to meet him at any of these morning collations to which I have alluded, I never failed, if possible, to get near one of his favourite dishes, and to press him to be helped to some of it. But he always declined without raising his eyes, and seemed very busy in eating. If I asked him to drink a glass of wine with me, he affected not to hear, or pretended to think it was somebody else.

One morn I missed him at the accustom'd treat,
Close by his favourite round of powder'd beef;
Another came, yet empty was his seat,
At wedding feast, or merry-making grief.

Years past away, and I had forgotten him entirely, amid the varied scenes of life, and various countries through which it was my lot to pass the best part of my days. At length I returned to my native city, and not long after happened to pay a visit to an old friend, whom the chances of life had left in his old age in the prison bounds. In passing through the entry of the house where my friend lodged, I encountered a face which I thought I remembered. We both stopped a moment, and our eyes meeting, I recognised my worthy acquaintance, with the short memory. Contrary to his former custom, he put forth his hand and asked me how I had been this long time. I returned the compliment by making the same inquiry.

"O pretty well—pretty well," said he, "I have had my ups and downs since I saw you. The downs are uppermost now, and I fear I shall never be able to pay you the trifle you lent me, a long while ago. You see I have a good memory. I never forget my obligations, though it is sometimes convenient to forget those who bestow them. What a pity you were not here about two years ago—I could have paid you then."

I told him not to mind such a trifle—he was right welcome to it, and to show him I bore no malice on the score of his cutting my acquaintance, invited him to come and dine with me that day, at my bachelor's hall.

"My dear friend," cried he, rubbing his hands, "where do you live?"

On mentioning the place, his countenance suddenly fell.

"Alas! that is beyond the range of my flight—my wings are clipped."

"Elipt," said I, "how, and by whom?"

"By the shears of the law. If you only lived on this side of the street instead of the other, I'd dine with you every day in the week with all my heart. As it is, I must dine with Duke Humphrey, or Tantalus, instead of my old friend, whom I have not seen so long, that it would delight me to crack a bottle with him."

"What! you are in limbo—I am sorry for it," said I.

"Why so my dear sir?—it's only one of the triumphs of genius—I've got into poet's-corner, that's all. Don't you see I wear the livery?"

This remark drew my attention to his costume. He wore a short roundabout blue jacket of broad-cloth, a red waistcoat, white muslin pantaloons, a straw hat with a broad yellow ribbon round it, and his collar was tied with a black ribbon, in imitation of Lord Byron, as he afterwards assured me. The only piece of finery he carried about him, was a pair of white silk gloves, on which I afterwards found he valued himself highly, as the last remnant of his glory. After some little conversation, I proposed that as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet should go to the mountain—in other words, that I should order dinner at a tavern, within the magic circle, and that he should come and dine with me there. He accepted the proposal with his usual frankness, and we had a merry time of it I assure you. There was a lightness, a vivacity, and thoughtlessness about my friend, that made the evils of life sit like a feather upon him; and together with this, he was full of wit, whim, and anecdote. Afterwards I often gave him the meeting in this way, until by degrees, I really began to feel an

interest in his welfare, and one day after dinner, inquired his past history, with a view of knowing whether I could be of any permanent use in his future progress. He complied with great readiness, and with a sort of careless grace and indifference, which marked every word and action of his life. I shall endeavour to give the relation as nearly as possible, which I am the better able to do, from having shortly after committed it to writing, as a curiosity in its way. If I mistake not, it has a moral too, and a story with a moral, is always worth telling.

“Although,” began my friend, “it is difficult for a man to tell his own story without over, or undervaluing his merits, I shall endeavour to preserve the happy medium, between self-praise and self-blame. In so doing, I may bring my genius into question, for genius, as we all know, abhors any thing but extremes.

I owe my birth to a miracle--at least I always believed so, for I was born twenty years after my parents had lost all hope of posterity. Such children are always prodigies, at least in the eyes of their parents. Two things happened about the time of my birth, which were considered too remarkable to be accidental. My father put on his waistcoat wrong side outwards; and an old pampered tom-cat, that had been my mother's pet ever so long, and as is usual in such cases, was hated by the whole family, as if taking my birth in dudgeon, disappeared suddenly and was never heard of afterwards. It was decided that I was to be a prodigy of some kind or other.

My father was inclined to predict, that I would come

to be a member of congress; a luminary of the law; an infallible doctor; or a powerful preacher. My mother "pish'd" and "pooh'd" at these inglorious prognostics. She had been day and night, for at least a dozen years, employed in devouring the literature of the new school, that is to say, poetry full of love and misanthropy; and romances full of immorality and religion. Her head had nothing else in it, and her taste was governed accordingly. She wavered for a long time in her decision, whether I should be a corsair, a reprobate, a freebooter—a poetical sensualist, a poetical misanthrope, or an equal compound of both. However she made up her mind to one thing, to wit, that I should be a poet, *nascitur non fit*, or not. Accordingly in spite of the opposition of my worthy father, who stuck out for honest Obadiah, till my mother was threatened with hysterics, I was christened after three great living poets, in the hope that betwixt them all, I might be certain to come in for a share of poetical inspiration. My good mother would willingly have added a couple more to the trio, to make sure of the matter; but the worthy parson who christened me, assured her that enough was as good as a feast.

In order to give me a decided turn for the twin sisters, Poetry and Romance, no sooner had I got to be old enough, than I was regularly fed upon confectionary wrapped up in papers, each bearing a distich of prize poetry. In this manner it may be literally affirmed that I devoured poetry, from the time I was two years old. Occasionally, however, my sugar plums would be enveloped in a page or two of high seasoned romance, that

my taste for this, might keep pace with my taste for poetry. My food was thus daily diversified, until one day, I was almost choked to death with a choice morsel of a certain romantic tale, which shall be nameless. After this my mother would not trust me with romances, but confined my diet to what the reviewers call "powerful poetry," diversified occasionally with a page or two of harmless stories, equally compounded of love, murder, and canting.

The first time I ever opened my mouth, except to eat or cry, I exhibited a prodigy, by exclaiming—

"Papa!"

"Mama!"

My mother declared this was as legitimate rhyme, as any in the compass of poetry, and the whole family, except my father, agreed with her. He insisted that if it was a rhyme, it was such a one as every Christian child had regularly made, since the creation of the world, for aught he knew. The worthy parson, who in country villages, is the best and kindest umpire in the little divisions of his flock, was called in to decide the question. He accordingly determined in favour of each, as both were convinced; the only way in fact in which such disputes can be decided, without making matters worse than they were before. It was thenceforth a settled point that I was to belong to that hopeful fry, called premature or promising geniuses—a class of unlucky beings, that like trees which blossom too early in the spring, are sure to be nipt by the frost, and to shed their fruits in blighted immaturity. They are first spoiled by the indiscreet admiration of the world, and then punished in the most

bitter of all bitter ways—by the neglect and contempt of those who contributed to their ruin. There is no doubt my friend, that nobody but the world is to blame for the vices and follies of genius.

At the age of eight years, I was able to comprehend by dint of continual repetition, that I was an extraordinary boy; and one of the first things that an extraordinary boy discovers, is that he was born to do just as he pleases. Indeed my poor mother often was so indiscreet as to repeat over and over again, the hackneyed sayings, that genius was above all rules, that we must not judge hardly of its eccentricities and follies, or punish them with too much rigour, lest we should blight those exquisite sensibilities, which are so essential to the composition of poetry and romance. I soon learned to interpret this as a license to do as I pleased, in spite of my father, who, by the way, was one of those abstractedly worthy men, who content themselves, for the most part, by letting their helpmates do as they please first, and then finding fault with them afterwards. Even in the worst of times, when my growing follies and accumulating transgressions, almost broke my poor mother's heart, he would exclaim, "I told you how it would be," and thus pamper his self-love, till he almost forgot his parental disappointment.

At ten years of age, when I had become ungovernable at home, I was sent to school, a place considered by parents of a certain class and character, a sort of asylum, a house of refuge for promising boys, who have been kept at home, till they are past all reformation. I have seen enough of this most indifferent of all possible

worlds, to know that happiness and misery are both to be found in strange places, where no one would think of looking for them; but this I will say, that I had rather be a mentor to wild elephants, than the keeper of a school now, since the banishment of the scientific ferule, and the classic birch. I led the poor schoolmaster, or rather the poor schoolslave, a desperate life, for I despised learning as only a clog to the swift wings of genius, and as my mother had strictly enjoined him to correct me, not by the birch, but by appealing to my sense of shame, or my ambition of distinction, I was out of his reach entirely. He could not make me ashamed of what I considered a proof of genius; nor infuse into me an ambition to excel in those common-place acquirements, which were, in my opinion, clear demonstration of a dunce. The poor man, often came over to complain of me, as so indolent and mischievous, that he could do nothing with me; but it answered no end. My mother had read in so many books, that indolence and mischief were two of the prime characteristics of genius, that she was delighted with these auguries, and always sent the poor man home, loaded with presents.

I remained at this school until the age of sixteen, when it was thought proper to think of sending me to college. The good pastor was consulted, and took occasion to hint that in order that a lad might be admitted into college, it was necessary he should know something before he went there. Now though I might be, and undoubtedly was, a young man of extraordinary genius, yet I had no great store of learning, and genius alone would not qualify me for college, or carry me through it, when I had got there. It was accordingly decided, that I should not go

to a place where genius was not a sufficient substitute for learning. The honest schoolmaster, who wanted sadly to get rid of me, as a disgrace to his school, and a bad example to his scholars, advised my mother to keep me at home for the present, until I could make up my mind as to what trade I was to learn. "Trade!" exclaimed the indignant lady—"A boy of genius learn a trade! Leave the house, sir, and never let me see your face again. Trade indeed! It will be much if he condescends to follow a profession."

I now remained quietly at home, for some time, reading poetry and romance, and confining myself, exclusively, to the new works that came out. I had been taught, in fact, to believe that such had been the vast improvements lately introduced into all classes of literary productions, that it was lost time to read any work written thirty years ago. I one day happened to hear of an old poet called Homer, who was spoken of as the father of poetry, and borrowed his works of the parson. But never did I see such vulgar stuff—and I concluded that the father, as often happens, conferred very little honour on his offspring. I got as far, however, as where Achilles is represented broiling a chine of pork, and that sickened me. I was obliged to take a few pages of the "Corsair," which had just come out, to get the smell of the pork griskin out of my imagination. On another occasion, I was advised by an old-fashioned neighbour, to read Tom Jones. But I found it was quite a common-place every day production, entirely destitute of any thing like "powerful writing." I accordingly sought refuge from its classic dulness, in the delightful

pepper-pot dishes of the new school, where I buried myself in the gall of bitterness, the bonds of iniquity, and the honey of Hyblæan sentiment.

Thus nurtured in the spicy bowers, and fanned by the Elysian gales of romantic seclusion, I grew up a tall handsome fellow, as you see, although I confess, the honours of genius have weighed me down a little of late, and deducted somewhat from the attractions of my youthful days.

Such as I was, both nature and education conspired to incline me to fall in love the first opportunity. Not that I meant to marry—no, no! by no means, that would have been contrary to the ethics I had so lately been, and was studying every day. Matrimony is the death of romance, as is in fact every thing that substitutes reality for imagination. I despised all common-place sentiment, and was resolved if possible, to be in love in a manner perfectly original, and as no other poet had ever been before. Accordingly I invented an abstract mistress, a pure and immaculate being, who so far from having been seen by the world, had not even been polluted by my own admiring gaze—one who in fact, never had and never could have an existence in this world at least, whatever she might have in another. She was my genius, my muse, my saint, my goddess; to her I addressed upwards of four hundred sonnets, in which I flatter myself I fairly exhausted every variety of human misery, and human complaint. Finally I came to a resolution to poison myself in a furious ode, in the style of the first models, after handsomely cursing the world, and all things in it, especially my false-hearted mistress Idealina.

Having finished my ode to my perfect satisfaction, I left it on my table, while I walked to cool myself, for you may depend upon it, the ode was as hot as a cannon ball just cast. In the interim, my mother happened to come into my room, which she called the poet's corner, and seeing the ode, began to read it with great avidity. Before she got through, she shrieked, and ran out of the room, crying "help—help—murder"—until she had collected my father and the whole household, who all asked with one voice what was the matter. "Oh! he is dead—gone to his death-bed, all under the willow tree," she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Who," cried my father.

"My poet—my genius—my muse—my darling boy—he is poisoned—and all for love of a false-hearted woman"—

"Where is he?" exclaimed my father, who notwithstanding his terror, could not help adding—"I told you how it would be."

"Where is he?—bleaching in some pathless solitude—or writhing in agonies of love and poison—or pining in the slow tortures of some deleterious upas."

By this time, the people of the house had dispersed in different directions to search for my corpse. All but my father, who would not stir a foot on any occasion, without knowing the why and the wherefore.

"Who told you of this"—said he.

"There—there it is under his own hand," replied she, pointing to the table; "he calls Apollo, and the nine muses to witness the desperate—O! what a poet is lost to the world!"

My father took up my last dying speech and confession, and notwithstanding his habitual apathy, was somewhat alarmed at the solemnity with which I had expressed my determination to be revenged on my mistress, by poisoning myself.

"Who is this Idealina," exclaimed he.

"O! I don't know—I don't know—some beautiful, romantic damsel, I dare say, that lives in the woods, and feeds upon honey and wild flowers. One of the Miss Dryads, I dare say—for I have often heard him raving about one Hannah Dryad—deuce take her, for being the death of my poor child."

By this time my father became seriously alarmed, and was just on the point of sallying forth in search of me, when I made my appearance, having been found by the people, carving the name of my Idealina on the virgin bark of a beech that nodded over a purling stream, in the most poetical style imaginable.

"You undutiful boy," cried my mother, "how could you think of swallowing poison. Here—here—take this bottle of sweet oil, and empty it as fast as possible. Perhaps it is not yet too late."

"You undutiful rascal," exclaimed the old gentleman, "how dared you take poison, without first consulting me. But I thought it would come to this at last. I often told you so, madam."

"You told me no such thing," answered my mother, wiping away her tears.

"Poison!" at length cried I; "Poison—who told you I had swallowed poison; I'm not yet come to that. I can tell you."

"Who told us"—interrupted my mother. "Who told us you were poisoned? Why yourself—here it is in black and white, under your own hand—deny it if you can—here sir—here sir—look at this paper;" and she handed me my suicidal ode.

"Is that all," said I coolly, "my dear madam how could you be so foolish, as to believe I was in earnest? This is only what we call a poetical license. It is very likely I may threaten to kill my mistress, and commit half a dozen murders in verse, to-morrow or next day."

"And you are not poisoned after all," exclaimed my delighted mother.

"No more than the man in the moon," answered I.

"See what it is to be a man of genius!" cried my mother.

"See what it is to be a fool and a jackanapes," muttered my father, as he lighted his pipe, and walked forth to see his improvements.

The next day, it was reported all about the neighbourhood that I had made away with myself, and that very night, several spirits and demons took occasion to exhibit themselves in certain lonely by-paths, their modesty not permitting them to appear in public.

After the adventure of the poisoning, I gave up my mistress, the pure and spotless Idealina, and in due course of nature fell violently and poetically in love with a fair nymph of the neighbouring woods, whom I had seen two or three times at church, and with whom I had exchanged glances in the universal language. She was exceeding fair in her complexion, with keen black eyes of most matchless eloquence, and glossy chestnut hair,

that flowed about her neck and shoulders, like the mane of a war horse. She could not speak, for she was born dumb—but her eyes, and as I found afterwards, her hands were sufficiently eloquent. Besides I did not mind, indeed I was highly pleased with this deficiency of speech, for I had determined if I could not be an original genius in poetry, to be original in every thing else. I sometimes think this poor girl actually loved me, for often in our romantic rambles from the church to her home, which was little else than a log cottage by the side of a rock-erected brook, that skirted the edge of a little grassy nook almost surrounded by woods of spritely saplings, often would she look at me with inexpressible expression, and when I could not comprehend her, fall to cuffing my ears with all the warmth of true affection. She was, however, singularly intelligent, and had a great deal of taste, for she always agreed with me in admiring my poetry.

But in process of time, I lost my mistress. Her father removed from the neighbourhood, and took her with him. She wept at parting, and I never saw her again till about ten years afterwards, when passing through the country in which the family had settled, we accidentally encountered each other. She ran towards me, kissed my cheek, looked affectionately into my eyes, and then fell to boxing my ears, from the mere force of habit.

Shortly after this bereavement, a young damsel came over from one of the little towns in New England, on a visit to one of our neighbours. This was an incident in our part of the country, where the presence of a stranger formed a new æra. I dont know whether you have ex-

perienced it, but I have never failed to observe, that at a country church, or in a fashionable circle, a new face is the centre of attraction. If a belle, let the poor girls, whose faces have become as old as the north star, by being seen every day, beware of the recreant backslidings of their beaux; and if a beau, the poor homespun joekeys must look out for breakers. The stranger will assuredly play the mischief, among the old weather-beaten attachments or preferences, that have subsisted for years, and either bring them to the dead point of matrimony, or sever them forever. I have, in my time, known six village sparkings broken off by one of these interlopers; and recollect when I was hanging about the skirts of the bon ton, to have seen double that number of desperate attachments dissevered forever, by the intrusion of a stranger who is second cousin to an earl, and marched into the drawing rooms, behind the title of Honourable. In truth, the *quoad-hoc* hook, if a law term may be applied in the court of Cupid, is of most potent efficacy in catching gudgeons.

But besides this decisive advantage, the little yankee girl was excessively pretty—as fresh and blooming as—upon my soul, though a poet, I am, to the disgrace of my cloth, at a loss for a simile—as fresh and blooming, and as plump as a little Dutch milliner. She was, indeed, too pretty for a comparison. Her cheek had the downy softness and bloom of the peach, and was ten times sweeter, as I thought, when it came to my turn to receive her forfeit at plays. Her teeth, saving the presence of my namesake, Mr. Thomas Moore, were ten times whiter than snow, her breath ten times sweeter than

that of the May-day morning, and her blood ran through her veins ten times faster than a mill-race, for it was in her cheek, in her forehead, in her fingers' ends, in her neck, in her bosom, and heaven knows where else, before you could say Jack Robinson. I was caught most poetically with the *quoad-hoc* hook, before she had been a week in the neighbourhood.

Heavens! how my muse did clap her wings and crow, in sonnet, ode, and doleful ditty!

Curing the itch of fancy's ecstacy,
With brimstone poetry.

The price of paper rose in the village, as if there had been a new revision of the tariff. All these, my fair Patience—for alas! that was her name—received with smiles and blushes, and put into her bosom, where the white paper turned yellow with envy. We rambled, and rode, and walked arm in arm, and sometimes, between ourselves—romped together in the meadows among the hay-cocks—and I became distractedly in love—that is to say, according to the canons of poetry.

In the autumn my pretty Patience was called home by her father, and we parted with mutual regrets, mingled with hopes of meeting again ere long. I promised to visit her, with the first rose of the spring, and gave it under my hand in the following poetical flourish.

I'll watch the earliest opening rose,
That blushes on the brow of spring;
I'll catch the first warm breeze that blows,
The first blithe notes the birds shall sing

For they my harbingers shall be,
To woo a welcome smile from thee.

And when thou see'st the opening rose,
Expand its tender leaves to meet
The balmy breeze that gently blows—
Wilt thou the blushing stranger greet,
And blush like it, and think of me,
Who'll often—often, think of thee?

And when the little vagrant bird,
As through the budding wood you roam,
To trill his first blithe notes is heard,
Like some glad exile just come home—
Say will his notes more welcome be,
Because they bring a thought of me?

O! wilt thou hail the opening flower,
The zephyrs, and the birds of spring,
The sacred calm of evening's hour,
Because such thoughts they with them bring:
And welcome them with softer glee,
That they are harbingers of me?

Time however glided away, and the light tread of the ever-passing moments gradually wore out the impression of my pretty Patience. Perhaps I might never have thought of her again, had it not been for a singular mode of reminding young fellows of these matters, lately brought much into vogue.

One day I received a letter from the father of the young

lady, charging me with winning her affections, promising her marriage, ruining her reputation, and breaking her heart. These were serious charges, and serious ones they proved to us both in the sequel," said the poet, wiping his eyes, and his voice suddenly assuming a tone of deep sensibility. "I answered the letter," continued he, "and after professing what I really felt, an affectionate recollection and respect for his daughter, denied the charge most peremptorily. It was not long before I received a summons from Messrs John Doe and Richard Roe, to appear in court and answer for this breach of promise to the fair Patience. The damages were laid at five thousand dollars, which indeed would have been far too little, had I been guilty of the charges made in the declaration.

When the trial came on, the court was crowded with idle, curious, and interested spectators, and in the midst of them, my pretty little Patience, sitting by the side of her father, a harsh, keen-looking man of about fifty, as it seemed. The sight of this little once blooming flower, now pale, and withered, and blighted, and thrown into the public arena, to be gazed upon, and pitied, and laughed at, and despised, by clowns and curious spinsters gathered from all quarters, cut me to the heart. I asked myself if it were possible, that all this was fairly to be laid to my charge—and my conscience pleaded half guilty. As I looked upon her, she turned her eye towards me, and we exchanged a glance of lightning. There was in hers, humility, shame, soul-subduing abasement, entreaty, anguish, despair—every thing but reproach. She clung to the arm of her father to prevent

her falling, and her eyes closed, as if to shut out herself from public view. I consulted my heart for a moment, and then approached the bitter looking, obdurate father and whispered in his ear—"put off this cursed trial, and let me speak with you alone." He hesitated a little, and then with rather an ill grace, beckoned his counsel, and instructed him to postpone the proceedings till the next day.

"I will be with you in half an hour," said I to the old man.

"See that thou dost," he replied drily, and led away his daughter, who had never lifted up her eyes since the moment they had met mine. I followed shortly after, to the old man's house, and in a private interview professed my willingness, nay, anxiety to wed his daughter forthwith, if he and she were so disposed.

"What, you have come to your senses at last, hey! Thy pocket begins to tremble, hey! Five thousand dollars is not so easily got now-a-days, hey! Thou had'st rather lose thy liberty than thy money, hey! But come, I will send for the parson, and speak to my daughter. She knows better than to say nay."

My time was indeed come. The parson came—the young lady made no opposition, but looked not like a willing bride, and we were married. I carried her home the next day, where she was received by my father and mother, with no very warm welcome. I had sworn to myself to treat her kindly, and it is now my consolation amid all the desolation of my fate, that I think I kept my word. But I could do no more—it was not in the nature of man, at least, not in mine, to love a

woman who had thus, as it were, forced herself into my arms. Beautiful and good as she was, I did not love her, and with the sure instinct of her sex, she saw and knew it. Women are much more clear-sighted than men in these matters, for love is the business of their lives, while it is only the occasional relaxation of men. She was the mildest, the most delicate, the most pure, and the most humble of wives, but I could not force my nature. The idea of the nauseous impudence, the sordid indelicacy of coming forth in the world, to force a man to marry her, or to furnish the means of purchasing another husband, was sickening, disgusting, intolerable. It was turning Cupid into a catch-pole, and the court of love into a quarter-sessions. I got a habit of lounging away from home, and associating with idlers at taverns and elsewhere, that had a fatal influence over my future fate, and materially contributed to destroy the auguries of my poor mother.

As for my pretty, pale, and pining Patience—she justified her name, and though evidently fading gradually away towards the valley of the shadow of death, never uttered a complaint, never heaved a sigh, never shed a tear, except, perhaps, over her babes, or in the presence of heaven. We had three children—but—but they all died young—they seemed to imbibe from the bosom of their mother, the poison that lurked and festered there, and like her, grew pale, and faded, and withered, and died too early to share in the sufferings of their parents. From the death of the last, a little boy, all soul and sensibility, my poor Patience went with an accelerated pace to the grave. We had no other, and

never expected to have any more. The last tie that bound her to the world was broken. As for me, the loss of my little ones, seemed gradually to bind me closer to their mother, and a common grief produced a union of hearts between us, which now could answer no other end, than to make our parting more painful.

As my poor girl gradually grew weaker and weaker, she seemed to have some increasing uneasiness on her mind, which I in vain essayed to draw forth. Several times after a painful struggle, she would seem as if she had wrought herself to a disclosure, and then, as if shrinking from the painful task, relapse into silent anguish. I besought her to tell me what it was, but she would only shake her head, and weep in silence. Her days were now swiftly drawing to a close, when one mild summer twilight, I was sitting by her bed-side, holding her hand, and endeavouring to express, what I now truly felt, my love, and my anguish at the thought of losing her. She desired to be raised up, that she might take a look at the evening sky, which presented above the shadowy purple outline of the distant mountain, one of those gorgeous displays of glorious beauty, which sometimes deck the summer heaven. Neither poet nor painter could ever yet do justice to such a scene; for when it is before our eyes, we forget every thing else; and when absent, neither the memory nor the imagination can adequately recall its inimitable, indescribable beauties. If the love of the world were ever justifiable, it is in such a season, with such a sight before us.

She contemplated it for a while, with meek and resigned pleasure, till the whole slowly faded into dingy

obscurity, and the mists gradually enveloped the distant mountain. "It is passed away like a dream," she said, "and perhaps I may never see such another. How strange it is, that we see the sun rise and set, the morning dawn and the evening close, every day of our lives, without emotion, and without thought. Yet the idea of never seeing them again, is inexpressibly melancholy. It is so with you—you value me now, perhaps, only because I may not rise again to-morrow." I did justice to my heart and my feelings, and called God to witness the sincerity of my affection. She wept in silence a few minutes, and then added, "I believe you now—and now—now that I am on the brink of the silent grave, where all the secrets of the heart lie buried, I will tell you what I had once intended never to have told. I hope he, who has witnessed my silence, my struggles, my anguish, at voluntarily consenting to live the object of your secret contempt, will pardon me for doing myself justice in my last moments. Cruel father!" cried she, wringing her hands—"you have had the sacrifice of my life, and will forgive me." Then turning to me she continued—

"You have despised me perhaps with good reason, as one who forgot the delicacy of her sex, and who was governed by the sordid love of money, when I publicly appeared in court, as it were to reverse the order of God and nature, and to demand of you the fulfilment of a promise you had never made. Alas! even if I had come there voluntarily, I was sufficiently punished when I caught that look of yours, which I have never forgotten. But I did not—I pledged my hopes of heaven, which are shortly to be realized, that I came not voluntarily to dis-

grace my sex, and belie the modest nature of a spotless virgin. I was by nature, yielding and gentle. I believe," said she, looking up in my face, "you will give me credit for being so—and I had never known any parent but my father. He was of a rugged nature—harsh, and a lover of money. But let me not say more than is necessary to my own justification. I loved him not less than I ought—and I feared him beyond even the fear of every other being. When I returned from the visit in which we became acquainted, he abruptly asked me, what I had done with my beau, or sweetheart, or some such phrase. I blushed, I believe, but pretended I did not comprehend him. He became violent, and insisted on knowing all. I had nothing to tell him as you know, except that we had been much together, and that you had promised to come and see me—you may remember, with the first rose of the spring. "See that he does not forget," said my father, and abruptly left me.

"Nothing of consequence happened, until the following spring, except that I sometimes used to think to myself, whether you would keep your promise. One morning in May, my father came in where I was sitting, and holding up a full-blown rose, said to me significantly. "Do the roses bloom as early on the other side of the hills, as they do here?" I understood him, but made no answer, though I should have liked to know whether they did or not. From this time, my father grew every day more harsh and unkind, and every new rose that bloomed seemed to add but to his ill humour. He taunted me about young women's folly, and young men's falsehood,

till I was sick at heart, and my spirit, of which indeed I never had much, quite broken.

"One day he came in to me, with an open letter in his hand, and his face distorted with passion. "There madam," said he without preface, "there read that precious letter. The rose may bloom a hundred summers, without the puppy coming." It was your answer to my father's demand, that you should come and fulfil the promise you never made; and in which you treated me less harshly than I should have deserved to be treated, had I consented to the application. But as I am about to die, and answer for all my transgressions, this was not one of them. I thought I should have sunk into the floor with shame and anguish. "And did you write him as from me, to threaten him, if he would not come and make me his wife?"

"I did," replied he, "and what is more, I will make him do it, or pay dearly for refusing."

"What do you mean," cried I.

"I mean to bring an action for a breach of promise—several of my neighbours' daughters have been snugly portioned off that way. Hey girl! the loss of one sweetheart helps in this way to get another. You shall appear against him."

"I appear against him—where?"

"In open court."

"Never!" I replied firmly, mustering up the little spirit heaven had given me—"I will walk into an open grave first."

"You will not?" said he, gradually working himself

into one of those terrible passions he was subject to;
"You will not?"

"No dear father—I will die first."

"It is erroneously supposed that the higher and stronger passions, are peculiarly the lot of the high-born and great, because they have been exclusively appropriated to them in romances and tragedies. Alas! I have reason to know otherwise; it is not necessary to be either high-born, refined, or elevated, to feel and to indulge the deepest, most vehement passions. I believe this was the first time I had ever ventured to oppose the will of my parent, and its effects were terrible. His face blackened and wrinkled into convulsive deformity—his eyes grew wild, and glared with an unnatural expression I had never seen before, and clenching his hands upon his forehead, with a wild shriek he fell upon the floor, foaming at the mouth, and convulsed in the agonies of death, as it seemed to me. I knelt down by his side, in terror that almost took away my senses, and cried out for help—but there was nobody within hearing. About ten minutes elapsed, perhaps, before the struggles subsided, during which he had bitten his tongue, till the blood flowed from his mouth into his bosom.

"Are you better father?" said I.

He looked at me, with an expression of perfect unconsciousness—rubbed his nose and forehead—and shook his head rapidly from side to side, as if to get rid of some weight or incumbrance.

"Who are you—what is your name"—at length he said with a whispering hurried voice.

"Your poor daughter, sir."

"I don't know—I forget whether I ever had a daughter—what is my name—who am I?" said he with an air of vacant wildness, that made me believe he had lost his senses entirely, and forever. Gradually he came to himself, and to a recollection of what had passed. He spurned me from him, and called me a parricide that had destroyed him—and gradually worked himself to such a pitch of renewed anger, that losing all self-command, I fell on my knees, and promised to do any thing he wished.

"And will you appear against him?"

"I will."

"And weep and look wretched to excite compassion?"

"There is no danger father, but that I shall be pitied, despised, and wretched."

He went to the book case, took down a bible and brought it to me.

"Swear that you will appear against him."

"I do."

"And that you will never disclose what has passed between us, to any living soul."

"Not on my death bed, sir?"

He paused a moment, and replied, "Why yes, I shall be out of the way before that time, and I do not care. You may tell your tale on your death-bed." I kissed the book, and my fate was sealed. I heard the other day from one of our old neighbours, that the fit my father had, and which I thought lay at my door, was a return of a disorder to which he had been subject when young. But I did not know it then.

When the hour came for me to appear against you, in

a cause abhorrent to my sex and feelings, my struggles were renewed, and it was only the dread of a return of one of those terrible paroxysms of my father, that at length induced me to make myself a common spectacle in a court of justice. I thought, however, I should soon bury my shame in the grave, and it did not much matter. I am not afraid of the pangs of death, for nothing of its keenest agonies, can equal that I felt, when I caught your eye for the first time. The threats of my father, and the fear of causing his death by another fit, by my opposition, induced me to become your wife. What I have felt since, and with what bitterness I have schooled my spirit to submit without repining, to be despised by the husband I love, and whom it is my duty to love, I will not say. I have never had any motive to live, except the dear babes that have gone before me, and I have ever since pined for death, that I might be justified in your opinion. Against being suddenly summoned, I had provided by a little written narrative: but it seems to me now, that I should like you to know all this before I die." Then looking me in the face, she said with a tender triumphant tone of confidence, "Am I restored to your respect, do you no longer despise me?"

I did not answer, but I received her into my arms, with more of speechless tenderness—of melting affection—of thrilling transport, than ever ardent bridegroom received the surrender of his blushing bride. "I am going to my children," softly whispered she, "to tell them their father did not despise me." The exhaustion of long talking, with the emotion of the subsequent scene, quite overpowered the wasted energies of life—the vital spark

flickered in one last look of love, and then went out forever." Here the voice of the poet wavered and faltered, while he paused for a moment, and then resumed with more firmness.

"I have nothing to add to this, but a malediction upon the wretched avarice, the unnatural indelicacy, the heartless depravity of the parent, who can thus drag the shrinking delicacy of a virgin daughter before the public, to reverse the order of God and nature, in becoming suitor to the man who loves her not, either for his reluctant hand, or his filthy lucre. It must be the parent's doings, that so many cases of this kind disgrace the courts of justice in various parts of our country, and spot with indelible stains of indelicacy and shamelessness, that sex which when man ceases to honour, he becomes a barbarian, and whose respect when women cease to merit, they become despicable slaves to his caprices and brutality. Surely, young women brought up in a civilized land like this, can never voluntarily appeal to the laws, for a breach of that promise, the performance of which unwillingly, must ensure their lasting misery; or consent to balm the wound of disappointment, with a worthless pecuniary compensation, sought at the price of public ridicule and contempt. I cannot believe it. They must be spurred on, threatened, enforced by unfeeling parents, alike insensible to love or shame.

I followed my dear wife to the grave, and my only consolation as I stood and heard the clods fall with a duller, and still duller sound, on her little tenement, was the recollection that even when I did not love her, I was kind to her gentle spirit. Let no one despise this

balm of a wounded heart; for who has not, in mourning the loss of some dear relation, been bitterly conscious, that the keenest pang was that which accompanied the recollection of unkindness to the departed being. The rest of my tale will not delay you long.

For a long time after this, the keenest calamity that has ever befallen me, I continued in a low-spirited, idle habit of mind, without the heart even to write poetry. By degrees, however, I returned to my old courses, and the buoyant, saucy hopes of my youth, again revived in my bosom. I came to a resolution of going to the great city, having often heard, and seen it written in many books, that great cities were the proper theatres for the exercise of great talents. Accordingly, having obtained the consent of my mother, and the disapprobation of the old gentleman, I packed up all my manuscripts, consisting of Odes, Sonnets, Romantic Ballads, Fragments of Cantos, Dramatic Scenes, and bloody-minded love stories, and departed on my pilgrimage to the summit of Parnassus. I had no fixed plans, nor definite expectations. All I knew was, that a man of genius was above all rules, and that the ordinary calculations of prudence, and the restraints of society, were equally beneath his attention. All the way on my journey, I floated on the Elysium of high and ardent anticipations. I figured to myself the admiration and applauses of the great—perpetual invitations to feasts and parties—the sale of edition after edition—scholars' envy, and ladies' love. 'In short, I had no doubt of arriving at the summit of all human glory, to wit, that of a fashionable bon-ton bard. I was resolved to be resolutely mi-

serable—to rail at the treachery of men—the falsehood of women—to seek the crowd, and sigh for solitude—to be absent, abstracted, and distracted—to be stupified, stilted, stultified—to hear nothing that was said—to see nothing that was done—to tie my collar with a black ribbon—wear my hat, hind part before—stop regularly in Broadway to gaze upon vacancy—stand perfectly becalmed in the midst of a ball-room—hate all mankind—and give the world no quarter in verse or prose.

On my arrival I came to a resolution of breaking at once upon the world, in the effulgence of a meridian sun, by publishing four volumes of poetry, at one slap. To show that I meant to be generous, and give them all fair play, I wrote a circular to each of the principal booksellers of the city, inviting their proposals. Their answers were singularly impertinent. One had left off publishing any thing but romances and missionary tracts—another had thoughts of giving up business, on account of the great scarcity in the money market, which was actually so prevailing, that some of the richest men of the city could not afford to subscribe to any thing but new companies—a third had been ruined by printing Pope's Works—a fourth by republishing two or three of the classics—a fifth had the effrontery to tell me that all sorts of poetry, except doggerel and heroic mixed up together, were a mere drug—and a sixth offered to publish for me, if I would purchase the paper, pay for the printing, and afterwards divide the profits. Who that was ever met in the first sanguine moments of inexperienced anticipation, by such rebuffs as these, but can enter into my feelings, as one by one, I opened these letters? At every one, I

felt as if I had been stabbed to the heart with a dagger of ice. My first impulse was to burn my poetry, and retire into a cave, there to let my hair grow and my tongue run, without interruption. My second thought was more consoling, the pride of genius came to my aid, and brought in review before me, all the glittering train of soothing phantoms, that so effectually administer to the alleviation of early disappointments. I recalled to mind all that I had ever read, of the want of liberality in booksellers—the want of refinement in the rich—and the want of taste in the public. In conclusion, as I was pretty well supplied with money, I determined to accept the last mentioned offer—publish my works at my own expense, and if the present generation would not buy them, bequeath them as a legacy to posterity.

Accordingly I launched my four bantlings at a single birth upon the town, and at an expense that emptied my pockets effectually. I could not sleep that night, for the exquisite delight of seeing my works lying side by side on the bookseller's shelves, with Milton, Shakspeare, Homer, and a hundred other names of immortal materials. I took it as an omen that posterity at least, would associate me with their glories. The first day, the bookseller came very near selling a copy—but the negotiation was broken off, by the purchaser being tempted from the arms of my muse, by the superior attraction of a Waverley novel. I went into the country, for a month, to wear my bays in retirement, as I have always been of opinion that a modest author should keep house at least a month after publication. At the expiration of the time, I returned to reap my honours. I hovered about the

door of the bookseller, where, as I might truly say, was deposited, "the soul of the licentiate Garcia." I walked back and forth, my heart beating a tattoo all the while, and pressed my hat over my eyes in the consciousness that every body that passed had their eyes upon me. At length I made a desperate rally, and forced myself in the entrenchment of the muses. Had I been a regular and practised hunter after fame, I should have seen at once by the manner in which the bibliopole received me, that I was a gone man. I have since learned the tact, and can tell in a moment, when a successful author enters the precincts of his Mæænas. Never is one man so happy to see another; so polite; so attentive to introduce him to every body, and to call him by name so loud that all around can hear it. In short, nothing can equal his exceeding courtesy—until it comes to making a bargain. It was far otherwise with poor me. I was suffered to stand unnoticed, contemplating my four volumes, all in a row just where I left them, in seeming everlasting association with their illustrious companions. Not one had budged an inch; all had kept their ground manfully, as if determined to wait on the spot the award of posterity.

Despair gave me courage. I boldly marched up to the bookseller, and asked him how matters went on. He "shook his ambrosial curls and gave the nod," that as it were, consigned me to despair and my poems to oblivion. "Not one?" said I, casting a look of woful reference to the groaning shelf. "Not one," replied he, shaking his head, "not a single one!" I rushed out into the street with such reckless velocity, that I over-

turned a chimney-sweep who stood looking at the pictures in the window. On coming to my lodgings, I found a letter, which arrived the day after I went into the country, and had been retained in consequence of their not knowing the place of my retreat. It brought me information that at another time, would have levelled me with the dust; but at that moment, I confess with shame and sorrow, I felt more anguish at the premature death of my beloved poetical offspring, than I did at reading that both my parents were in their graves. They died within two days of each other, of one of those fatal epidemics, which every few years sweep through the narrow vales and along the fresh water courses, carrying sudden death in their train.

I felt a disinclination to go home. There was nobody now to receive me, except in the church-yard, and I delayed day after day, week after week, month after month, to go and take possession of the pretty estate now exclusively mine. I know not indeed, when I should have gathered resolution, had I not one day received a polite invitation from John Doe and Richard Roe, to come and defend my right to the estate of my ancestors, of which it seems I had defrauded certain persons I never saw or heard of in the whole course of my life. I had heard several wise and experienced persons affirm, that generally speaking it was better to give up property, than go to law to maintain possession; and though in general I had no great respect for wise men, I determined in this instance to let the law take its own course. I found this was the best possible way of bringing a suit to a speedy deter-

mination, for it was decided against me in a few minutes, and thus was I rid of the vexatious delays of the law.

If I had not been a great genius, I should have felt unhappy in the loss of my estate. But what has a man of genius to do with an estate—it only makes him lazy and cheats him of immortality. Genius is in fact a vagabond in grain—one of nature's gentleman commoners, who had much rather borrow other people's money, than earn it himself. One who lives by expedients, and banquets upon the exquisite variety of being one day luxuriating in wasteful exuberance, and the next, wanting bread. One who in short, ruins his health, that he may enjoy the credit of dying of a broken heart, and perishes in wilful misery, for the pleasure of being pitied, or held up as an example by moralists to the rising generation. Men of genius, are indeed the most disinterested benefactors of mankind, since they voluntarily become martyrs, for the sake of affording the world an example of what to avoid. The sweetest notes of the feathered race, are those of the dying swan; and the finest strains of the tuneful tribe, are breathed in the anguish of pain, or the miseries of disappointment.

Our brightest thoughts are but the mind's disease,
Which like autumnal leaves, show richest hues,
When nipt and dying.

I would at any time be willing to perish miserably, if I could only be compared to the dying swan.

I considered myself as now exactly in the situation to be most coveted by a man of genius. I was without a

profession, without friends, and without money. The world was all before me—yet I confess this advantage was in some degree balanced, by the catchpole being occasionally in my rear. But a man of genius despises a catchpole, and defies John Doe and Richard Roe, together with all their works. I had now got over the bitterness of a first disappointment, which is always the worst. Indeed, I sometimes think, that two or three severe and exemplary misfortunes at the early outset of life, are the happiest accidents in the world. They are like measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox in children, which purify and strengthen the constitution for the future struggles and hardships of life. I had schooled myself into resignation to the temporary neglect of the world, by calling to mind the long train of illustrious names, that during the age in which they lived, were poor and neglected, and to whom posterity has made glorious amends, by almost deifying their names, and adoring their works. I remembered that Milton sold his poems for twelve pounds, while a certain modern bard received half as many thousands—and that the first is destined to live forever, while the last is already almost forgotten. In short, I became satisfied that the neglect of my poems was irrefragable evidence of their excellence, and the indifference of the present age, an earnest of the devotion of posterity. I thanked heaven that I was not a fashionable poet, and set about writing with renewed spirit and vigour.

About this time I had the good fortune to get acquainted with an experienced author, by long habit become a perfect master of all the ingenious methods of tickling,

coaxing, bullying, leading, and driving that indubitable original of Æsop's ass in the lion's skin, called the public. He was in fact, completely schooled in all the arts of acquiring popularity, and from time to time, gave me lessons, which proved of great service in my pilgrimage to the shrine of immortality.

"Do you know any thing of the science of puffing?" said he to me one day.

"Nothing," replied I, "it is a science I never heard of before."

"Pooh! 'tis no wonder your poems fell dead upon the bookseller's counter. Did you ever publish in the newspapers that you were preparing a volume of poetry for the press, before you had written a line of it?"

"No," said I.

"Did you ever announce to the public, their own impatience at its being delayed so long?"

"No."

"Did you never give out that the manuscript had been sold for a great price?"

"No."

"Did you never state, or cause it to be stated, that several thousand copies were vended the first day of its appearance?"

"No."

"Did you never send a copy of your book to some half a score of great men, and publish their answers if they happen to be civil, in half a score of newspapers?"

"No."

"My good friend, you will never be a great poet while you live, whatever you may be after your death.

You may have read Horace's Art of Poetry, with great advantage for aught I know, but the art of Puffing is worth a dozen of the art of Poetry. Know, thou egregious young man, that the readers of poetry are divided in three distinct classes. The first, and by far the smallest class, read it for the sake of the fine and noble ideas, the touching sentiments, the happy descriptions, and lofty truths it contains; the second and much more numerous class, read it for the sake of the tuneful jingling, or harmonious rumbling of the versification, and the interest of the story which it developes; the third, and by far the largest class of all, is that which reads a book, because it is praised by the Reviewers, and talked of among fashionable people. To this last, the annunciation of a book long before it makes its appearance, gives it an air of public importance, similar to that which a titled personage in England, or a great officer of state acquires, by the notification of an intended visit to some watering place, or to some fashionable resort. He must be a great man, or people would not take all this trouble about him. The alleged anxiety and disappointment of the public, at the delay in the appearance of the work, are another decisive proof of its merits, in the eyes of this numerous class; and when followed up in due time, by the sum given for the copyright, and the numbers sold the first day of its appearance, altogether form an irresistible temptation to purchase the book. As to reading and yawning over it afterwards, that is little to the purpose. The author lives, though his book may die the death of oblivion before the end of the year. Go thy ways and forthwith announce to the

public, a second edition of thy poems, and give out at the same time, that the first, consisting of three thousand copies, has been all sold off for several months past."

"A second edition!" said I, "why I hav'nt sold a single copy of the first."

"No matter—do as I bid you, and mark the result." I did as my mentor advised, though I give you my honour, being at that time somewhat raw, it went a little against my conscience. The advertisement appeared in an evening paper, and the very next day, twenty copies took unto themselves wings, and left the perch where they had been roosting for many melancholy months. Day after day, others followed their example; and as the advertisement spread my fame abroad, the distant booksellers sent in their orders, so that in a few months, the whole edition went off, and I pocketed a pretty round sum. From this time, I no longer thought of appealing to posterity, for which I began to feel a sovereign contempt. My name emerged from the shade to the sunshine of fashionable life. I was invited to soirées; promoted to the rank of a lion; dined with a rich broker; and feasted with the corporation on all solemn occasions. The very bank directors touched their hats as I passed, and the kite-flying squadron of Wall street, began to smell money in my pocket. Two or three successful publications, happily ushered into the world, in conformity with the directions of my mentor, made me quite rich, and had I not considered it beneath a man of genius to save money, I might have bought into the new companies, and turned a penny pretty handsomely the wrong way. I resisted the seductions of the industrious run-

ners that went about in those days, seeking for the gentlemen whose bowels yearn to make a lucky speculation, and spent my money like a man of genius, faster than I earned it. I considered my reputation and talents as an estate in fee simple, and every book I should write, as worth a specific sum of money, as certainly as a house, a farm, or any species of merchandise. So long therefore as I could draw upon my brains, I wanted no other banker. I was now the happiest of men—for I was a lion in the bon-ton, and no longer depended upon that infamous paymaster posterity.

But alas! sir—reputation is a shooting star, which shines the brightest, just as it is falling to the earth. It is like an estate held by an instrument without a seal—or like a pocket with a hole, which lets out every thing you put into it—or like a suit of embroidery which loses its lustre the longer it is worn—in short, it is the football of fortune, now kicked up in the skies, and anon into a horse-pond. A criticism about this time, came across the water, in some one of the magazines, in which I was accused of dullness and heterodoxy, at one and the same time. Nobody knew who wrote it—nobody cared whether it was true or not—but it did my business—it came across the Atlantic, and was consecrated by the voyage. If I had only been wittily profligate it might have passed; but to be dull and wicked at the same time, was unpardonable. My most ardent admirers began to find out, that after all they did not admire my poetry so much—they some how or other always thought for their part, that it wanted something—they could not tell what—but something or other certainly was wanting.

In short, they soon satisfied themselves that they did not like my poetry at all.

The defection spread—my readers played "*La Petite Yorkiade*," as Napoleon has it, and went over to the enemy, horse and foot. My profits diminished, but my expenditures increased in the same ratio, which always sooner or later brings a man under the displeasure of his tailor. Instead of tasking my imagination to engender gigantic adventures, and soul-harrowing incidents, I applied it to the inglorious business of inventing excuses, and soliciting the indulgence of ignorant fractional parts of men, who pay no more respect to genius, than a puppy does to a lamp-post. I know not how it is, but people who live in the world, know a man that in the expressive phrase, is "*hard run*" for money, from all the rest of his species. With the mass of mankind too, the fear of the Lord, is nothing to the fear of a person, who looks as it were, as if he might peradventure want to borrow your money.

It was not long before I had my three warnings. I was left out of the most splendid and fashionable ball of the season; I was cut by the broker; and I missed two corporation feasts in succession. To make an end of my story, Messrs John Doe and Richard Roe again took the field, and in little time, chased me into this last haven of shipwrecked genius. Here I have been about three years, and to say the truth, I find it agreeable enough, all things considered. I have plenty of employment for my muse; for I write New Year addresses, and am besides poet-laureate to a confectioner, who furnishes most of the parties about town. I have therefore the satisfaction of

knowing that my works are repeated by the lips of youth and beauty; and that I still participate as it were, in the delights of fashionable society. I have been offered a release, but I am resolved to spend the rest of my days in this snug poet's-corner. I consider, in fact, the supposed misfortune of being here, the greatest piece of good fortune that ever befel me, since it is the most decisive and undeniable evidence of my being a man of genius. When I am tired of living, I rather think I shall starve myself; and thus add another to the many proofs of the ingratitude of the world, and the melancholy destiny of genius."

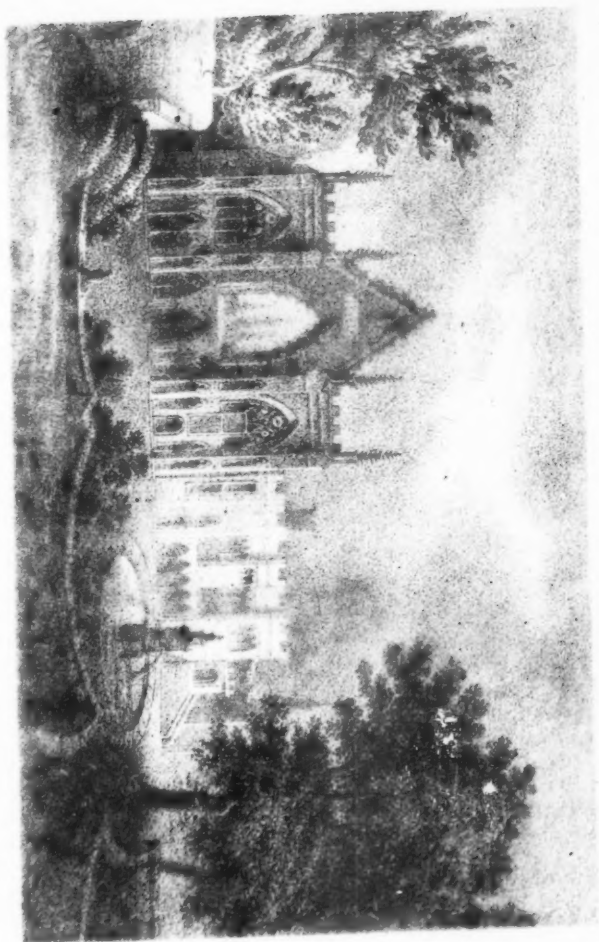
J. K. PAULDING.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

HAIL, HOLY MAIDS! who haunted once the steep,
 That hangs o'er Delphi's old prophetic fane;
Hail, holy maids! who still your influence keep,
 Still claim the poet's vows, and bless his strain:
 Pass'd of all others is the fabled reign,
 Which faith and genius once had made divine;
 The cavern breathes its omens all in vain,
 No suppliants bow, no votive altars shine,
 No trembling priestess chants, nor God protects the
 shrine.

The wandering Dryad has forgot her bower,
 The Naiads all have left the lonely spring,
 Fair Dian sports not at her twilight hour,
 The bird of Venus plumes no more her wing,
 No more Apollo strikes the heavenly string,
 Mars' fiery helm, Saturnia's angry frown,
 E'en Jove's dread thunders, now no terrors bring;
 All, save in ancient story, are unknown—
 But yet, as then, ~~ye~~ reign—yet worshipp'd, though
 alone.

Hail, holy maids! in many a ruder clime
 Than that of fairy Greece, ye linger still—



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

HAIL, HOLY MAIDS! who haunted once the steep,
 That hang o'er Dryad's and prophetic fane;
 Hail, holy maids! who did your influence keep,
 Still claim the spot, and bless his strain:
 Power of all powers, his God-like reign,
 Whose faith and genius once his words divine,
 The cavern breathes no morens all in vain,
 No supplicants here, no native altars shine,
 No trembling priestess chants, nor God protects the
 shrine.

The wandering Dryad has forgot her bower,
 The Naiads all have left the lonely spring,
 Fair Dryad sports not at her twilight hour,
 The bird of Venus purges us upon her wing,
 No more Apollo strikes the heavenly string,
 Mars' long helm, Vulcan's angry frown,
 E'en Jove's dread thunders, now no terrors bring;
 All, save in ancient story, are unknown—
 But yet, as then, ye reign—yet worshipp'd, though
 alone.

Hail, holy maids! in many a colder clime
 Than that of fairy Greece, ye linger still—

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Printed 1897

ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY

Take of Pondicherry

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Still proudly triumph o'er the spell of time,
O'er war, o'er glory, gain'd from human ill;
And they, who once fame's loudest blast could fill,
Less than the humblest votary of your smile,
Now in some narrow grave forgotten dwell—
But HE, the gathering wrinkle can beguile
From Time's old brow, and seize immortal youth the
while.

Are not these turrets symbols of your power?—
For whom the pomp of that sepulchral cell?—
Warriors, and priests, and sages—that their hour,
Their passing hour, have fill'd, and fill'd it well:
Warriors, who tamed the proud, the infidel;
Priests, who have led the erring soul to God;
Sages admired—yea loved; long tablets tell
Their fame, and gaudy scutcheons their abode—
Yet who for thought of them, these halls and aisles hath
trod?

No! no! they do not give these towers their charms,
'Tis not for them, that wandering strangers come,
That genius lingers, beauty's bosom warms—
They warm, they linger, o'er a poet's tomb.
Yes! holy maids! that poet's hallow'd doom—
Hallow'd, if generous virtues may atone
For human frailty—shall your lamp relume,
Your shrine restore, in scenes to fame unknown,
And many a breast, now cold, the potent spell shall own.

G.

TO CLARA.

I'll think of thee and music; for I know
Thou'rt fond of both. Thyself
Thou surely lov'st, since thou dost strive
To make that self so good; nor think I flatter,
If I invoke my oft delighted ear,
To prove how dearly thou must love the latter.

I'll think of gentle strains I've heard thee oft
Give unto melody—
Sounds that have summon'd to my heart the soft
Remembrance of youth's happy hours,
And ever blend thee with them—
Aye, strains and minstrel, with their treasured flowers.

I'll think upon the wild or mirthful glee,
Thy rapid hand hath wrought;
And when I hear some joyous minstrelsy,
Thou, far or near, shalt then impart
Thyself in memory's spell,
And sweetly steal in music o'er my heart.

If thou shalt die before me, I will call
Thy spirit often back: in music's strain,
Still thou shalt live. If first I fall,
Remember me in music;
Rather than marble's storied record, be
My monument the loved song's melody.

R.

THE WILD BOY.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

The idea of the following verses is borrowed from Kircher's description of the dreadful earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1698. After faithfully describing the horrors of the scene, and noticing the destruction of the city of Euphemia, he says, "We looked about to find some one who could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no person. All was become a melancholy solitude; a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length saw a boy sitting by the shore, and appearing stupified with terror. Of him therefore we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him with every expression of tenderness and pity to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loathe the sight. We still persisted in our offices of kindness; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his senses; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after."

HE sat upon the wave-washed shore,
 With madness in his eye;
 The surge's dash—the breaker's roar,
 Pass'd unregarded by—
 He noted not the billows roll,
 He heeded not their strife,—
 For terror had usurp'd his soul,
 And stopp'd the streams of life.

They spoke him kindly—but he gazed,
And offer'd no reply—
They gave him food—he look'd amazed,
And threw the morsel by.
He was as one, o'er whom a spell
Of darkness hath been cast;
His spirit seem'd alone to dwell
With dangers that were past.

The city of his home and heart,
So grand—so gaily bright,
Now, touch'd by Fate's unerring dart,
Had vanish'd from his sight.
The earthquake's paralyzing shake
Had rent it from its hold—
And nothing but a putrid lake
Its tale of terror told.

His kindred there, a numerous band,
Had watch'd his youthful bloom—
In the broad ruin of the land,
All—all had met their doom!
But the last night, a mother's voice
Breathed over him in prayer—
She perish'd—he was left no choice
But mute and blank despair.

He sat alone, of all the crowd
That lately throng'd around—
The ocean winds were piping loud,
He did not heed their sound;

They ask'd him of that city's fate,
But reason's reign was o'er—
He pointed to her ruin'd state,
Then fled—and spoke no more.

THE HERDSMAN'S GRAVE.

“The passing bell and shroud.”

HE sleeps beneath the larch trees shade;
And kindly hands his cairn have made
Far up among the sunny hills,
Beside his own pure mountain rills;
Whose music, when the summer day
From the deep glens had pass'd away,
And from the far down village tower
The bell toll'd out the evening hour,
Would murmur round his moss-wreath'd bed.
Its simple requiem o'er the dead.

It is a lonely grave—and here,
When the still summer eve draws near,
The eagle folds his dusky wing,
To list the storm's deep muttering
Far down among the mountain vales;
While o'er that verdant spot, the gales

Of evening stir the dark old pines;
And o'er the cloud's embattled lines,
The sun pours forth his last bright smile,
As if to bless that mouldering pile.

Long years have sped upon their flight,
And many a dark and weary night,
The cold rain drops, with sullen dash,
Have swept the larch and mountain ash,
Since the first flow'rets bloom'd around,
The margin of that little mound.

It was a summer day—the bells,
From the deep mountain gorge and dells,
Were chiming on the morning breeze;
And 'neath the dark o'erhanging trees,
The muleteer sung on his way
Chanting his blithesome roundelay.
No tears were shed—no mutter'd prayer
Stole upward through the stilly air;
No flow'rs were strewn—the mountain stream
Murmur'd his only requiem!

But when his native hills are bright
In the calm smile of summer's light;
And all the lowland woods are green,
By that lone grave sweet flow'rs are seen;
And travellers pause upon their way,
To list the bird's sad minstrelsy
From that old larch, and breathe a pray'r,
For him who rests in silence there.

FREDERIC MELLEN.

MEMORY.

WHEN o'er the plain the twilight shadows fall,
And the hill wears its misty coronal,
Oft on some cliff, whose hoary brows o'ershade
The winding stream, the wood, and white cascade,
The traveller turns to mark the fading scene,
Where, all the day, his weary path has been.

Oh! freshly then, doth magic memory trace
Each far-off spire, each peasant's dwelling-place,
Each childhood group, that throng'd the cotter's hearth,
Or cross'd his path, in wild and boisterous mirth,
And each gray sire, whose faltering accents bade
The pilgrim welcome, 'neath the chesnut-shade.

E'en so doth man, when wintry age hath spread
'Time's thin, white locks, in coldness o'er his head,
'Turn his mind's eye, in memory to review
Each fairy haunt where boyhood's summer flew—
The old hills bathed in autumn's purple air,
And each glad fount, that swept in freedom there,
The casement white, with brilliant vines o'ergrown,
And the green flowers that clothed the threshold stone.

Art thou in grief, and in life's wintry day!
With none to cheer thy dark and lonely way?
Doth each fair form that wandered forth with thee,
Sleep on the hill, or slumber o'er the lea?
While thou art faltering in the feeble light
That life's gray evening scatters on the sight,
Then may'st thou find, in memory's hallowed scene,
Each sky as bright—each paradise as green.

Years speed their silent way.—Gray time hath spread
The dust of centuries o'er earth's kingly dead;
Rome's stormy chiefs, and Persia's hosts are strown
By their cleft fanes, and altars overthrown;
O'er the bleak sands, their mouldering ruins tell
Where rose the shaft—where frown'd the citadel;
In memory's dream we faintly trace the scene
Where Sparta strove—where Grecian pomp hath been;
Greece! glorious Greece! thy thousand isles have sent
Their fierce, free war-cry to the firmament,
Thy fiery children gaze, old land! on thee,
Then strike for life—Heaven grant them victory!

J. M'LELLAN.

HOSPITALITY.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

IT is related in the Medrash, when king Solomon, peace be upon him, in his early days became wicked in the sight of heaven, the Lord permitted Ashmudai the prince of evil spirits, to hurl him from his throne, and to bear him many hundred leagues into a foreign country. Then the great and glorious king Solomon became a poor and lonely wanderer over barren and desert lands. At last he reached, fatigued and hungry, the habitations of man. He washed his feet, and knelt down to thank the God of his father David, for having preserved him through the wilderness, and for having brought him thus far. After having humbled himself to the Most High, he entered the house of a rich man, to ask for some sustenance. But he had hardly crossed the threshold of the rich man's door, when the master of the house recognised him to be king Solomon. He received him respectfully, and immediately had killed the fattened ox, which he gave orders to prepare for him, together with some other delicacies of the table. Solo-

mon no sooner sat down to refresh himself, than the landlord began thus: "my dear Solomon, how camest thou to this wretched condition—in what manner hast thou lost thy great kingdom? I remember well the time, when many thousand oxen were daily killed for the use of thy palace and household; there was then not a king in the world to be compared to thee, none as great—surely thou must have done some wicked deeds in the sight of God." Then Solomon began to weep bitterly, and could not swallow a morsel. He arose and journeyed to another place, where he might be unknown, and be spared untimely reproach. The following night he reached the hut of a poor man; "here," said Solomon, "I shall at least be unmolested by bitter reflections and untimely admonitions." He entered the cottage; every thing had the appearance of poverty and misery; he had hardly seated himself when the owner of the hut entered from the adjoining field, and saluted his ears with the ever welcome words of "peace be to thee," whilst at the same time he stretched out his hand and shook that of Solomon. He called his wife and asked her if there were any herbs prepared for the evening repast, the good wife said that there were.

The master of the house, although he knew Solomon, took no notice of it, but put the boiled herbs before the monarch, and after he had refreshed himself, thus addressed him: "my dear king Solomon I am sorry I cannot give thee better fare, but be consoled, for him that God loveth, he chasteneth; grieve not, thou wilt ere long return to thy greatness, thy punishment is for thy own good. It is the Holy One, blessed be his name, who has

done it. Tarry therefore with me as long as thou pleasest, eat and drink of all that the Lord hath bestowed on me. I give it thee from all my heart; but be comforted, thou wilt soon be called home." Then king Solomon, peace be upon him, was rejoiced, for the words of the landlord were as healing balsam to his wounded heart. And although his fare was scanty, and of the worst kind, it was sweeter to him than the fattened ox and delicacies of the rich man, who had embittered his feelings by untimely reflections. When after due afflictions and repentance, the Lord restored Solomon to his kingdom and former greatness, he composed the following verse, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

J. HORWITZ,

OH, HAD I A THOUSAND EYES.

Oh, had I a thousand eyes, dear,
On thee they should all be turn'd;
And no other orbs, though bright their ray,
Should tempt for a moment my gaze away,
While thine before me burn'd, dear,
While thine before me burn'd.

And had I a thousand tongues, dear,
They all should speak thy praise;
Each prayer they utter'd should breath of thee.
And of thee alone—and thy name should be
The burthen of all their lays, dear,
The burthen of all their lays.

Oh, had I a thousand ears, dear,
They should listen to thee alone;
Though sweetest voices were warbling near
Their sweetest strains, I should only hear
The soft notes of thine own, dear,
The soft notes of thine own.

And had I a thousand hearts, dear,
They should every one be thine;
For I'd do with them all, as I have done,
In the temple of love, with my present one—
I'd offer them at thy shrine, dear,
I'd offer them at thy shrine.

ROBERT SWEENEY.

TO MY HEART.

Why, poor heart! so ceaseless languish,
Why with such distresses smart?
Nought alleviates thy anguish,
What afflicts thee so poor heart?

Heart, I comprehend not wrongly,
Thou a captive art confest,
Near Eliza thou beat'st strongly,
As thou'dst leap into her breast.

Since 'tis so then, little throbbler!
It is plain that we must part,
And not to be thy comfort's robber,
I'll give thee to Eliza, heart.

Yet the maid in compensation,
Must her own bestow on me,
And, with such remuneration,
Never will I grieve for thee.

But if she, thy sorrows spurning,
This exchange, poor heart, deny,
Then I'll tear thee, heart, though mourning,
From her far, and hasty fly.

But alas! no pain assuaging,
That will but increase thy grief,
If kind death still not its raging
Granting thee a kind relief!

THE STEP-MOTHER.

IT was one fine summer evening about sunset, when a young man well mounted, rode through a small village. There was nothing striking in the circumstance, but the earnest manner with which he begged to be directed to the nearest inn, and a certain wildness in his appearance, were calculated to excite observation. "For God's sake," said he to a teamster who was driving a load of hay, "tell me where I can find a lodging for the night."

"May be you have come a long way?" said the man, stopping his oxen.

"I am weary, and sick," replied the traveller, and repeated his request.

"Then you don't want to know which is the best inn, but which is the nearest?" said the man.

"I want a place where I can lodge," said the traveller, impatiently.

"But if you can have a better one for going a few rods further," said the man, "I suppose you would not mind it?"

"I see," said the stranger, "you have no intention of directing me;" and he again put his horse forward.

"Hollo there!" said the man calling after him, "you seem to be in a despart hurry. You had better put up at the Gold Ball."

"What do you mean, Sam," said a lad who was lying

on the top of the hay, and now reached forward, "by sending him there, when it is half a mile further: the Doctor's is a great deal nearer. If you go along," continued he, addressing the traveller, "straight forward till you come to a turn on your right hand, you will soon be at the tavern. You'll know it for sartin, because it has the sign of a Mermaid."

The stranger, whose strength and patience were exhausted, again attempted to proceed. "You say," said he, "I must take the road on my left hand?"

"I did not say no such thing," said the man, "that road leads to the meeting house, and I take it, it is a tavern you want; you must go by that turning, and when you see another to your right, take that and it will be acause it's too dark, if you don't see the sign of the Mermaid."

The traveller appeared satisfied with the direction, for he again put spurs to his horse, but his fatigue or indisposition had greatly increased by this parley, and throwing the bridle upon the neck of the well broken steed, he requested one of the men, in a faint voice, to help him to dismount.

There is no mistaking real distress, and the good-hearted teamster was quickly at his side, while the lad sprung from his elevated situation to assist him. Before they could disengage him from his horse, his strength totally failed, and they laid him senseless on a bank by the roadside.

A consultation now ensued of what was best to be done with him, and spurred both by curiosity and good nature, they determined to lay him on the hay and con-

vey him to the tavern. The horse was mounted by the lad, and the man turning his oxen, slowly followed.

It was really too dark to distinguish the Mermaid before the traveller arrived, but the lad had gone before and related the adventure.

A new difficulty now occurred. The landlady declared she would not suffer him to be brought into the house, for she made no manner of doubt but he had the yellow fever, and they would all catch it.

The landlord, who acted in the double capacity of tavern-keeper and physician, or quack doctor, now entered from an examination of the horse. He had found him of no ordinary quality, and his saddle and bridle, with the neat well-secured portmanteau, bespoke the rider a man of some consequence.

Whether from the necessity of turning from the high road, or because mine host of the Golden Ball presented better fare, it is difficult to say, but one thing was certain, that the Mermaid had of late been much neglected. The arrival of a guest was a rare occurrence, and such a chance was not to be lost; the doctor decided that the best chamber should be made ready for the invalid, and Mrs. Don, the landlady, unwillingly set about it. On one thing they both agreed, that their only daughter Almeria Saccharissa, should not come within the reach of any possible contagion. There is a constant dread of the yellow fever, in the country towns round those cities where it has once or twice appeared. Often during the summer months, reports prevail that this dreaded disease has begun its ravages, and as it is presumed there is much pains taken to conceal it from the country people,

from the fear of losing their supplies, suspicion and terror are often falsely excited. This was the case at the present period, a few instances of sudden death at the metropolis, though unaccompanied by any malignant symptoms, had given rise to exaggerated reports of yellow fever. In vain the physicians gave the most solemn assurances of the health of the city; still it was whispered that people were thrown into their graves, at dead of night, without any funeral procession, any tolling of bells, any black crape or bombazeen, all of which ceremonies, in the estimation of many people, greatly alleviate the horrors of death. It was not wonderful therefore, that both the landlord and landlady should have hesitated about receiving an unknown traveller, with every indication of disease. The "hardness of the times" was the strongest argument in favour of the measure, and Mrs. Don, the landlady, after taking the precaution of hanging camphor bags around the neck of every individual of the family, suffered the stranger to be brought in and laid on a decent bed. A few restoratives were administered, and as he had fainted from exhaustion he soon opened his eyes. Dr. Don who had no hesitation in introducing himself in his minor capacity of physician, felt his pulse and inquired into his symptoms. The traveller discovered evident signs of impatience, requested to be left alone, and said he wanted nothing but rest. In the morning, the doctor again paid him a visit, and hinted at the fears of his wife, but the stranger assured him that he had been travelling several days, and that his indisposition arose from fatigue, but as he felt still weak, he wished to remain where he was, till the next

day. The landlord returned to the kitchen with this consoling statement, and entirely interrupted the account that Betty, the house-maid, was giving, that "the sick man was as yellow as the egg she was cooking." Many conjectures were now hazarded with regard to the traveller's history and destination. In the midst of them Almeria entered. It was with no small degree of pleasure, that she heard that the gentleman had no symptoms of the yellow fever, that he was a young man, and to remain till the next day. She had a few weeks before returned from a boarding-school, where she had been taught every elegant and polite accomplishment. She considered herself mistress of French, had a pretty turn for poetry, and would no doubt have excelled in music had the doctor's finances allowed her a piano-forte; but this was beyond his means; all the indulgent father could do, he had done; he had procured her a small second hand barrel-organ, upon which the fair Almeria played to the astonishment of the few guests that strayed from the high road to the Mermaid. It had some advantages even over Clementi's pianos, it was portable, and her father thought it good wholesome exercise to turn the crank of the organ. It is true that it was not so classic in its form as might have been wished; it resembled neither a lyre, a harp, nor a guitar, but might have been mistaken in its exterior, for an old-fashioned coffee-mill. But to what purpose were all Almeria's accomplishments? there were none to admire, and it was with invigorated hope that she flung aside her camphor bag, to make preparations for the stranger, who had asked for breakfast. Perhaps it might be conjectured that these preparations were to

contribute to the comfort of the guest, quite the contrary, they were intended to display herself. Any body could get a breakfast, but nobody but Almeria could give the apartment that air of gentility, that might captivate the stranger's eye. No person that has resided in a small village, can be ignorant of the tenacity with which light is cherished. The room destined to receive the guest, presented two windows to the east and two to the south; not a shutter, not even a paper hanging was suffered to exclude the bright luminary of day, as it pursued its glorious course from window to window, cast its broad yellow beam on the breakfast-table, on the mourning pieces and landscapes painted by Almeria, and at last settled on a bright tin reflector, which from its various angles sent back multiplied rays. On a small table were arranged various books, with some of them lying open at passages that marked the elegant taste of the owner, whose name was written, with many a flourish, on the title page, "Almeria Saccharissa Don." Nor must the red morocco Album be forgotten, which contained many extravagant quotations and sonnets in praise of its mistress, and still presented a blank leaf, to tempt some new votary of the muses.

Such was the preparation for the exhausted and weary traveller. He entered the room with a slow and languid step and seated himself at the breakfast-table. "What will you please to have," said Betty, putting her head inside of the door?

"I want nothing," he replied, "but a cup of tea and a slice of toasted bread."

Betty withdrew; and Almeria finding the stranger did

not accost her, ventured to lift up her eyes, which had been fixed on her book. The investigation was satisfactory. He was evidently young, though his face was care-worn, he was pale and emaciated, his hair black and glossy. There was an appearance of gloom and abstraction, that repelled every advance to conversation. But what produced the most effect on Almeria, was his coat! she doated on a frock coat, and the gentleman wore one of the most fashionable cut. As he did not observe that she was present, she deemed it necessary to accost him.

"I hope you are better, sir," said she in a soft, lisping tone.

The sound of her voice startled him, he looked hastily up. "I thank you," replied he, "yes."

Betty now returned with the breakfast, it consisted of tea, brown sugar, a slice of toasted bread, a piece of butter nearly melted, and a saucer of deep dun-coloured preserves.

Nothing could be less inviting to an invalid than this repast, but it formed an epicurean treat to hosts of flies that rioted on the preserves, the sugar, and even the butter. "Is there no way of excluding the sun?" said the gentleman, casting a despairing look at the windows.

"I am sorry we hav'n't no blinds," said Almeria, "but the sun only lays in the room in the morning, by afternoon it is gone."

The stranger drank his tea without replying—but when he moved his chair from the table, the echo of the yellow painted floor seemed to create a nervous excitement—he knit his brow and looked wildly round.

"Don't look at those paintings," said Almeria, who had mistaken his movement, "I am quite ashamed to let them hang here—but my friends insist upon it."

Probably the stranger thought the feeling just, but he made no comment.

"Do you paint, sir?" said Almeria, after a pause.

He slightly nodded his head, but whether the nod meant yes or no, the young lady could not determine.

"It is a delightful art," she continued, "when wielded by the pencil of genius."

The stranger appeared to forget it was proper to reply, and walked slowly out of the room.

When the landlady entered to "clear away the breakfast-table," Almeria assured her that the "new-comer was a stupid creature, and that he knew nothing of painting—but I will try him with music," said she, "and see if he cannot be moved by a 'concord of sweet sounds,' as Shakspeare says."

Betty was now requested to carry the hand-organ to the great elm-tree, for that way the stranger had strolled. She, however, did not enter into the arrangement; she looked sulky, and said it was not what she was hired for—that there was nobody but her to put a hand to any thing, and she could not stand it much longer, and they had better look out for other help.

Mrs. Don soothed the reluctant maiden, and the hand-organ was removed to the elm-tree by Betty, who carried it before her with extended arms in a most ungracious manner, and putting down her burthen, retreated.

The seat was already occupied by the stranger—but he immediately arose and left it to Almeria.

She was not discouraged that he had walked on, as he must return the same way, and then she depended on soothing his soul, even if it were a "savage one." It was not many minutes before she beheld him slowly returning. But notwithstanding she turned the crank in the most spirited manner, he passed unheedingly by, and did not stop till he had gained the sanctuary of his own chamber.

It was evident that he laboured under some malady of body or mind, no summons came from his room, and he had not made his appearance, though evening was closing in. The family began to feel a mixture of curiosity and good-natured anxiety which characterizes the middling class in the United States, who are often engaged about every body's business but their own. It was "thought proper that the head of the family should make some inquiries." Not choosing to risk a refusal, he opened the door and entered the chamber. The stranger was seated at a table with his head resting on his folded arms, he started hastily up, and asked the landlord what he wanted. "I was afraid you might be sick," said the doctor kindly, "my wife said you had not eaten any thing since morning."

"I have no appetite, I want nothing but to be left alone." Then hastily rising and closing the door, he said; "I must get more strength before I can proceed on my journey, this spot is a retired one—can you secure me from disturbance?"

"Why sir, as to the matter of that," said the landlord, "you know my house is a tavern."

"I know it," replied he, "but it is distant from the

high road—in a word,” he added impatiently, “will you shelter me, or will you not? speak, that I may be gone if you refuse.”

The landlord was tempted by a feeling of pride to stand out for the popularity of his house, though he well knew the gentleman might remain for weeks his only guest, he began by talking of the sacrifice he must make; but the stranger stopt him short, indeed he evidently possessed a most uncomfortable degree of irascibility, “I want only a direct answer, yes, or no.” The landlord shrunk back from the fiery eye of the young man, with an unaccountable feeling of terror, and perhaps for the first time in his life, gave a direct answer; it was “yes.” “I will pay you,” said the stranger, “your own price—now leave me to my rest.”

But rest did not seem adequate to removing the seeds of disease. On the morning of the second day, the young man was obliged to acknowledge himself too sick to rise. The village doctor was summoned, who pronounced his disorder a typhus fever. For many days he languished between life and death, and during that time, he was faithfully nursed and attended. Almeria would have willingly given her aid, but her parents positively prohibited her entering the chamber—there might be infection, and this was the treasure in which they had “garnered up their hearts.” The sick man seldom spoke—refused to tell his name, and when they entreated that they might send to his friends, he impatiently and sternly replied, “I have none.”

At length the violence of the disorder gave way—and he slowly recovered his strength. Almeria, as she gazed

upon his wasted form, lost the feeling of coquetry, that a bad education had engendered, and strove to render him many kind offices. It seemed as if he understood the change, for he answered her inquiries with more gentleness than at first.

His mind opened to something like enjoyment when he first walked abroad and breathed the pure air of heaven—it was momentary, however, again he returned to gloom and abstraction. Again his brow was knit, and at times his hands were clenched, as if revolving some desperate purpose.

The landlord grew impatient to be rid of him—an indefinable terror haunted his mind, and he felt, though he knew not why, that the stranger was a dangerous being. He would have trembled for his daughter, had he not perceived that nothing was more irksome to the young man than her presence.

One morning the stranger passed by the window at which Almeria was sitting, and turned down a lane which struck into a thick wood. She arose and followed him. As she approached, he looked back and seemed to wish to avoid her.

She begged him to stop—"I have something," said she, "that may concern you—something to show you." He looked at her with apparent dismay—"Are they here?" said he, "have they arrived?"

"There is nobody here but me," said Almeria, and she put a newspaper into his hand, and pointed to an advertisement. One thousand dollars reward was offered to any one, who would secure and deliver into custody a young man who had escaped from confinement—an ac-

curate description followed, of his person and his horse, and there could be no doubt but the stranger was the young man designated. He read the advertisement—and it seemed as if a sudden phrenzy took possession of his mind—he stamped upon the ground, gnashed his teeth, and finally seizing upon the terrified girl—said, “I must go—and you must go with me. Who has seen this paper?” said he with vehemence. “No one but me,” said Almeria, “let me go back to the house, I will tell no one.” “I dare not trust you,” he replied, “I shall be seized, imprisoned—you must go with me.”

“For God’s sake,” said Almeria, “let me go back, I have no wish to injure you, let me go.” But he still grasped her fiercely by the arm, and hurried her through the wood. She tried to shriek for help, it was like the struggles of the night-mare, and she could utter no sound. At that moment a voice was heard, and letting go his hold of Almeria, he darted into the thicket, and was immediately out of sight.

Almeria’s strength and spirits returned, when she found herself released, and joining Betty, who had been calling her, she hastened to the inn. As her mind was not susceptible of very deep impressions, the terror which had agitated it began to lessen, as soon as she was safe in her father’s house. She thought of the stranger and his frock coat, of his attempt to carry her off, till she almost wished he had accomplished his purpose. But he will not give me up so easily, thought she, he is still lingering round the house and watching for an opportunity to speak to me. She determined to say nothing to her father, of the advertisement, or the cir-

cumstance that followed, but wait for what would further ensue. Once or twice she arose in the night, and looked out of her window, casting impatient glances on the landscape around. The moon was bright, and enabled her to see every object—often the dark shadows cast on the ground, deceived her, but they were still and immovable, and she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, that they were likely to remain so. In the mean time her parents wondered and guessed; the landlord was sure he would return for his horse and portmanteau.

Day after day passed, unmarked by any thing but the petulant reveries of Almeria, and the constant and untired conjectures of the other members of the family.

About a fortnight after the disappearance of the stranger, an elegant equipage was seen coming down the green lane that led to the Mermaid. Nothing could be more rare than the sight—all was bustle, and even Betty's discontented face brightened at the uncommon spectacle. Almeria's heart beat high—she fully believed that the stranger, the carriage, and herself, were intimately connected. It stopped at the door; the landlord stood ready to receive the contents, whatever they were. A gentleman rather advanced in years, alighted from it. "Are you," said he, "the master of the house?"

"Why, so they say," returned the landlord jocosely, "but perhaps my wife would tell you a different story."

The gentleman did not appear inclined to joke; he looked sad and solemn, and followed the doctor with a stately air to the little parlour, where Almeria was sitting.

"I have business with you," said he, addressing the

father, but turning his eye upon the daughter. The young lady, however, kept her seat.

"I know not," said he after a pause, "why I should endeavour to make a secret of what can be none to you. A few weeks since, a young man resided here—it is to settle his accounts I come."

"Tell me," said Almeria, with a theatrical tone, "what has become of him? has no accident befallen him?" "Happily none," replied the gentleman, "he was recognised, and is now in a place of security."

"In prison!" said Almeria, "tell me where, that I may fly to him."

"Impossible," said the gentleman, "you can do him no good—he is carefully guarded."

"He said he was friendless," said Almeria, "but I feel that my fate and his must henceforth be connected."

The gentleman looked at her with astonishment. "It is not possible," said he, "my son could have been weeks in your family, and you not have discovered his situation. Alas, young lady, I wish you a far happier fate. My son, a few weeks since, escaped from confinement, he is a lunatic!" An expression of the deepest anguish came over his face—he arose and walked the room.

"I thank you," said he at length, assuming more composure, "for all your kindness to my unhappy boy—it was from himself, for on many subjects he is rational, that I learnt the particulars of his residence here, his sickness, and your kind attentions."

Notwithstanding the landlord and his daughter expressed much curiosity, and felt more than they express-

ed, the gentleman evaded all particular information. He told them his name was De Vaux, which was some satisfaction, as they had not been able to ascertain this point from the young man. Though he was not as communicative as they desired, his pecuniary recompense was perfectly agreeable to the doctor's feelings, and when he took leave, the landlord gave him a cordial invitation to call again whenever he came that way.

It might seem incredible to those who have never been conversant with the different forms of insanity, that De Vaux should have exhibited so few signs of mental derangement, during his residence at the Mermaid. But it was only on one subject that he was decidedly mad.

From childhood he had discovered an irritable and sensitive cast of mind; this temperament had been increased by a studious and sedentary life. His father, who saw in his close application, the promise of future greatness, urged him forward with injudicious zeal, sometimes exciting him by praise, and at others depressing him by censure. For many years he was blest with the fostering, patient, and tender care of a mother, and when chilled by his father's sternness, or exasperated by his own irritable passions, still there was one being on whose lap he could lay his head and rest in peace, her influence was like the dew of heaven, fertilizing and enriching his heart with every generous emotion. Her health was delicate, and she was often threatened with pulmonary complaints. When these became seated, and her son marked the hectic flush of her cheek, when he saw her labouring and struggling for breath, he felt that without her, life would be joyless. And to him it proved so;

when she breathed her last, he became more allied to the dead than the living. He spent hours by the side of her grave—he dreamed of her, and awoke with the persuasion that she was present. There was probably something of insanity in this state of feeling—but his father had never understood his character, and was ignorant of the workings of his mind. He saw that he was eccentric, but he had always supposed that eccentricity belonged to genius; and he was not surprised that his son should deviate from the beaten path. It was not till he saw his health failing that he experienced any parental solicitude; he then consulted the most skilful physicians, they at once perceived that the mind was the seat of the disease, and recommended a sea-voyage and change of scene. The father was readily reconciled to this measure, as he felt that he could more easily reveal by writing than personal communication, a secret which for some weeks had trembled on his tongue. He was on the eve of marrying again, and an indescribable and indefinite fear of the effect it might produce upon the bewildered imagination of his son, had induced him most injudiciously, to keep him entirely ignorant of his intentions. He was aware that though sufficient time had elapsed since the death of his wife, to satisfy the decent requirements of society, her son still dwelt on her image with all the fervour of filial affection—that he clung to her memory with the freshness of early grief, and that his purpose would have much to encounter from silent sorrow, if not from open opposition. Perhaps he might have been willing to face any obstacles of this kind, for his ideas on the subject of parental authority were abso-

lute; but another powerful motive operated on his mind—he was conscious that opposition on the part of his son would effectually destroy his bridal prospects; that the lady he had selected was too sensitive and generous to enter his family an unwelcome guest.

She had married, when young, the husband of her choice, and the first years of her wedded life almost realized a lover's dream. She was beautiful, and every eye brightened at her approach—but neither virtue nor beauty could exempt her from vicissitude; her husband in a few years died a bankrupt, and left her with an infant son to struggle through life.

There have been martyrs in the cause of religion, that have sung the song of victory while the flames curled around them; there have been champions for freedom and their country, who have fearlessly rushed on to battle and death; but there is no image more affecting than that of a patient widowed mother, devoting her days and nights to her helpless children, and suffering martyrdom without the martyr's crown.

Such was now the lot of this lady, but she met it with cheerfulness and serenity. As her son advanced in years she saw in the fair promise of his youth future happiness and honour; but this promise was never to be realized—by a sudden and unexpected death, she was deprived of her joy and solace. Many years had passed since this event took place. Time had changed her anguish into resignation, yet when she consented to become the wife of the father, the thought of the son was present to her mind. She had never seen him, but every proof she had heard of his devotion to the memory of his mother

drew tears from her eyes. She felt that confidence, which a virtuous purpose never fails to impart, that she could win his affection, and supply the place of the being so dear to him. She thanked God, in the benevolent glow of her feelings, for the opportunity he was preparing for her, to bind up the broken heart. It was natural that she should express this enthusiasm, and she learnt with keen disappointment that he was to sail immediately for a milder climate. Just a month after his departure the nuptials took place. His father immediately wrote to him and communicated the event, with every expression of parental affection; his step-mother too wrote, and told him how earnestly she longed to press him to her heart, that she already felt the tenderness of a parent, "and well I may," she added, "for my son was lost and he is found."

De Vaux received the packet at a small sea-port at which the captain's orders had made it necessary for him to stop. When he had read the letters he did not communicate their contents; probably he felt that there was no one that could sympathize in his emotions—but he determined to quit the vessel he was in and take passage home. Both winds and waves were propitious to the restless and agitated state of his mind.

It was twilight when he arrived at his father's house. The bridegroom was sitting with his bride, and listening to her conversation with something like the romantic feeling of youth. She was planning for the comfort of his son when he should return. The pleasantest room in the house was to be his, it was adjoining her's, this arrangement would enable her to watch over his sleeping

as well as his waking hours. "If his disorder," said she, "is a mind diseased, what can administer to it like affection; there are no chords of the heart," continued she, "that sympathy cannot touch, and though the sound may be mournful and low, still it is music!"

A footstep was heard in the entry, it vibrated on the father's ear, he rushed to the door and beheld his son.

"And what has brought you back so soon, my child," said he as he embraced him.

De Vaux looked wildly at him. "My mother!" he exclaimed in a hurried tone.

"I will conduct you to her said his father, she is gentle and good, you cannot help loving her."

He led the way and his son followed; the lady received him with more than kindness; her heart was melted, and she embraced him with a tenderness nearly allied to that emotion, with which a mother welcomes her first-born. Perhaps she thought of her own son, her "beautiful, her brave," for she sobbed aloud. The young man stood gasping, it was too dark to distinguish his features; at length he exclaimed, "it is hard, but so much the more worthy the sacrifice," and rushing towards her, he drew a dagger from his bosom and aimed it at her heart. His father had watched his movements with dreadful anxiety, and arrested his arm just as the blow was aimed.

It would be painful to describe the paroxysm that seized him at his defeated project. It was in the ravings of madness, that he revealed the solemn vow he had made, to sacrifice this woman to the memory of his mother. He swore it by frightful oaths. There was but one resource for the unhappy father, and this was

to place him in an asylum for lunatics. Twice he had attempted to escape, and been immediately discovered—but the last attempt had been successful, and with a cunning that in madness often seems to supply the place of reason, he eluded the vigilance of the keeper, and rushed to his father's house. Most happily both his father and mother were at that time on a journey—he cautiously sought her chamber and explored the house.

Probably the absence of his intended victim soothed the delirium of his mind—he grew calm, and talked so rationally, representing the cruel treatment he had received, and pleading his perfect sanity in so connected a manner, that the old domestic who had remained to take care of the house, willingly furnished him with means to escape. He provided for him a horse and portmanteau, and the young gentleman left home with the idea of escaping from confinement, and a vague expectation of meeting the innocent victim that he had sworn to sacrifice to his mother's memory.

He had travelled several days, when he was arrested by sickness, and conveyed to the Mermaid. Such was the melancholy explanation of this adventure—the sequel, however, remains to be told.

De Vaux was again restored to his place of confinement; it was evident his disorder had undergone some change—he was more gentle, and discovered no disposition to escape. While his father was rejoicing in these favourable appearances, a new cause of alarm occurred. A second attack of the typhus fever seized him. He was placed in an airy and spacious apartment in the asylum, and the best attendance given him.

It is well known that the matrons and nurses are indefatigable, in these well regulated establishments. There was much to excite sensibility in De Vaux's character, his intervals of reason had shown the original excellence of his mind and the goodness of his heart—all felt it a privilege to administer to his wants, but one of the matrons particularly devoted herself to his service. She seldom left his room, but patiently sat by his bed-side marking every variation of his disorder, and making her report to the physicians. Night after night she watched by him with unwearied vigilance, bathed his burning forehead and hands, and soothed him by a thousand kind attentions. When his respiration was so much affected that he could not lie down, she supported his head for hours upon her bosom, varying her attitude to his comfort, and wholly regardless of her own. As he gave evidence of returning reason, she ventured in the most judicious manner to whisper lessons of love and mercy, to speak of the God who could restore, of the Saviour whose touch was health.

It appeared as if he had formed some association between his kind nurse and lamented mother. When the nurse was absent but a few moments, he was restless and impatient, and discovered more of mental malady than at any other time; and once when she returned, he took her hand and said with a smile, "no it cannot be she, for this is flesh and blood." The physicians, cautious as they habitually were, ventured to encourage the anxious father. They predicted that with confirmed health, his reason would be restored. One fearful trial however, was yet to be made, they trembled to mention

his step-mother. It was the rock on which his reason had been so frightfully wrecked—perhaps new paroxysms might seize him. His father, and even the physicians, thought it best to defer the subject; his nurse, who had watched every alternation of his mind, thought otherwise: she considered his present season of debility as favourable for the experiment. During one of her night-watchings, as she supported him in her arms, De Vaux said in a faint voice, "They tell me I shall soon be well enough to go to my father's house, I understand their meaning, and I bless God that my reason is returning. I can look back and mark the progress of my disease. How lonely and desolate I felt when my mother died; the whole world was a blank, it seemed to me as if I was cast on a desolate island. And then," he continued, "a letter came from my father and informed me"—He stopt short and seemed to be engaged in mental prayer. His nurse pressed him to her heart, and wiped the dew from his pale forehead. "I am afraid," said he, "this desolation will return when I quit you, my kindest and best friend. I have been most happy of late, and now," continued he, casting his eyes upon her, beaming with recovered intellect, "at this moment I feel as if I were again resting in the arms of my mother."

She pressed her lips to his forehead and said in low accents, "It is true my child, you are encircled by the arms of your mother! your second mother!" The truth flashed upon his mind as if written with a sun-beam from the Almighty. The being who had become so entwined about his very soul, from whom it was a second death to part, was his dreaded step-mother!

About fifteen years after these events took place, Almeria Saccharissa Don was sitting in her little parlour, still indulging the romantic reveries of youth, though time had laid his hand upon her face with so ungentle a grasp, as to leave the print of his fingers, when for the second time in her life, she beheld an elegant equipage approaching the house. This was indeed wonderful, for it no longer bore any index of a tavern. The Mermaid had been suffered to swing on one hinge till it fell to the ground, and the decaying post on which it was suspended, soon followed its example. The carriage stopt at the door, a gentleman stepped from it, and handed out a fine elderly looking lady and two healthy blooming children. It was somewhat difficult to make Almeria recognize the pale, emaciated stranger, who had called forth so much romantic emotion many years before, in the healthy and animated being who stood before her. It was indeed himself, with his step-mother and two eldest children, his wife was detained at home by her infant. The landlord, or rather the doctor, (for he preferred this title,) expressed much cordial satisfaction at seeing him, and inquired after his father. The inquiry threw a transient gloom over the faces of mother and son. He had gone to his long home, with the happy consciousness that the two beings nearest to him, would be the joy and comfort of each other.

De Vaux had a perfect recollection of the kindness he experienced at the Mermaid, and he hinted to Almeria that he should be most happy to make her a present of a wedding suit—on this “hint she spake,” and informed him with downcast looks, of what he had previously as-

certained, that she was the next week to become mistress of the Golden Ball, as the master had six months before buried his wife.

What the marriage garment was, we cannot positively affirm, as De Vaux left it to her own fancy, slipping into her hand a little bead purse, which he knew from former recollection, was precisely to her taste; on one side of it was written "l'amitié," and on the other "l'amour." Then wishing her all happiness, and regretting that he had not time to write an epithalamium in her album, (which still lay on the little table,) he once more quitted the Mermaid, accompanied by his children and beloved step-mother.

SHE SMILED, AND I BELIEVED HER TRUE.

SHE smiled—and I believed her true,
She look'd—I thought 'twas love:
She spoke—I hung upon her words,
Like accents from above.
No fault was her's—'twas all my own—
Friendship alone she knew,
And all the rest that I had dream'd
Were pictures Fancy drew.

But still I fondly clung to them—
And when half disbelieved,
I strove to drive each doubt away,
And wished to be deceived.
Light clouds tinged with the morning sun,
The rose-bud's freshest dew,
Are sweet—so was my early love,
But 'twas as fleeting too.

JAMES SCOTT.

TO A LADY,

*On seeing her brow encircled by a wreath of Roses, twined
with the leaves of the Arbor-Vita.*

NAY, lady nay! 'tis vain to twine
The rose upon the deathless bough,
Though green that branch forever shine,
The flower will fade upon thy brow.

Yet though its leaves may withering lie,
All scattered o'er the verdant wreath,
Around them still, when sear and dry,
Their perfume shall not cease to breathe.

And, lady! by young Fancy's power,
In this gay garland we may see,
(Thy smile—the bough, thy bloom—the flower,)
An emblem bright befitting thee!

The smile of heaven-born innocence,
Forever on thy cheek may play,
But thy rich bloom, that charms the sense,
Was born of earth, and must decay.

Yet mourn it not! affection's eye
Shall trace the fading relics there,
And sigh to think that aught could die,
So briefly bright—so sweetly fair.

R. COATES.

ANN PAGE, SLENDER AND SHALLOW.

THERE is no poet whose pen is more easily followed by the pencil than Shakspeare. He was himself the greatest of painters, studying nature in all her lines and features, and transferring them with such truth and force to his pages, that the original can never be mistaken, or the copyist misled. The works of the everlasting bard abound with beautiful subjects for the easel of every description. If you would see man shaken by the most powerful passions of his nature; by jealousy, ambition, hatred, revenge; you will find all you seek in these magic volumes. If more gentle and tender emotions delight you, and you would mark how sweetly they play in the countenance, how smoothly they flow through every thought and action, you may contemplate such lovely pictures in many touching scenes of charity, friendship, and love. With equal precision we have the foibles and follies of man, from the most glaring to the most minute, delineated and brought into situations to expose them with striking effect. Nothing can be more irresistibly ludicrous, than the scenes of Shakspeare in which he puts forward the silly affectation of a fop, the ridiculous vanity of a coxcomb, the awkward pretensions of a fool. In short, every virtue and vice of our nature, every good and every bad feeling of the

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heart, every thing that is sublime or ridiculous in the human character and condition, has presented itself in its true lines and colours to his genius, and has been as truly represented by him.

The scene given in the annexed engraving, is from the "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR," when Slender, backed by his kinsman Shallow, makes his wooing to Anne Page. Master Slender is a piece of pure simplicity and ignorance, trying to assume some importance on account of his "three hundred pounds a year," but always falling by his native feebleness. "Robert Shallow, Esquire," foolish enough, but not illiterate, swells with the power and dignity of his commission, being a "justice of the peace and coram," and, as he adds, "cust-alorum." The character of "Mistress Anne Page," sweet and arch, is well known.

Fenton, the approved lover of Anne, is in private conversation with her, when Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly enter.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No—she shall not dismay me: I care not for that—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice;

186 ANN PAGE, SLENDER AND SHALLOW.

O! what a world of vile, ill-favoured faults,
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her coz. O boy thou had'st a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or

nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

We cannot leave this subject without a tribute to the liberality of Mr. HONE, of New York, to whom the picture belongs, and for whom, we understand, it was painted, as well as another, of which an engraving will be found in this volume, a companion for it, by our countryman Newton. The fine arts and our native artists will flourish at home, when our men of wealth shall imitate the example of Mr. Hone, in giving them encouragement and employment. The money expended on a dull, heartless, uncomfortable ball or breakfast, would purchase such pictures as we have been speaking of.

H.

HUNTING SONG.

AN INDIAN FRAGMENT.

I.

THE angry toils of war are o'er,
And now we grasp the bow once more,
And far o'er pathless wastes we roam
To bring the mountain tribute home.
The eagle, from her lofty nest,
Shrieks o'er the forests of the west,
As if to bid the huntsman wake,
And see the morning glories break.

CHORUS.

The night is past, the sun is up,
Then wherefore do we stay?
Come let us quaff the cheering cup,
And to the hills away!

II.

Upon the mountain's rocky side,
The wild-deer ranges in his pride,
He throws his antlers in the air
And reigns a fearless monarch there.
The morning looks upon our toil,
But night shall see us glad with spoil;
And those we love will joy to meet
At sunset our returning feet.

CHORUS.

The night is past, the sun is up,
Then wherefore do we stay?
Come let us quaff the cheering cup,
And to the hills away!

THE NUN.

Her eye is raised to heaven—no ray is there
Of earthly pride, or passion.—O'er her brow
Angelic, as she breathes the solemn vow,
A bright expression spreads.—Her rich, soft hair,
In radiant ringlets, down her bosom fair,
Falls—like the beams of morning on the prow
Of the light heaving bark!—'Tis past, and now
A pale and pensive hue her features wear.

So young—so beautiful—to turn aside
From life's fresh opening scenes, and sunny hours,
Seems like religion's triumph—but the heart
Strives from itself in vain the truth to hide;
The sigh will rise, the tender tear will start:
Ah! Love still lingers o'er his faded flowers!

G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE.

VIGILS.

It is a holy night. The moon
 Hath made it like a gentler noon,
 And every deep and glorious eye
 Is waking in the summer sky,
 As if their light were made alone
 For restless hearts to gaze upon.
 There are no voices, and the stir
 Of the soft south goes lightlier
 Among the branches; and the deep
 Felt stillness of a world asleep,
 Is on my spirit like the touch
 Of a sweet friend who loveth much.
 I've left my books. I will not damp
 My heart beside a weary lamp,
 While heaven is set with stars—and I
 Am not to sit down quietly,
 And on a musty altar fling
 The birthright of a glorious wing.
 Reason who will—while skies of June
 Are molten by this silver moon—
 While flowers have breath,—and voices creep
 From running brook, and fountain-leap—
 While any thing is left to love
 In this fair earth and heaven above,

I would not wear a fetter'd limb
To make Chaldea's wisdom dim.
Why—what is duty? Sky and sea,
Thou blessed heaven, are types of thee—
The world is like a flowing cup
Of perfect beauty mingled up—
The very elements of heaven
Life, light and music, freely given—
The world an Eden—and we thirst
For every voice and fountain burst—
And yet we're told, at duty's call,
We must forego—forget them all.
How has the foot of nature trod
The pathway of a perfect God?—
How is the fount of earnest thought
With his diviner cunning wrought?—
If all that makes us feel our fate
Not altogether desolate,
This burning love of beautiful things,
Is seal'd among forbidden springs;
And we must throw a gift of fire
Aside like a neglected lyre?

Ror.

COBUS YERKS.

LITTLE Cobus Yerks—his name was Jacob, but being a Dutchman, if not a double Dutchman, it was rendered in English Cobus—little Cobus, I say, lived on the banks of Sawmill River, where it winds close under the brow of the Raven Rock, an enormous precipice jutting out of the side of the famous Buttermilk-Hill, of which the reader has doubtless often heard. It was a rude romantic spot, distant from the high road, which however, could be seen winding up the hill about three miles off. His nearest neighbours were at the same distance, and he seldom saw company except at night, when the fox and the weasel sometimes beat up his quarters, and caused a horrible cackling among the poultry.

One Tuesday in the month of November 1793, Cobus had gone in his wagon to the little market town, on the river, from whence the boats plied weekly to New York, with the produce of the neighbouring farmers. It was then a pestilent little place for running races, pitching quoits, and wrestling for gin slings; but I must do it the credit to say, that it is now a very orderly town, sober and quiet, save when Parson Mathias, who calls himself a Son of Thunder, is praying in secret, so as to be heard across the river. It so happened that of all the days in

the year, this was the very day, a rumour had got into town, that I myself—the veritable writer of this true story—had been poisoned, by a dish of souchong tea, which was bought a great bargain of a country merchant. There was not a stroke of work done in the village that day. The shoemaker abandoned his awl—the tailor his goose—the hatter his bowstring—and the forge of the blacksmith was cool from dawn till nightfall. Silent was the sonorous harmony of the big spinning wheel—silent the village song, and silent the fiddle of Master Timothy Canty, who passed his livelong time in playing tuneful measures, and catching bugs and butterflies. I must say something of Tim, before I go on with my tale.

Master Timothy was first seen in the village, one foggy morning after a drizzling, warm, showery night, when he was detected in a garret, at the extremity of the suburbs, and it was the general supposition that he had rained down in company with a store of little toads that were seen hopping about, as is usual after a shower. Around his garret were disposed a number of unframed pictures, painted on glass, as in the olden time, representing the Four Seasons, the old King of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, in their sharp-pointed cocked hats; the fat, bald-pated Marquis of Granby, the beautiful Constantia Phillips, and divers others, not forgetting the renowned Kitty Fisher, who I honestly confess, was my favourite among them all. The whole village poured into the garret to gaze at these chef-d'œuvres, and it is my confirmed opinion, which I shall carry to the grave, that neither the gallery of Florence,

Dresden, nor the Louvre, was ever visited by so many real amateurs. Besides the pictures, there were a great many other curiosities, at least curiosities to the simple villagers, who were always sure of being welcomed by Master Tim, with a jest and a tune.

Master Tim, as they came to call him when they got to be a little acquainted, was a rare fellow, such as seldom rains down any where, much less on a country village. He was of "merry England," as they call it—*lucus a non lucendo*—at least so he said and I believe, although he belied his nativity, by being the merriest rogue in the world, even when the fog was at the thickest. In truth, he was ever in a good humour, unless it might be when a rare bug or gorgeous butterfly, that he had followed through thick and thin, escaped his net at last. Then, to be sure, he was apt to call the recreant all the "d——d vagabonds" he could think of. He was a middle-sized man, whose person decreased regularly, from the crown of his head to the—I was going to say, sole of his foot—but it was only to the commencement of the foot, to speak by the card. The top of his head was broad and flat, and so was his forehead, which took up at least two-thirds of his face, that tapered off suddenly to a chin, as sharp as the point of a triangle. His forehead was indeed a large field, diversified like the country into which he had rained down, with singular varieties of hill and dale, meadow and ploughland, hedge and ditch, ravine and water-course. It had as many points as a periwinkle. The brow projected exuberantly, though not heavily, over a pair of rascally little cross-firing twinkling eyes, that, as the country people said.

looked at least nine ways from Sunday. His teeth were white enough, but no two of them were fellows. But his head would have turned the brains of a phrenologist, in exploring the mysteries of its development; it was shaped somewhat like Stony-Point—which every body knows as the scene of a gallant exploit of Pennsylvanian Wayne—and had quite as many abruptnesses and quizzical protuberances to brag about. At the upper extremity of his forehead, as he assured us, he carried his money, in the shape of a piece of silver, three inches long and two wide, inserted there in consequence of a fracture he got by falling down a precipice in hot chace of a “d——d vagabond of a beetle,” as he was pleased to call him. Descending towards terra-firma, to wit, his feet, we find his body gradually diminishing to his legs, which were so thin, every body wondered how they could carry the great head. But, like Captain Wattle, each had a foot at the end of it, full as large as the Black Dwarf. It is so long ago that I almost forget his costume. All I recollect is, that he never wore boots or pantaloons, but exhibited his spindles in all weathers, in worsted stockings, and his feet in shoes, gorgeously caparisoned in a pair of square silver buckles, the only pieces of finery he ever displayed.

In the merry months of spring and summer, and early in autumn, master Timothy was most of his time chasing bugs and butterflies about the fields, to the utter confusion of the people, who wondered what he could want with such trumpery. Being a genius and an idler by profession, I used to accompany him frequently in these excursions, for he was fond of me, and called me vaga-

bond oftener than he did any body else. He had a little net of green gauze, so constructed as to open and shut as occasion required, to entrap the small fry, and a box with a cork bottom, upon which he impaled his prisoners with the true scientific barbarity, by sticking a pin in them. Thus equipt, this Don Quixote of bug-catchers, with myself his faithful Esquire, would sally out of a morning into the clovered meadows and flower-dotted fields, over brook, through tangled copse and briery dell, in chace of these gentlemen commoners of nature. Ever and anon, as he came upon some little retired nook, where nature, like a modest virgin, shrouded her beauties from the common view—a rocky glen, romantic cottage, rustie bridge, or brawling stream, he would take out his little port-folio, and pointing me to some conspicuous station to animate his little landscape, sketch it and me together, with a mingled taste and skill I have never since seen equalled. I figure in all his landscapes, although he often called me a vagabond, because he could not drill me into picturesque attitudes. But the finest sport for me, was to watch him creeping slily after a humming bird—the object of his most intense desires—half buried in the bliss of the dewy honeysuckle, and just as he was on the point of covering it with his net, to see the little vagrant flit away with a swiftness that made it invisible. It was an invaluable sight to behold master Timothy stand wiping his continent of a forehead, and blessing the bird for a “d——d little vagabond.” These were pleasant times, and at this moment I recall them, I hardly know why, with a melancholy, yet pleasing delight.

During the winter season, master Timothy was usually employed in the daytime, painting pleasure sleighs, which at that period it was the fashion among the farmers to have as fine as fiddles. Timothy was a desperate hand at a true lover's knot, a cipher, or a wreath of flowers—and as for a blazing sun—he painted one for the squire, that was seriously suspected of melting all the snow in ten miles round. He would go ten or a dozen miles to paint a sleigh, and always carried his materials on a board upon the top of his head—it was before the invention of high crowned hats. Destiny had decreed he should follow this trade, and nature had provided him a head on purpose. It was as flat as a pancake. In the long winter evenings, it was his pleasure to sit by the fire-side, and tell enormous stories to groups of horror-struck listeners. I never knew a man that had been so often robbed on Hounslow Heath, or had seen so many ghosts in his day, as master Tim Canty. Peace to his ashes—he is dead, and if report is to be credited, is sometimes seen on moon-light nights in the church-yard, with his little green gauze net, chasing moths and beetles, as he was wont in past times.

But it is high time to return to my story; for I honestly confess I never think of honest Tim that I don't grow as garrulous as an old lady, talking about the revolution and the Yagers. In all country villages I ever saw or heard of, whenever any thing strange, new, horrible or delightful happens, or is supposed to have happened, all the male inhabitants, not to say female, make for the tavern as fast as possible, to hear the news, or tell the news, and get at the bottom of the affair. I don't deny

that truth is sometimes to be found at the bottom of a well; but in these cases she is generally found at the bottom of the glass. Be this as it may—when Cobus Yerks looked into the village inn, just to say how d'ye do, &c. to the landlady, he beheld a party of some ten or a dozen people, discussing the affair of my being poisoned with souchong tea, which by this time had been extended to the whole family, not one of whom had been left alive, by the bloody-minded damsel, rumour.

Cobus could not resist the fascination of these horrors. He edged himself in among them, and after a little while they were joined by master Timothy, who, on hearing of the catastrophe of his old fellow-labourer in bug-catching, had strode over a distance of seven miles to our house to ascertain the truth of the story. He of course found it was a mistake, and had now returned with a nefarious design of frightening them all out of their wits, by a story of more than modern horrors. By this time it was the dusk of the evening, and Cobus had many miles to travel before he could reach home. He had been so fascinated with the story, and the additions every moment furnished by various new-comers, that he forgot the time till it began to grow quite dark; and then he was so horror-struck at what he had heard, that he grew fast to his chair in the chimney corner, where he had intrenched himself. It was at this moment master Timothy came in with the design aforesaid.

The whole party gathered round him to know if the story of the poisoning was true. Tim shook his head, and the shaking of such a head was awful. "What! all

the family?" cried they, with one voice. "Every soul of them," cried Tim, in a hollow voice—"Every soul of them, poor creatures; and not only they, but all the cattle, horses, pigs, ducks, chickens, cats, dogs, and guinea hens, are poisoned." "What! with souchong tea?" "No—with coloquintida." Coloquintida!—the very name was enough to poison a whole generation of Christian people. "But the black bull-dog!" cried Timothy, in a sepulchral voice, that curdled the very marrow of their innermost bones. "What of the black bull-dog?" quoth little Cobus. "Why, they do say that he came to life again after laying six hours stone-dead, and ran away howling like a d—I incarnate." "A d—I incarnate!" quoth Cobus, who knew no more about the meaning of that fell word, than if it had been Greek. He only knew it was something very terrible. "Yes," replied Timothy—"and what's more, I saw where he jumped over the barn-yard gate, and there was the print of a cloven foot, as plain as the day-light this blessed minute." It was as dark as pitch, but the comparison was considered proof positive. "A cloven foot!" quoth Cobus, who squeezed himself almost into the oven, while the thought of going home all alone in the dark, past the church-yard, the old grave at the cross-roads, and above all, the spot where John Ryer was hanged for shooting the sheriff, smote upon his heart, and beat it into a jelly—at least it shook like one. What if he should meet the big black dog, with his cloven foot, who howled like a d—I incarnate! The thought was enough to wither the heart of a stone.

Cobus was a little, knock-kneed, broad-faced, and

broad-shouldered Dutchman, who believed all things past, present, and to come, concerning spooks, goblins, and devils of all sorts and sizes, from a fairy to a giant. Tim Canty knew him of old, for he had once painted a sleigh for him, and frightened Cobus out of six nights' sleep, by the story of a man that he once saw murdered by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath. Tim followed up the story of the black dog, with several more, each more appalling than the other, till he fairly lifted Cobus's wits off the hinges, aided as he was by certain huge drafts upon a pewter mug, with which the little man reinforced his courage at short intervals. He was a true disciple of the doctrine that spirit and courage, that is to say, whiskey and valour were synonymous.

It now began to wax late in the evening, and the company departed, not one by one, but in pairs to their respective homes. The landlady, a bitter root of a woman, and more than a match for half the men in the village, began to grow sleepy, as it was now no longer worth her while to keep awake. Gradually all became quiet, within and without the house, except now and then the howling of a wandering cur, and the still more doleful moaning of the winds, accompanied by the hollow thumpings of the waves, as they dashed on the rocky shores of the river that ran hard by. Once, and once only, the cat mewed in the garret, and almost caused Cobus to jump out of his skin. The landlady began to complain that it grew late, and she was very sleepy; but Cobus would take no hints, manfully keeping his post in the chimney corner, till at last the good woman threatened to call up her two negroes, and have him turned neck and heels

out of doors. For a moment the fear of the big black dog with the cloven foot, was mastered by the fear of the two stout black men, and the spirit moved Cobus towards the door, lovingly hugging the stone jug, which he had taken care to have plentifully replenished with the creature. He sallied forth in those graceful curves, which are affirmed to constitute the true lines of beauty; and report says that he made a copious libation of the contents of the stone jug outside the door, ere the landlady, after assisting to untie his patient team, had tumbled him into his wagon. This was the last that was seen of Cobus Yerks.

That night his faithful, though not very obedient little wife, whom he had wedded at Tappan, on the famous sea of that name, and who wore a cap trimmed with pink ribbons when she went to church on Sundays, fell asleep in her chair, as she sat anxiously watching his return. About midnight she waked—but she saw not her beloved Cobus, nor heard his voice calling her to open the door. But she heard the raven, or something very like it, screaming from the Raven Rock, the foxes barking about the house, the wind whistling and moaning among the rocks and trees of the mountain side, and a terrible commotion among the poultry, Cobus having taken the great house dog with him that day. Again she fell asleep, and waked not until the day was dawning. She opened the window and looked forth upon as beautiful an autumnal morning, as ever blessed this blessed country. The yellow sun threw a golden lustre over the many-tinted woods, painted by the cunning hand of nature with a thousand varied dyes; the smoke of the

neighbouring farm-houses rose straight upwards to heaven in the pure atmosphere, and the breath of the cattle mingled its warm vapour with the invisible clearness of the morning air. But what were all these beauties of delicious nature, to the eye and the heart of the anxious wife, who saw that Cobus was not there?

She went forth to the neighbours to know if they had seen him, and they good naturedly sallied out to seek him on the road, that led from the village to his home. But no traces of him could be found, and they were returning with bad news for his anxious wife, when they bethought themselves of turning into a by-road that led to a tavern, which used whilome to attract the affections of honest Cobus, and where he was sometimes wont to stop and wet his whistle.

They had not gone far, when they began to perceive traces of the lost traveller. First his broad-brimmed hat, which he had inherited through divers generations, and which he always wore when he went to the village, lay grovelling in the dirt, crushed out of all goodly shape, by the wheel of his wagon, which had passed over it. Next, they encountered the back board of the wagon, ornamented with C. Y. in a true lover's knot, painted by Tim Canty, in his best style—and anon a little farther, a shoe that was identified as having belonged to our hero, by having upwards of three hundred hob-nails in the sole, for he was a saving little fellow, though he would wet his whistle sometimes, in spite of all his wife and the minister could say. Proceeding about a hundred yards farther, to a sudden turn of the road, they encountered the wagon, or rather the fragments of it, scattered

about and along in the highway, and the horses standing quietly against a fence, into which they had run the pole of the wagon.

But what was become of the unfortunate driver, no one could discover. At length, after searching some time, they found him lying in a tuft of blackberry briars, amidst the fragments of the stone jug, lifeless and motionless. His face was turned upwards, and streaked with seams of blood; his clothes torn, bloody, and disfigured with dirt; and his pipe that he carried in the button holes of his waistcoat, shivered all to nought. They made their way to the body, full of sad forebodings, and shook it, to see if any life remained. But it was all in vain—there seemed neither sense or motion there. "May be after all," said one, "he is only in a swoond—here is a little drop of the spirits left in the bottom of the jug—let us hold it to his nose, it may bring him to life."

The experiment was tried, and wonderful to tell, in a moment or two, Cobus opening his eyes, and smacking his lips with peculiar satisfaction, exclaimed—"some o' that, boys!" A little shaking brought him to himself, when being asked to give an account of the disaster of his wagon and his stone jug, he at first shook his head mysteriously, and demurred. Being, however, taken to the neighbouring tavern, and comforted a little with divers refreshments, he was again pressed for his story, when assuming a face of awful mystification, he began as follows:—

"You must know," said Cobus, "I started rather late from town, for I had been kept there by—by business:

and because you see, I was waiting for the moon to rise, that I might find my way home in the dark night. But it grew darker and darker, until you could not see your hand before your face, and at last I concluded to set out, considering I was as sober as a deacon, and my horses could see their way blindfold. I had not gone quite round the corner, where John Ryer was hung for shooting sheriff Smith, when I heard somebody coming pat, pat, pat, close behind my wagon. I looked back, but I could see nothing, it was so dark. By and by, I heard it again, louder and louder, and then I confess I began to be a little afeard. So I whipt up my horses a quarter of a mile or so, and then let them walk on again. I listened, and pat, pat, pat, went the noise again. I began to be a good deal frightened, but considering it could be nothing at all, I thought I might as well take a small dram, as the night was rather chilly, and I began to tremble a little with the cold. I took but a drop, as I am a living sinner, and then went on quite gaily—but pat, pat, pat, went the footsteps ten times louder and faster than ever. And then! then I looked back, and a saw a pair of saucer eyes just at the tail of my wagon, as big and as bright as the mouths of a fiery furnace, dancing up and down in the air like two stage lamps in a rough road.

“By Gosh, boys, but you may depend I was scared now! I took another little dram, and then made the whip fly about the ears of old Pepper and Billy, who cantered away at a wonderful rate, considering. Presently bang! something heavy jumped into the wagon, as if heaven and earth were coming together. I looked over my shoulder, and the great burning eyes were

within half a yard of my back. The creature was so close that I felt its breath blowing upon me, and it smelt for all one, exactly like brimstone. I should have jumped out of the wagon, but somehow or other, I could not stir, for I was bewitched as sure as you live. All I could do was to bang away upon Pepper and Billy, who rattled along at a great rate up hill and down, over the rough roads, so that if I had not been bewitched, I must have tumbled out to a certainty. When I came to the bridge at old Mangham's, the black dog, for I could see something black and shaggy under the goggle eyes, all at once jumped up and seated himself close by me on the bench, snatched the whip and reins out of my hands like lightning—then looking me in the face, and nodding, he whispered something in my ear, and lashed away upon Pepper and Billy, till they seemed to fly through the air. From that time I began to lose my wits by degrees, till at last the smell of brimstone overpowered me, and I remember nothing till you found me this morning, in the briars."

Here little Cobus concluded his story, which he repeated with several variations and additions to his wife, when he got home. That good woman, who on most occasions, took the liberty of lecturing her good man, whenever he used to be belated in his excursions to the village, was so struck with this adventure, that she omitted her usual exhortation, and ever afterwards viewed him as one ennobled by supernatural communication, submitting to him as her veritable lord and master. Some people, who pretend to be so wise that they won't believe the evidence of their senses, when it contradicts

their reason, affected to be incredulous, and hinted that the goggle eyes, and the brimstone breath, appertained to Cobus Yerks's great house-dog, which had certainly followed him that day to the village, and was found quietly reposing by his master, in the tuft of briars. But Cobus was ever exceedingly wroth at this suggestion, and being a sturdy little bruiser, had knocked down one or two of these unbelieving sinners, for venturing to assert that the contents of the stone jug were at the bottom of the whole business. After that, every body believed it, and it is now forever incorporated with the marvelous legends of the renowned Butter-milk Hill.

J. K. PAULDING.

TO MYRA.

WHEN years have past, and thou shalt live,
 (So trusts the muse,) to count them o'er,
 And time shall e'en to trifles give
 The value they had lacked before,
 Think, young one, that in early days,
 There was a wight who once made bold
 Upon thy future star to gaze,
 And thus its tale of fortune told.
 Thou shalt live on, some lot of years—
 'Tis not worth while to say how many—
 Unharm'd, untrammell'd by few cares,
 Or little adverse chance, if any.
 For there's a promise in thy face,
 But half a sibyl would declare,
 Gives in its purity no trace
 Nor sign of coming evil there.
 Thou shalt have lovers too, mayhap,
 Who to thine ear their luckless ditty
 Shall send, but caught without a "trap,"
 Not thine the fault, but their's the pity.
 Thy chosen one shall come at last,
 Won, ere he knows it, to thy side,
 Most, by that touching, tender east,
 Thy diffidence e'en fails to hide.
 Aye, many a boon of fate's bright store,

The fortune-teller stayed to read thee,
Nor lingering took fond leave before
He bade its guardian spirit heed thee * * *
Believe it all: if ever truth
Be born of hope's fond-hearted song,
No care shall cross thy guileless youth,
To prove him prophet false or wrong.
Yet if amid this world of ill,
Some shaft shall touch thy gentle breast,
And thou shalt find some frost to chill
Thy spirit, and to mar thy rest,
Recall, as on the heart of thine,
The transient blight the while may lay,
The friend thy sweetness won "lang syne,"
Whose prayer had chased it far away.

R.

TO MELANTHE.

O! had I one of those bright curls,
Those curls around thy brow,
That seem like sunny-tinted whirls
Over a bank of snow—
O! had I but one golden lock,
I'd make of it a chain,
As if it were of diamond rock—

And it should bind us, heart to heart,
In links, not withering time could sever—
We might live on, but never—
O! never part again.

O! had I one of those small wires,
So richly twined in flowing tresses—
Bright, as from his furnace fires,
The orient sun comes forth and blesses—
O! had I but one ringlet—one
In all its new-wreath'd beauty beaming,
I would not always muse alone,
But bless'd with something more than seeming,
Give over dreaming.

O! had I one of those light rings,
So lightly dancing, softly shaded,
As plumage of an angel's wings,
Or heavenly hues, a shower hath braided—
O! had I but one golden chain,
From out thy full and flowing treasure,
I would not always live in vain,
But float along that tide of pleasure,
Deep beyond measure,
When twin hearts no more are twain.

O! had I one of those bright rays,
So like the light when morn is breaking—
Around thy brow they burn and blaze—
Methinks, the God of Love is waking.

How gay, how happy were his dreams—
 Thou alone wert all his musing;
 Not so much with glory teems
 Yon breathing vail, when golden gleams,
 From sunset skies, their light infusing,
 The heavenly rose
 In ether blows,
 And rainbows arch the fervid streams.

O! give me but one lock, one braid,
 From all thy wealth of flowing tresses—
 O! give me one, before they fade;
 'Tis only youth that wins and blesses—
 O! keep the treasure not too long,
 Now is the time for love if ever—
 Now that joy has plumed his wing,
 Now when budding blisses spring,
 Now listen to the lover's song,
 Or never.

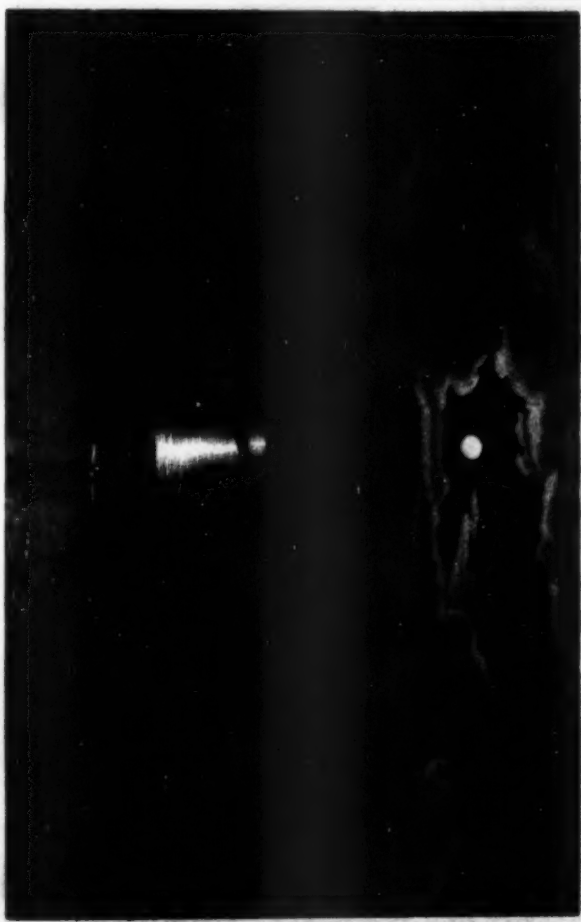
J. G. PERCIVAL.

MOONLIGHT.

AN ITALIAN SCENE.

O for the master's pencil, and the wings
 Of his ethereal fancy to uplift
 The aspiring soul! that to bright scenes like this,
 The mere creation of the pregnant brain,

F.448



Painted by W. A. A. A.

REYNOLDS, H. C. H. 1974

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

I might impart the touch, the tone, the truth,
The loveliness of nature. O for the muse,
Lofty, and pure, and elegant, of him
The darling poet of my native land,
To give unfading lustre to the scenes,
And make them aye 'look green in song!' But who
With that transcendent genius shall compete?
In polish'd numbers, who may rival this?

'Tis night; yet O, how beautiful the night!
So beautiful, I would not wish it day;
But rather night forever, if the nights
Were all like this. How calm, how still the air!
How soft the moonlight! How serene the heavens!
How clear the watery mirror spread beneath!
And then how lovely the repose of earth,
Looking tranquillity! I gaze, and am
What I behold: I feel a soothing power
Entering my soul, that mildly whispers peace,
And stills the tumult in my troubled breast.
Ah, well hast thou advised, admired bard,
To lead the sick at heart into the fields
To gaze abroad, and to inhale the heavens'
Sweet breath. 'Tis medicine to the soul worth all
The golden panaceas of the priests
'That throng Hygeia's temples! But, what scene,
What region fair is this? and what new heaven?
There is a charm in all that I behold--
A fascination in the earth and sky,
And in yon bright round orb, that peerless queen
That walks in beauty in her westering course,
Anon to bathe in light my native vales,

Ev'n as she now doth these. And yet, methinks,
A milder radiance here invests the land,
Like that which settles on the pensive soul,—
Moonlight of ages that have pass'd away!
Lo, that dark line of ruins! How decay
Looks beautiful where nature's verdant robe
Conceals with matchless grace, the rents which time
Unceasing makes! But while she charms the eye,
Oblivion silent steals along, and bears
Away each fond memorial of the past.
Ye wrecks of human grandeur! stand ye there
To please the eye of taste, or to adorn
A picture? Or, do ye remain to mock
Your haughty builders? For, behold, from out
The stately halls and inmost sanctuaries,
Trees shoot their rampant branches, and the vine
Mantles the crumbling walls. And other life,
A quickening spirit too is there: the birds
Ev'n now are nestling 'mong the sculptured flowers,
And the bee revels mid the balmy thyme
That clings around. But why is he, the lord
Of earth, an inmate there? Is't that he feels
Himself to be a wreck, that thus he builds
His lofty domes where desolation reigns?
See where they trace their shadowy forms along
The sky, and lift their proud tops from amid
Yon ruins! Thus the past and present meet;
The living and the dead commingle: tombs become
The abodes of life, and palaces of death!
At length time conquers; burying in the dust
Man and his sumptuous dwellings: when, in turn,
Nature proclaims her triumph over all.

But O, Italia! not yet over thee;
For Rome is not yet fall'n: though the rank grass
Chokes up the imperial courts, and the night wind
Howls through the Cæsars' palaces. And they—
What of the masters of the world themselves?
Commingled with the elements! Their tombs—
Where death in solemn state once sat enthroned,
Circled by prostrate emperors,—ev'n their tombs
Have vanish'd. Yet despair not we of Rome:
Shadows may compass, and the infected air
May fill her dwellings, and she may become
As Babylon, and as a shrivell'd scroll,—
Still shall she be "eternal," if the light
Of mind may never die! And this is Rome?
I know not; 'tis the land she sway'd; the soil
Her master-spirits trod—and tread even yet!
I tremble at the thought—Is't phantasy,—
Or do I see them now? Behold? they come—
The shades immortal of the mighty dead!
Look how they stalk majestic on their way,
Proud as of old, but deep absorb'd in thought,
And with a cloud of sorrow on their brows.
But why that cloud? Repent they aught done here,
When their hands grasp'd the destinies of earth?
Or do they mourn a glorious land enslaved?
Or, rather, grieve for their degenerate sons?
I'd question them, but that they onward move;—
No more: with reverence bow, and let them pass!

H. PICKERING.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

AN INDIAN FRAGMENT.

On thou, the golden fount of light,
Slow rising o'er our crystal sea,
Thou art the glance of One more bright,
More pure, more glorious far than thee.

He calls thee from thy eastern bed,
He bids thee on the waters shine,
And, when thy loveliest beams are shed,
We own in thee his smile divine.

When o'er the hills the huntsman roves,
And seeks his prey in forests drear,
He greets thee in the pathless groves,
And scorns the thought of toil or fear.

When wintry storms assail our shore,
And blasts sweep fierce and darkly down,
With thee our joy returns once more,
Whose smile subdues the tempest's frown.

To thee the buds of spring we owe,
The verdant mount, the flow'ring plain;
From thee the fruits of autumn flow,
And all its stores of yellow grain.

Shine on, O Sun! with golden light,
And spread thy mantle on the sea;
Thou art the glance of One more bright,
More pure, more glorious far than thee!

LINES

Written in the first page of a Young Girl's Album.

Go forth—thou little book!
Go forth—like the honey bee—
And gather thy stores from the freshest flowers—
May unblighted hearts and unbroken powers
Give some of their sweets to thee!

Go forth—thou little book!
Go forth—like the provident ant—
And gather thy stores in the summer days,
When fruits are ripening in sunny rays—
There may come a winter of want.

Go forth—thou little book!
Go forth—and gather thy store—
Oh! many a token which friendship leaves here,
May long to the heart of thy owner be dear,
When the friendship or friend is no more.

A. P. L.

EDUCATION.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

RABBI AKIBA was in the habit of visiting a burying ground, which was situated on a solitary spot far from the busy haunt of man, where he daily spent some hours in contemplation among the tombs of the dead.

Once as he entered this abode of the departed, he was met by a man who carried upon his back a quantity of wood, which would have been a load too heavy for two horses to draw. The man seemed to run as swiftly and unconcernedly as if he had no burthen on him. Rabbi Akiba desired him to stand still, and addressed himself thus to him. "My son, why dost thou labour so hard? If thou be a slave, I will ransom thee, and pay thy master the sum he requireth, and if it be thy poverty that causes thee to labour so hard, I will assist, and relieve thee from thy distress." The man then answered, "my lord, let me go, I dare not stand still." Rabbi Akiba rejoined, "art thou a man, or art thou an evil spirit?" The man answered, "I am neither, but I am a dead man, and am obliged daily to run into the forest and hew wood, bring it, pile it, and kindle it. I am then thrown into the fire, and no sooner has the fire consumed me, than I am

restored again to the shape you see me. This is my daily occupation and suffering." Then spake Rabbi Akiba, "I conjure thee to tell me what were the sins, that thou didst commit during thy life time?" The dead man then answered, and said, "I have been a gatherer of taxes—from the rich I took but little, in order to flatter them and ingratiate myself in their favour; but the poor I oppressed, taking nearly all they possessed. Moreover, on the day of expiation and atonement, whilst my brethren of the house of Israel were humbling themselves before the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with fasting and sackcloth, whilst they were confessing their sins before him, and addressing the Holy One, blessed be he, with supplications and prayers, I was engaged in an act, oh! it chills my very spirit even now, too barbarous to relate."

Whilst he was thus speaking, some murmuring was heard at a distance—the voices were hollow, and the shrieks were fierce. Rabbi Akiba exclaimed, "hark! hearest thou not yonder evil spirits passing judgment on thee? one of them inquiring whether there be any help for thee?" The dead man tremblingly said, "my dear Rabbi, detain me no longer, the evil spirits will be angry at me, because I tarry so long." Then Rabbi Akiba said, "poor perturbed spirit, I pity thee and will not detain thee much longer, but two things thou shalt inform me of before we part. The first is, canst thou tell me any thing out of the world of spirits, that my Cabbala does not teach me; the second is, what can I do for thee to redeem thee out of the Gehinnam?" The spirit rejoined, "your first request I cannot comply with; silence is en-

joined on me, as to all that occurs in the nether world: but for the second, I have often heard the evil spirits say concerning me—"if he had a son who would pray for him when ten are gathered together, who would praise and sanctify the holy name of the Most High, he might suffer less, and even get entrance to the Gan Eden," or the abode of the blessed, but unfortunately I have no son. I left my wife in a state of pregnancy, and I know not whether she brought forth a son or a daughter, and even should she have been blessed with a son, who would have taught him the law, to be able to pray for me, for I left her in indigent circumstances?"

Then spoke Rabbi Akiba, and asked him, "what is thy name?" The spirit answered, "my name was Haninah." "What is thy wife's name?" "Shushmirah," rejoined the spirit. "In what town didst thou reside?" "The name of the town," answered the spirit, "is Aldukah." The dead man had hardly finished uttering the last word when he disappeared.

Rabbi Akiba unconsciously left the burying ground, and with slow and pensive steps wandered back towards the city. He immediately gave orders to have his ass saddled, and after embracing his wife and children, and imparting his farewell blessing upon them, he departed on a long and uncertain journey to find Aldukah, the former residence of Haninah. Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts, crossed many seas, made inquiries from town to town, until he came near the vicinity of that where Haninah used to live. The sun was just disappearing from the horizon and wafting his golden rays to another hemisphere, when some maidens came

out of the town to draw water from the fountain. Rabbi Akiba addressed them thus, "young maidens, peace be unto you, can you inform me in what street in your town Haninah used to live?" they answered in the negative; they knew not. He entered the town and made inquiries from house to house. The inhabitants were all astonished that such a man as Rabbi Akiba should inquire after so wicked a family, each one adding, on pronouncing the name of either Haninah or his family, may their name and memory be blotted out from among Israel. None knew what became of them, for they were too obscure and too wretched to be known. Rabbi Akiba at last arrived at the house of an humble widow, who, after mentioning as usual her surprise that such a man as Rabbi Akiba should inquire after so humble and wicked a family, informed him that Haninah was long ago defunct, and that there was no doubt that he was a resident of the Gehinnam, or place of evil spirits. He then inquired what became of Haninah's widow. She answered, she knew not. He then inquired if Haninah had a child living. She answered in the affirmative, that he had a son, but even he had never been instructed in the rites of his religion. Indeed, the people of the town, would even have no communion with Rabbi Akiba, on account of the interest he seemed to take about that anathematized family. This, however, did not slacken Rabbi Akiba's exertions, he left no place unsearched, until he found the lad.

As soon as he got possession of him, the good man took the boy with him to the city of Hebron, and solely occupied himself, from morning until night, with his instruc-

tion, in order to enable him to say his prayers. In vain did he try every method; the lad had no capacity to receive it. This grieved Rabbi Akiba much, and he gave himself up to fastings and prayers for forty days on account of the lad, that the Lord God the most high the holy one, blessed be he, might open the lad's heart and enlarge his mind.

A voice then came from heaven and called out "Akiba! Akiba! why prayest thou." Rabbi Akiba answered, "O! Lord God! for the sake of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, have mercy upon Haninah's son, enlarge his capacity, that he may be able to receive my instruction." The voice then answered, "teach him." Rabbi Akiba then renewed his exertions, and in a short time, the lad was able to pray, to read a part of the law, and even to perform the eighteen blessings, before a congregation. Haninah was soon released from the Gehinnam, and entered into the Gan Eden, the abode of bliss.

A vision then appeared to Rabbi Akiba, in a dream, and called him "Akiba!" he answered "here am I." The vision then uttered these words, "the Holy One, blessed be he, shall give thee thy reward in this world and in the world to come, I am Haninah, and through thy exertions I have inherited everlasting bliss."

Then Rabbi Akiba exclaimed, "thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever, and thy memorial, O Lord, throughout all generations."

From this moral we are instructed that a pious son may raise his father from the Gehinnam to the abodes of bliss. Therefore let every one bring up his children to the study of the holy law, piety, and good deeds.

J. HORWITZ.

CHILDHOOD.

Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning.

Our childhood's joys. How oft this tale is told!
Yet where is he to whom this tale is old?
Why do we turn so gladly to the days,
When the heart bask'd beneath life's morning rays?
Why for those scenes of joy, those dreams of bliss,
That place my soul in any world but this,
Why back to early pleasures do I fly?
What grants to youth this grand monopoly?
O there's a joy in youth, ne'er felt again,
The joy of new-found being fills us then,
The novelty of life—the buoyant sense
Of young existence, exquisite, intense.
Let woe come then, beneath the heart's own ray
How soon it melts like moon-lit clouds away!
Then the brief past has no regrets to fling
Athwart our minds, and memory no sting.
Then time flies fast, while laughing childhood throws
Handfuls of roses at him, as he goes.
And all the future like a lake is spread,
A calm expanse beneath Hope's angel tread.
When young we gaze on life as on a show,
The bright we love, and let the gloomy go.

Worlds of our own creation rise around,
Where not one form of sorrow can be found.
But all the scene our playful fancy fills
With fairy gifts, and glittering pinnacles!
We never think, while yet but "fools to fame,"
What mighty passions shall our hearts inflame;
Nor dream the current, that within our veins
Rolls to the music of mirth's careless strains,
Will ever rush in maddening course along,
Roused by ambition and the deeds of song.
Home is our realm, our throne a mother's knee,
Our crown, her smile bent o'er us lovingly.
And then alone, ere that unholy throng
Of giant passions which time leads along
Rush in and trample on life's springing flowers—
Then, only then, sweet innocence is ours.
All, all is peace within—we do not start
To read the pages of a child's pure heart,
No lines are there which we would wish were not,
The virgin leaves are yet without a blot.
O well did He, to whom all power was given,
To bring our wandering spirits back to heaven,
Call little children to him and declare,
"Resemble these or never enter there."
And well may we, through all our coming years,
To childhood's unstain'd joys look back with tears,
Sigh to forget the cares of busy men,
And long to live them o'er—those happy times again!

W. H. FURNESS.

THE BROTHER.

THE good ship struck the isle of ice where northern seas
were high,
And midnight with her ebon veil, enwrap the starless
sky,
It struck!—what moment was there then for sorrow's
powerless strife?
When but one bold and sudden rush remain'd 'tween
death and life.

The boat!—the boat!—it dared the wave—in sprang the
awaken'd train,
But they, who sleep below, alas! the thought for them
is vain,
A lone and tossing speck it toil'd amid the wrathful
tide,
And woe was in their gallant hearts who left that ves-
sel's side.

The moon look'd forth from sever'd clouds, oh God,
what sight was there!
Who stood upon that fated deck in mute and calm des-
pair?
Was it some creature of the deep, or spirit from the
sky,
That bare such beauty in her form, such meekness in
her eye?

Her hand she waved in fond adieu, as if some friend she
blest,
Then closer drew her snowy robe around her youthful
breast,
And upward to the darken'd heavens imploring glances
cast,
While her rich curls profusely fell, and floated on the
blast.

But quickly from the labouring oar a manly form did
start,
While wild and agonizing groans burst from his heav-
ing heart,
His bloodless lip with ardour burn'd, strange lustre
fired his eye,
“How can I bear a brother's name, and leave thee thus
to die!”

He plunged—the crested wave he ruled—he climb'd the
cleaving deck,
And clasp'd her, as the thundering surge swept o'er the
whelming wreck,
“Sweet sister, 'tis my voice, he cried—my cheek is
prest to thine,
From one dear breast life's tide we drew, thy last cold
bed be mine.”

The moon, like nature's priestess pure, look'd lone and
silent down,
Baptizing them with holy light, as with a martyr's
crown,

'Then shrank behind her fleecy veil—loud shriek'd th'
impetuous main,

The deep sea closed—and where were they?—Go ask
the angel train!

Long with the billows strove the boat, and from its
bosom dark

Rose sounds of wild and bitter grief, to wail that noble
bark,

And when that wasted band were cast upon a foreign
shore,

Enshrined within their faithful souls, those buried friends
they bore.

Proud, dauntless hearts that night did rest beneath the
billows high,

And temples white with honour'd years, and woman's
love-lit eye,

While twining round its mother's breast in silence calm
and deep,

Sweet slumbering innocence went down, amid the pearls
to sleep.

Yes, some to ocean's grasp did yield, without a strug-
gling breath,

So tranquilly their mortal dream had melted into
death,

That still the soul bewilder'd sought the vanish'd scenes
of time,

Even when eternity's dread shore spread out in pomp
sublime.

H. SIGOURNEY.

OLDEN DAYS.

--Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in search of thee.

Manfred.

SUMMER days of the olden year!
Ye cannot hear my call,
For your brightness fled when the woods grew sear.
And the dead leaves began to fall.

Stars of the night! answer ye me!
Where are the bright hours fled?
And a sound like some far off minstrelsy,
Slow chanted the dirge of the dead.

Winds answer me! and a moan
Came on the cold damp air,
"We have sought them in glens and mountains lone,
But the summer days dwell not there!"

Voice of the deep! answer thou me!
The wave swept darkly on;
But the boom of the ever rolling sea,
Seem'd a knell for their brightness gone.

Ye gray old rocks!—ye cloud-wreath'd hills!
 Speak from your solitudes!
 But the cheerful voice of their summer rills,
 Came not out from their leafless woods.

Ye wither'd flow'rs, ye have answer'd me,
 For ye are of things that die!
 Stars, winds, and the moan of the troubled sea.
 Are of a darker destiny!

Ye come in spring, when the streams are loud,
 And the smile of the parting day
 Is playing far up o'er the thunder cloud,
 As it rolls on its dark'ning way.

But when the long summer days are fled,
 And the harvest is gather'd in;
 Ye gentle flow'rs ye are cold and dead,
 As though ye had never been!

Rest with the dead, ye days of old!
 There shall be many tears,
 And sadness of heart when long hours have roll'd,
 O'er the grave of departed years.

FREDERIC MELLEN.

THE SEA SYLPH'S SONG.

AWAKEN music's numbers, we are spirits of the wave,
And our nature never slumbers but within a coral
cave,
We have tresses darkly waving, that around our tem-
ples twine,
And those locks are ever laving in the crystal foam of
brine.

We have garlands greenly growing far beneath the bab-
bling sea,
We have fountains freshly flowing there, and heather
haunts have we,
We have bowers brightly blossoming as bland as rosy
May,
And we've diamond lamps illuming our homes beneath
the spray.

The harps o'er which our fingers oft in girlish gladness
glide,
Whose magic music lingers soft along the leaping
tide,
Are strewn upon the shining sands that circle coral
cells,
And sea sylphs are the only hands that can awake those
shells:

The sunbeams on the waters may shed bright and burning rays,
But Neptune's fairy daughters ever laugh at Phœbus' blaze,
And whilst they're gaily stringing purest pearls adown the main,
Their lips and shells are singing forth a soul-entrancing strain.

Our bark is every billow, and our sail is every breeze,
And every pearl our pillow is, beneath the babbling seas,
Where carmine cheeks are blushing, and where lips have purple dyes,
And beauty's light is gushing forth from rainbow painted eyes.

There laughing love reposes on a couch of halcyon plumes,
A wreath of budding roses round his brow emits perfumes,
But ah, his barren quiver rests all harmless by his side,
For he has prest unto his breast a sea sylph as his bride.

Then 'waken music's numbers, we are spirits of the wave,
And our nature never slumbers but within a coral cave,
Our bark is every billow, and our sail is every breeze,
And every pearl our pillow is, beneath the babbling seas.

THE YOUNG WEST INDIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.

I AM one of those wayward characters, whom the philosophic call romantic, and the money-loving, a strange, unaccountable being. Left with a small patrimony, which a thrifty man would have increased into affluence, I chose to indulge my ruling inclination, which was to see men and manners in every variety of light and shadow; and after thirty years' experience I do not blush at my choice. Nothing tends so much to ameliorate personal character, as this kind of passing collision with the motley crowd. Our local prejudices are overcome by finding the same great machinery of heart and mind every where in motion; and the pride of human nature bows down, at so frequently seeing the tremendous velocity of excited passion, destroying the equilibrium of the mightiest intellect. The thousand trifling instances of self-denial, which a traveller is called upon to practise, act on his temper like rolling friction, destroying its inequalities, and polishing its surface; and the morbid sensibility which loathes human folly, even in its most harmless forms, gradually loses its annoying power: for it needs but brief experience, to prove that a nerve

thrust out at every pore, is an uncomfortable armour for this world's conflicts.

Many of my acquaintance pity my philosophic enjoyment, and hint that concentrated affections are more productive of intense happiness, than such widely diffused interest possibly can be. Alas, I doubt it not; but their kindness touches a broken and voiceless string. They know not that its melody has departed; for manhood often endures with cheerfulness what it neither conquers nor avows; and if the sun of youthful love, making heaven so bright and earth so verdant, is obscured by a morning cloud, it is surely both wise and virtuous to leave the heart open to the gladdening influence of others' happiness. At least, during all my rambles, I have found a good natured willingness to please and be pleased, the genuine antidote to all corroding thoughts. The incidents I have met with, have been various, and in many cases extraordinary. One, so remarkably indicates the finger of an over-ruling providence, that I cannot forbear giving it in all its details.

It was in the summer of 1808, that I sailed from Cuba, in a merchant-vessel, bound to Boston. I awoke on board early on a bright and sunny morning. The sea sparkled as if dolphins were sporting on its surface; the sails of the *Amphitrite* filled; and her prow rose above the waves, as if she were a gallant bird eager for her homeward flight; and the fair Spanish island, wreathed with lemon and citron, reposed in the distance, like a beautiful Naiad on her ocean pillow. We had dropped down from the wharf during the night-time, and were waiting the arrival of passengers from the shore. The sun had

not risen far above the horizon, when, in answer to a loud and somewhat impatient signal from the captain, a boat pushed off from the island. The oars, struck by a sinewy arm, left a billowy wake behind them, fretting and foaming for awhile, but subsiding into peacefulness as rapidly as the excitements of our early days. The loud strokes sounded nearer and nearer; presently we heard the drops trickle from the oars as they slowly rose from the water, and soon this was interrupted by a harsh, grating sound, as the boat rubbed against our larboard side. A gentleman with sharp nose and lips closely compressed, ordered a rope-ladder to be lowered for his wife and child. By the united assistance of her husband's arm from below, and mine reaching over the quarter deck, a pale, but very interesting looking woman, ascended the vessel, and was immediately followed by a little girl, apparently four or five years old, whose olive cheek and burning eye betrayed a Spanish origin. The gentleman himself, a few moments after, leaped on deck, and by his rapid and minute inquiries, I soon discovered that he was Mr. Reynolds, a New England merchant, and chief owner of the *Amphitrite*. For one roaming about the world to catch the few bright rays wandering up and down its hazy atmosphere, nothing could be more fortunate than the arrival of the lady and her pretty companion. My heart always warmed toward childhood, with feelings as bright and pure as that holy world from whence the stream of tenderness is poured into the human soul; but I had never met with a child so attractive as Angelina. Soul shone through her whole face, and played hide and seek like sunshine on a rapid

stream. It seemed as if a mischievous elfin now wielded his sceptre from her eye's diamond throne—now hid himself in the labyrinth of a dimple—and anon, danced in the corner of her laughing lip. The deep brown hue of her cheek, gave a richness and glow to this light of expression, like the setting sun mantling autumnal foliage. Her long black hair, slightly curling, clung round her, like a fairy veil of clouds, and gave to her slender figure that waving outline so essential to beauty. Her voice was, as I had imagined the murmur of oriental fountains, forever joyful and melodious in its gurgling sound; and her vivacity was as untiring as the tiny star-crested bird, feeding on the acacia's honey-drop and drinking dew from the rose-leaf. If a fish sprang from the water, she would clasp her hands, and bound along the deck, as if her little heart was too full of joy; and when night slowly gathered up the folds of her spangled drapery, and walked through the heavens in her majesty, she would fix her eyes on the distant star with such a look of earnestness and inspiration, that I almost imagined the mysterious fancies of the poet were then streaming in upon her infant mind. I frequently noticed a deep and tender melancholy in Mrs. Reynolds' eye, as she watched the motions of this fascinating little being. The look was like plaintive music—an expression of that quiet, resigned suffering, which the destiny of woman too often stamps upon her countenance; and it never failed to bring the sensitive Angelina to her side, even in her moments of most boisterous glee. A few days after we put out to sea, a bird flew from the direction where I had told her we left her native island, and alighted on the main-mast.

Angelina clapped her hands, tossed back her head, and laughed with such a clear, ringing sound of joy, that even the cabin boy smiled with delight. She continued watching the little warbler, until he spread his wings to rise in the pure bright atmosphere, and then, with childish eagerness she shouted, "Little bird! little bird! have you seen brother Orlando?" She sighed when the bird disappeared among the clouds, and turning, encountered one of those exceedingly pathetic glances with which her friend so often regarded her. With sudden impulse she threw her arm around Mrs. Reynolds' waist, and gazed in her face with that touching, indescribable expression of cherub love, by which childhood endeavours to sympathize with sorrows it cannot comprehend. "Kiss me, mama," said the little innocent; and perceiving a tear in her friend's eye, she added, still more soothingly, "will you kiss your dear Angelina once, mama?" Though unable to conjecture the cause of the lady's emotion, I saw plainly that her heart was struggling with something it would fain conceal; and as she rose, apparently with the intention of retiring to her cabin, I respectfully opened the door, and gently detaining Angelina by the hand, I persuaded her to remain on deck with me. Mr. Reynolds, in the mean time, walked to and fro, with the most profound indifference to all that was passing; but as his wife descended the stairs, he followed her with a more stern and lowering look than I had ever seen in his dead-language face. A variety of circumstances, which had occurred since this interesting family came on board, had strongly excited my curiosity, and none more than Mr. Reynolds' cold and severe

manner, towards the lovely beings who were dependent upon him for kindness and protection. "Could it be possible," I asked myself, "that the father of the beautiful Angelina, was the only one in the ship whose heart did not warm toward her? No; she must be Mrs. Reynolds' daughter, by a former, and more beloved husband." However, politeness forbade my hinting, directly or indirectly, any of the thousand conjectures which puzzled my brain and distressed my heart. I saw no more of Mrs. Reynolds that day. Towards evening, when Angelina was sent for from below, she very reluctantly bade me good night, and said, "I will tell mama how good you have been to me, and how many pretty stories you have told me." "Take her to the cabin," said Mr. Reynolds, speaking sharply to the domestic. "I think every body does their best to spoil that child." With as much politeness as I could assume, I observed that such exceeding beauty, united to the artlessness of infancy, was surely enough to excite a strong interest in any heart. "If one might judge of your years by your countenance," replied he, "it is over late for you to learn that beauty is a curse, both to her who owns it, and to him on whom she confers it." He said this with much bitterness of manner, and turned from me with a look that forbade all further attempts at conversation.

A few days before our arrival in Boston, Angelina came running toward me, as I stood leaning against the binnacle, and thinking of the mysterious conduct of him, whom I then supposed to be her father. "See," said she, "I asked mama if I might give you this, and she says I may, because you are so very kind to me." She

held up a valuable ring as she spoke. "It has my little picture in it," added she—and she pressed a spring, by which two golden hands unclasped, and discovered an excellent miniature. I kissed my little favourite, and going up to Mrs. Reynolds, I placed the ring in her hand, and smilingly, said, "your little daughter has evinced the warmth of her heart, by a present of most extravagant generosity; but the remembrance of the little creature who gave it, will be a thousand times dearer to me than the valuable trinket of which her childish thoughtlessness was going to deprive you." "It was my wish that Angelina should offer you this," replied Mrs. Reynolds. "I had two done by different artists of almost equal merit, during my stay in Cuba—she is not my child, and you have shown a most uncommon affection for her; beside she may"—here she looked round timidly, as if dreading the approach of her husband, whom I had left sleeping in the cabin—"beside," continued she, in a lower tone, "she may need assistance from some kind friend, if my life terminates as speedily as I sometimes think it will." With all the deference, which her singular situation demanded, I offered any services in my power. "Why I recommend her to the protection of a stranger, instead of—of my husband," replied the lady, "is an avowal, which I cannot make with either delicacy or dignity, perhaps, but there is something in your countenance and manner, which encourages me to confide in you." I bowed my thanks, and the lady continued. "Angelina is motherless, and her father was one of my earliest friends. I married Mr. Reynolds in England, and, on account of the languid state of my

health and spirits, he two years after, carried me to Cuba, and made arrangements for my stay there, during a long absence in the East Indies, which business rendered necessary. I was under the protection of a widowed aunt of my husband, and lived in a very secluded manner. Angelina's nurse came to visit one of my aunt's servants, and brought the child with her. She was then only two years old, but her countenance had nearly as much character as it now has, and instantly brought to my mind a Spanish youth who was educated in England, and in whom my father took much interest. I eagerly inquired her name, and when she lisped out Angelina Gindrat, I for the first time knew that the companion and playmate of my early days, was a wealthy planter in the Island of Cuba. I had heard of his marriage long before my own took place." She paused, and blushed deeply at the inferences which might be drawn from her embarrassment, then added, "but I now for the first time learned that he was united to a warm-hearted West Indian girl, who brought him a fortune almost princely in its revenues. I soon after became acquainted with Angelina's charming mother. For one year, we were as sisters; but at the end of that time, one of these violent fevers so common in the Indies, attacked my friend, and deprived me of her in the short period of four days. I saw Mr. Gindrat but seldom after her death; but he confided his daughter to our care, and when my husband sent me word that it was his intention to settle in America, and that I must hold myself in readiness to sail in the *Amphitrite*, he earnestly entreated that I would take his little girl to Boston, and educate her as if she were

my own. When this was suggested to Mr. Reynolds, he made no objection; but on the contrary, seemed pleased with the child, and with the idea that the ample remittances made for her support and education, would enable us to live in rather more style than his income warranted—but I know not how it is," said she, turning her face from me as she spoke, "Mr. Reynolds does not like it, that I have lost my girlish buoyancy of spirit—he attributes it to—may heaven forgive him for the unjust suspicion which hardens his heart against the little Angelina—I cannot talk on this subject," continued she, dashing away the tears that crowded to her eyes. "I am going entirely among strangers, and I may die there. Take this ring. Should you hear of my death, see that Mr. Gindrat is timely informed of it; and on no account lose sight of the little being for whom you have shown such uncommon affection." I readily promised to comply with this request. No more conversation passed at the time; but the frankness with which she had trusted to me, warranted me in making every possible inquiry concerning her young charge.

In the course of several succeeding conversations, I learned that Mr. Gindrat was in a declining state of health, and that all his immense property would descend to Angelina and her brother Orlando. This brother was a year or two older than his sister, and exceedingly attached to her. He was absent in a distant part of the island when the Amphitrite was ready to sail, and our detention had been occasioned by her father's anxious desire that his children should embrace each other, before a separation which he deemed neces-

sary for his daughter's improvement and future welfare. Nothing important to my story occurred during the voyage. Mr. Reynolds maintained the same cold and rigid manner; Mrs. Reynolds, always modest and dignified in her reserve, seemed involuntarily to look to me for that kindness which her desolate feelings so much required; and Angelina every hour twined herself more closely around my affections.

At length Boston appeared in view, arousing in my mind all the thousand endearing associations of home and country. The joy of a returning traveller, was, however, tinged with sadness I could not control, for I was soon to part with the fascinating Angelina, and Mrs. Reynolds' words had given me a sort of fearful foreboding of her destiny. I made preparations to depart from the vessel with lingering reluctance. My farewell to the harsh-tempered merchant was briefly said, and civilly answered. Mrs. Reynolds' manner betrayed feelings strongly repressed, and she looked timidly at her husband as she said, "you must let us see you in Franklin street." Angelina was folding up her waxen doll in many coverings, that it might be safely carried on shore. The moment she heard "good bye," she threw down her playthings and clasped her arms around my neck as she said, "are you going away, and won't you come back to see Angelina, ever again." "I hope so, my love," replied I, fervently kissing her high ingenuous forehead, "but I must go now." She did not burst into tears, as I had expected, but seating herself, and leaning her head on her little hand, she heaved a deep, but long-drawn sigh. The harp of sorrow utters no note so deeply

distressing, so thrillingly pathetic as the sigh of childhood. Tears and cries are the natural expressions of their vehement feelings, and they speak grief as transient as snow flakes in a sunny sky; but sighs are the language of a heart grown old—they are taught by blighted hope and chilled affection. What has happy childhood to do with sighs?

This mute sorrow made Angelina dearer than ever to my heart. I thought then, and I think now, that a merciful Providence filled my soul with such exceeding love for the little stranger, that I might minister to his own wise purposes.

During a stay of three months in Boston, I occasionally visited at Mr. Reynolds' house, and frequently witnessed scenes similar to those with which I have already made the reader acquainted. My visits were shorter and less frequent than they would have been in a happier family; for the sorrows of a young and evidently much-abused wife, were dangerous to sympathize with, and impossible to alleviate.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, business demanded my presence at the lead mines in Missouri. I called to bid farewell to my friends in Franklin street, promising to see them the moment I returned. Mr. Reynolds was more kind to my favourite than I had ever before seen him; and Mrs. Reynolds seemed happy in the hope that her artless witchery would eventually overcome the sternness of his nature. Angelina, accustomed to my absence for weeks, regarded my departure as a common occurrence, and abated nothing of her charming vivacity. Never shall I forget how she look-

ed as she stood watching at the window to see my carriage turn from the door. The sunlight was reflected from a crimson curtain on her sweet face, so full of affection that its image was a talisman of comfort for many a long year after.

It required no effort to keep the promise I had made. I had scarcely been in Boston one hour after my return, when I found myself opposite Mr. Reynolds' house, watching the windows with throbbing eagerness. The smiling figure I expected to see, was not there. I rang the bell impatiently, asked the servant in a hurried tone, "is Mrs. Reynolds at home," and pressed forward with an impetuosity which my sense of decorum could not restrain. "Sir," replied the servant, "she has been dead this fortnight." "Dead!" I exclaimed. "Yes sir, she is dead." "And where is Angelina? How is the little West Indian girl?" "She died two days after. They were both attacked with a malignant fever, and died in the country." The blow fell upon me with such stunning, stupifying force, thought and feeling seemed suspended. Reeling and dizzy with misery I could not realize, I inquired for Mr. Reynolds. "He is at the compting-room," replied the domestic; "but walk into the parlour, sir, you are very pale." He opened the door, and hardly knowing what I did, I entered. There hung the crimson curtain, just as it had hung when I saw the little face I loved so well, peeping from behind its folds. Then indeed, memory came upon my heart in a rush of agony. The numbness was taken from my soul, and I felt the full extent of my affliction. I will not de-

scribe the remainder of that day. Those who have ever loved strongly, and lost the object of their affections, will imagine, more vividly than words can portray, that terrible void in the human soul, when the earth is a wilderness, and the heavens shrouded in blackness. It was not until several days after, that I could see Mr. Reynolds, talk of their death, and visit their graves. I lingered long on the spot where they told me the suffering wife and the joyful little innocent slept side by side. "It is ever thus," thought I, "the brightest and fairest buds are soonest removed to the paradise of God. Happy, happy are those who never know the autumn-leaf of feeling, the chill, drear atmosphere of a desolated heart."

* * * * *

When I lost the object of my early attachment, a few days before the solemn marriage-vow was to connect us forever, for weal or woe, I had found change of scene one of the best restoratives for my wounded and restless spirit; and now that my clinging affections were a second time driven from their strong hold, I resorted to the same means of cure. I visited France and England, and made myself familiar with most of the scenes consecrated by history or tradition. I remained abroad nearly nine years, during which time I saw announced in the public papers the death of Mr. Girard, the father of my lamented little friend; and heard several particulars of Mrs. Reynolds' history. The Spa-

nish youth, as she called him, was, as I suspected, her first lover; and he had gained her heart at that enthusiastic period, when it clings to a dear object with a strength which bids defiance to the subtle power of interest, or the tempting signal of ambition. When his education was finished, he married a West Indian heiress. His English playmate heard of his union, and from that time cared little whether her path of life were in sunshine or shadow. She never, even in her inmost thought, reproached Mr. Gindrat. The world excused him from blame because he had made no open declaration, and had of course, broken no vows; but it is a cold, spiritless morality which dictates a creed like this. He who makes his eyes telegraphs of a love he does not utter, and by a thousand unnecessary attentions, wreathes himself more closely around a heart that cherishes his looks and records his minutest actions, is answerable for the blight and mildew of that heart. Some said this was the view Mr. Gindrat himself took of the subject; and that the tacit compact he had broken, cast a shade of melancholy over his future life. Angelina Lee, for such was Mrs. Reynolds' name, gave no indications of misery, which a common observer would have noticed; but she lost her interest in what was around her, and seemed to act the cheerfulness she no longer felt. Her father was anxious to see her married, for a reason more powerful than the world suspected; the irretrievable embarrassment of his fortune. Mr. Reynolds, a stern, vindictive, unprincipled, but gallant man, had long been struck with her beauty, and had an eye upon her expected fortune. He offered his hand—her father urged his

claims—and partly from a listlessness of spirit which shrunk from contention with her father's will—and partly from that love of homage which exists more or less in every heart, she consented to become his wife. Had his love for her been genuine, all would have been well; for kindness will cure most mental diseases; but he was vexed at her father's loss of property, and put no check upon his harsh, tyrannical nature. The idea that disappointed affection, occasioned his wife's ill health, and the unjust suspicion that she knew of her former lover's residence in Cuba, before she expressed a wish to go there, increased this evil to the utmost; and a more cruel and dreadful suspicion with regard to the nature of her affection for Angelina, infuriated his hatred toward the child, although his grasping avarice would not allow him to relinquish the care of one so opulent. I have already told how happily they both escaped from his tyranny; and as nothing connected with the young West Indian transpired, until after my return to America, I must beg the reader to pass over this long period, and allow his imagination to accompany me on one of the first excursions I made in my native land, in the autumn of the year 1817. Several of my friends having heard that there was plenty of game at Weston and Sudbury, proposed to collect a shooting party to ascertain the truth of the report. A mere love of rambling induced me to join them; for Cowper had so early inspired me with a reluctance to take away life, that all the boasted excellence of Joe Mantons and percussion caps could never tempt me to be a sportsman. I had heard that something in commemoration of one of King Philip's

numerous battles, was to be found in this neighbourhood, and the love of seeking out all that our infant country dignifies with the name of antiquities, soon led me to desert a scene where I could neither gratify taste, nor display skill. My companions humoured my wayward propensities by pointing out the direction of the place, and promising to be altogether independent of me in their homeward arrangements, should my long stay render it necessary. The route they indicated led over fence and wall, brake and brier. I wandered on until I grew weary of hobbling over potato fields, like a boy stumbling through the first pages of Virgil, and climbing slope after slope, like a man condemned to the tread-mill. Seeing a lad in the high road, dragging lazily along, after a couple of sleepy oxen, I hastened to overtake him, and inquire where Wadsworth's monument was to be found. "Whir-ho," shouted the yeoman, in sharp and angular tones—at the same time laying his whip parallel with the eyes of his oxen. "What might you say, sir?" "I asked you to tell me where the monument is." "I don't remember hearing of any monerment in these parts," replied the lad, tipping his hat on one side in a very knowing way, and passing his brawny fingers through his stiff red hair, till his skull bore no small resemblance to an enchanted haystack, "but I've read in the prints, that they're going to put up a monerment at Washington, that'll cost uncle Sam a power o' dollars." "What I was speaking of," answered I, "is a memorial of Wadsworth and Brukelebank, massaered in King Philip's wars." "According to my idees," re-

plied my informer, "a memorial is another guess sort o' thing from a monerment. Dad sent a memorial to unele Sam, about losing one of his toes in the old war; but it 'ill be long enough afore dad has a monerment, I guess." "Can you, or can you not tell me where the place is?" repeated I, half vexed and half amused with the ignoramus. "That depends a-bit upon what place you mean. I guess as how, you're from Boston. Some how or other, they hear of all sorts of things down there." Seeing I was not likely to gain any information, and shrewdly suspecting the fellow had that mischievous love of hoaxing his city brethren, so common in the interior, I passed briskly on, but was soon stopped by a shrill "halloo, mister! if so be there is such a place round here, our schoolmaster can tell you all about it. He's a curious man for larning. If you was to ax him, 'can't you tell me where sich a place is?' and he was to say, 'no,' he'd mean yes." "How so?" asked I, "that's no proof of his wisdom." "But it is though; for you see there's a negative in your question, and if there was a negative in his answer, it would be double you see—and the grammar'd stand him out in saying, that 'arc was an affirmative." Smiling at this parade of scholastic lore, I inquired where the redoubtable pedagogue resided. "Why he boards round, sir, because the town can't afford to pay his board; but he's a curious larnt man—he could tell you the latitude of your tongue, and the longitude of your head, if you axed him." "Your tongue has pretty great latitude, I think, sir," replied I. "Not up to the longitude o' my head I count," said the

buffoon, tipping a wink with that odd mixture of impudence, vulgarity and archness, peculiar to those who style themselves "crank country lads."

What more his wit or his wisdom might have chosen to amuse me with, I know not—for he stopped his conversation, and pointing to a dilapidated farm-house, exclaimed, "there's uncle Joe's house. I guess the master lives there. If he an't at home, may-be uncle Joe can tell you about the monerment." Then whistling to his oxen to quicken their pace, he, without further ceremony, left me to my adventures. I found all attempts to make myself heard at the front door of the mansion entirely useless; and I continued walking round and round the domains, until half a dozen brick-red milk-pans, a strainer spread over a wooden pail, and a checked apron drying on a plough-handle, gave indications of an inhabited country. In answer to my knock, I heard a sharp, shrill voice call out, "go to the door, Joe." But a laconic "walk!" uttered in tones as deep and gruff as the bass notes of a frog's organ, was the only notice taken of the sharp command. Doubtful as the word was in its import, and ungracious in its utterance, I thought best to understand it in its most hospitable sense. Accordingly raising the wooden latch by a leathern string, somewhat slippery from many a greasy touch, I ventured to explore the interior of the building.

It certainly had not the recommendation, which plain exteriors frequently have. A pumpkin shell full of cobbles, surmounted by a pair of broken bellows; one andiron beheaded, and the other sinking down beneath the weight of years,—towels which an antiquary might have sworn

were stripped from Egyptian mummies, and a floor that could never again be frightened into paleness by mop, or broom—all proclaimed that neatness and comfort were strangers there.

When I made known my errand, the old man laid his pipe in the ash-hole, and thrusting his hands into his ragged pockets, to which his idle fingers owed a heavy rent, he said—"The schoolmaster an't to home; but I guess I can go with you—if you'll wait till I've split some wood, and hung on the tea-kettle for my old woman." The matron, who had wiped her spectacles on a tattered silk handkerchief, and stared at me to her heart's content, here answered in her sharpest tones, "no you won't, I can tell you, Joe. You an't a fit man to be out o' the sight o' your own chimly, as long as grog's made o' potatoes. When that lazy witch of a Peg comes home from the meadow, she can show the stranger gentleman the way; for she and Master Dudley know all the out-o'-the-way places hereabouts. Wherever she's lagging, I'll be bound he's with her. Well I hope good'll come on't. That's all I've got to say." While she was speaking, I noticed from the window, a young man, bearing a well-filled bag on his shoulder, coming toward the house in earnest conversation with a bare-footed, ill dressed girl. "There's our Peg," exclaimed the old virago, taking off her spectacles in a desperate hurry:—"It's jest as I knowed 'twould be." A moment after, the object of her irritation entered, and chained my attention as if by a magic spell.

Her ragged straw bonnet had fallen back from her

forehead, and through one of its loop-holes a sun-beam darted on the most brilliant eyes I had ever beheld, and gave additional richness to dark cheeks, highly flushed by air and exercise. Her movements had nothing of rustic angularity; on the contrary, there was a gliding gracefulness of manner which her coarse and narrow dress could not entirely fetter.

"In truth," thought I, "this forlorn place seems much unlike a paradise of poverty; but if it were, thou my pretty damsel, might surely be its angel." She blushed, and smiled as she met my glance of delighted surprise;—and at that moment she looked so like Angeliña standing beneath the crimson curtain, that I would fain have clasped her to my heart.

The delightful dream was interrupted by a sharp reprimand from the old woman, for having been so tardy in filling the bag with cranberries. She concluded by saying—"I guess we shall make a profitable spot o' work o' taking Master Dudley to board." I involuntarily glanced toward the young man to whom she alluded. His countenance pleased me exceedingly, though his features were far from handsome. A slight degree of sadness tinged an expression remarkably ingenuous and intellectual, and made his face the sun-dial of the soul, where genius might mark all its changes in alternate sunshine and shadow.

With a voice and manner which indicated the respect he had inspired, I asked him to accompany me to the spot consecrated by king Philip's battle. He readily complied with my request, assuring me that it was just beyond the neighbouring meadow. The old man had

meekly resumed his pipe, and languidly nodded his head in answer to my parting salutation. The old woman was busily emptying her cranberries, and did not notice, that as we left the house, the eyes of the young people met, and spoke volumes at a glance. Surely the eye is the vocabulary of disembodied spirits; for human sounds have never yet been able to define its rapid comprehensive language. Responding to his thoughts as if they had been uttered, I observed, "that young girl possesses singular beauty." "Yes," answered Mr. Dudley, "and talents still more extraordinary. She is but fourteen years old, and has never had advantages superior to those afforded by my school; yet you would be astonished at her instinctive sense of all that is sublime or beautiful." There was a dignified enthusiasm in the speaker's manner, which confirmed the favourable impression I had received from his countenance. "This is no place for such minds," answered I; "pardon me if I ask why you bury your talents here. Why not come forward and join in the honourable competition of intelligent men?" "Poverty, a chain which has kept down many spirits more ambitious than my own, first brought me here," rejoined he; "and pity for the poor girl you have just seen, induces me to remain." "In what way can your residence here, benefit her," said I. "I should think it might possibly prove injurious to you both." "I understand you," replied he, colouring deeply. "The interest I have taken in her, is honourable and disinterested, and precisely such as would have been awakened in any mind, acquainted with her desolate situation and extraordinary gifts. With tears in her

eyes, she last winter entreated me to teach her occasionally during the long evenings, that she herself might soon be qualified to instruct. I promised I would. I found in her an uncommon facility in acquiring knowledge; and cost me what it will, I will not leave her till she is able by her own exertions to throw off the yoke of unfeeling tyranny, which now bows her to the earth.” “Are not her grand-parents kind to her, then,” inquired I. “They are no relations of her’s,” rejoined Dudley. “Their name is Hager, her own is Margaret Williams. She was brought here, when about four years old, by a gentleman who called himself Vinton. He paid her board until she was eight years old; but since that time they have heard nothing from him, and all inquiries for such a man have proved fruitless. Her work has been worth something to them, so they have not turned her adrift upon the world; but the scanty pittance she receives, is given grudgingly enough.” “The state of things within doors,” said I, “does not indicate so much energy as you represent Margaret to possess.” “She is the slave, and not the superintendant there,” answered he. “Besides, what is human nature without motives to impel it to exertion? No thanks reward her toil—no smile of approbation shows that her carefulness is noted—but I forget, you are a stranger—and here we are by the side of what is called the monument.”

A rude pile of earth and bricks, against which leaned a stone bearing the date of the battle, and the names of Bruklebank, Wadsworth, &c. was all that marked the spot. In my eyes it was more venerable than many a lofty pile I had seen in foreign abbeys. They spoke the

idle pageantry of regal folly, or commemorated the mad projects of unprincipled ambition; but this was one of the humble memorials of our forefathers—men of obscure rank, yet born to a lofty destiny—outposts from the vanguard of our youthful nation, yet volunteers who threw themselves across the pit-falls in her dangerous path, and bade the car of liberty crush them in its onward course.

At another time, I should have given myself up longer to these heart-stirring recollections; but I was really touched by the details I had just heard, and I plainly saw the feelings of my young companion were wounded by my seeming coldness. After walking a few steps from the monument, in silence, I said, "you must excuse a blunt old bachelor, Mr. Dudley, if he does ask such an abrupt question, as, what do you mean to do with yourself hereafter?" "The only definite purpose I have," replied the young man, "is to obtain a liberal education, if possible. My course will be guided by the leadings of Providence." "Why do you not go to West Point?" said I. "Because I have neither friends, nor influence," rejoined he. "It has been my favourite project, I acknowledge; but alone, and unassisted as I am in the world, it would be presumption in me to hope for it." "I like your looks and your sentiments, young man," replied I, "and it shall not be my fault if your ambitious wishes are not fulfilled. As for that charming Margaret, who has awakened your pity so much, if you are not afraid to trust her to an old fellow like me, I will support her at the best school in Boston for three succeeding years." Mr. Dudley looked at me a

moment, as if he wished to penetrate my very soul, and said, "if you mean as you say, sir, may heaven bless you for the thought." "I do mean as I say," rejoined I. "I am alone in life, with an easy fortune, and I find the bank of benevolence pays me the largest dividend of happiness."

Mr. Dudley seemed to forget my promises concerning West Point, but he talked of what Margaret Williams might be made by education, and thanked me for my purposes towards her, with a fervent gratitude, which renewed my own youthful affections.

When we returned to Mr. Hagar's miserable dwelling, we found every thing much as we had left it, excepting that the hearth was neatly washed, and the supper-table spread in quite an orderly manner. Having asked the good dame's leave to share their repast, I began to talk of the subject which had so much interested Mr. Dudley on his walk homeward. When I asked Margaret if she would accompany me to Boston, and go to school there, she looked timidly first at me, and then at Mr. Dudley, and covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears. The old man seemed somewhat moved, and said the poor orphan was welcome to a corner of his house so long as he lived. "Which won't be long, at the rate you've gone on of late years," rejoined his wife. "Peggy has been a bill of expense to us long enough; and it's a hard case to have her go off as soon as she's good for something." "I will satisfy you in that respect, good woman," said I; "we shall not quarrel about the terms, if Margaret will but say she will go with me." "You are a stranger to us, sir,"

resumed the matron; "but doubtless you have good reasons for taking such a violent liking to Peggy." "His stainless reputation is no stranger to me," said Mr. Dudley, "though I have never seen his person before. The name of * * * * * is associated with too many generous deeds, not to be known at the remotest corners of Massachusetts." "Then you think I had better go," said Margaret. "Most certainly I do," replied Mr. Dudley. "And will you say yes, now?" said I, affectionately passing my hand over her long black hair, as she stood beside me. The poor orphan sunk kneeling at my feet, and wept in the full gratitude of her heart, till even her stern mistress turned towards the window, to conceal her tears. I raised her up with many assurances of kindness and protection; she continued to weep, till as I held her hand within mine, her eye glanced upon Angelina's ring. The eager curiosity with which she regarded it, called to my mind, what her height and womanly bearing had well nigh made me forget, that she was but a child—an artless, uncultured child! I touched the spring and revealed the miniature of my little favourite. "Oh, it is very beautiful," exclaimed she. "You never saw such a ring before, I suppose?" said I. "No—I don't think I ever did," replied she, speaking in a very slow and hesitating manner. She gazed in the fire very thoughtfully for a moment, then sighing deeply, looked in my face with an expression so like Angelina's, when I first bade her farewell on board the *Amphitrite*, that I felt determined she should henceforth be my daughter. Once, the wild idea did cross my brain, that she was strangely like my lamented favourite, and that the news of her

death might all have been a deception. But I had been at her grave, I had heard the servants talk of the burial, and the nurse describe her last moments; and I smiled, that imagination should try to play such wild freaks with me.

For various reasons, I deemed it prudent to remain at the farm-house that night, rather than expose myself and my interesting protégée to the curiosity, and perchance, the jests of my companions. I knew that my oddity had long since placed me in an easy-chair for life; and that my friends were willing to grant me as much liberty as they did their favourite dogs; allowing me to strike off into as many by-paths as I chose, and return when and how I could.

I will not detail the various instances of avarice and hard-heartedness, which were elicited during the bargain I made with Mrs. Hagar. Suffice it to say, the sum I promised to pay her as an indemnification for Margaret's services, was certainly much larger than I should willingly have given, had not the country maiden so powerfully reminded me of the fascinating little West Indian. To be brief, I seated Margaret beside me in the stage, the following morning, claiming from Mr. Dudley a promise to visit us in a few weeks. "I will own all my errors first," said he smiling; "and then if you forgive me, I shall feel proud to avail myself of your invitation. I knew you by report, and I told you Margaret's story, in hopes your quick feelings and ready benevolence might be aroused in her behalf." "I thank you for the stratagem," said I, warmly shaking him by the hand. "Unless your own conduct alters my opinion

of you, you will find me an active friend." A few kind words to the tearful Margaret, accompanied by a present of Ahan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, closed the farewell scene. As for the old people, they showed little emotion, except a vulgar curiosity and wonder at my unaccountable interest in their Peggy. To part from such a home could not be very afflicting to any heart. For a few days, Margaret was melancholy, and more than once I found her in tears over the Gentle Shepherd; but she soon became gayer than I had imagined it was in her nature to be. All that Mr. Dudley had said of her genius, was more than verified. It seemed as if she were gifted with an additional sense, a sort of spiritual ear, to which every waving flower and bending shrub spoke strange melody. Her progress was so rapid, that Mr. ****'s adopted daughter soon became the wonder of the whole school. Before two years had expired, I received a letter from Mr. Fitzroy, a rich planter in South Carolina, entreating that Miss Williams might return home with his daughter, who was about to leave school. Margaret's deference and modest affection, had made her exceedingly dear to me; but thinking that a visit to the south, under such patronage, and with such a young lady as I knew her friend to be, would be a great advantage to her, I consented that she should visit Carolina for one year. During this time, I frequently received letters from her, always full of deep, poetic fancy, and the most enthusiastic, grateful affection. If the reader finds it difficult to imagine so sudden a change of character, I assure him it was no less wonderful to me, than it is to him. There are minds which seem to have an

instinctive perception of all that is tasteful and refined; and Margaret's was such. She had as it were at once grown a tall, beautiful, graceful girl, and had become the pride of a foolish old heart, that at first clung to her in pity. And where was the poor youth who at first revealed the treasures hidden in her heart and mind? He was at West Point. And when Margaret made her visit to the south, his name stood highest among that celebrated band, which has so happily united the courtliness of the drawing-room, with the dignified refinement of intellectual pursuits—like a mighty citadel, around which the woodbine falls in accidental profusion, giving lightness to its outline, without concealing its strength.

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The reader is, I suppose, well nigh weary of following me in my rambles, now pausing by the road-side to dissect a thistle, and anon passing over whole fertile gardens without a glance; but thus have I done in life, and thus must he suffer me to do in my story, if he ever wishes to hear its conclusion.

A letter from Margaret, dated in the autumn of 1820, informed me that Mr. Fitzroy, his daughter, and herself, were about making a northern tour, and wished very much, that I should join them at New York. I was not certain, at the time, that I should be able to do this; but I promised to meet them on their return. About a week after they left the city, I arrived there, and immediately took passage in the steam-boat, on the North river, thinking I should hear of them at West Point,

Lake George, or some other of the places, which I knew they intended to take in their route. The passengers were, as usual, an odd assemblage of all sorts of nations, tribes, and tongues. A half facetious, half fretful old yankee was complaining bitterly of the noise, and telling the captain he ought to keep padlocks for the eyes in a place like that; a Frenchman was tapping his box with the most graceful air, and annoying every body with his snuff and his *voulez-vous*; an Irishman, in his uncouth national sounds, was most eloquently describing the death of Emmett; and a little Dutch woman with three chubby children, poured forth a continual torrent of words as unmusical as the rattling of a coal-cart over the pavements of a city. Apart from all, sat a handsome, but very dark-complexioned young man, completely absorbed in the enchanting pages of *Ivanhoe*. He raised his eye as I stepped on deck, but its long, dark lash fell almost instantly. I took up a newspaper, and glancing over its columns for a time, left the interesting stranger to pursue his delightful occupation in peace. It was long before he closed the volume, and in a silvery, flute-like voice, made some casual remark concerning the beauty of the day. This observation was a very common one; but the words were arranged with such unstudied elegance, and his pronunciation had so much of music about it, that my attention was immediately excited.

There is a sort of free-masonry by which intelligent and highly cultivated souls form a rapid knowledge of each other. The conversation soon passed to interesting subjects. A fine head of Cicero, which I noticed on

his watch-seal, led to gems, and cameos, and Herculeanum, and the curiously carved ring, said to have been found there. On every topic, his rich, classical mind, poured itself out with the same delightful yet unostentatious enthusiasm. "We are sinning against nature," said he smiling, "to be talking of antiquity, when such a scene of imposing grandeur is presented to our view." My eye followed him as he pointed to the Highlands, which were now before us; 'some of the heights swelling in gradual and noble elevation from the bank of the river; others rising from the water in a perpendicular mass, and starting into sharp and pointed bluffs, as if thrown up there by the hand of art. The noble river stole along in fearful silence, as if sensible of the frowning majesty which looked down upon its motion;' and the vessel rapidly 'walking the water like a thing of life,' seemed proud of her magnificent pathway. The little waves sporting and sparkling round her prow, the soft, silvery, sunny stream, trembling in her rear, and the wreaths of smoke rising as if in incense to the beauty of the scene, all conspired to make a steamboat passing the Highlands, one of the grandest objects I had ever seen. Soon the fortifications and buildings of West Point burst upon the view. At first we caught a distant glimpse of glittering arms, and then of the youthful band standing forth in all the pride of military discipline, as if ready for the work of death. "I had no idea of such scenery in America," exclaimed the stranger. "It brings to my eye the wild, picturesque, and sublime scenes, which Scotland's great magician has imprinted on my imagination." "And yet," replied I, "it stands

in its own simple majesty, without any of that pageantry of association which throws such enchantment around Europe and Asia." "Every thing about your country has to the philosophic mind associations of moral grandeur," rejoined he, "though destitute of the gorgeous blazonry of chivalry, or the wild romance of the crusades." "You are then a foreigner?" said I. "I am so," replied he, "in every country; for I have been too much a wanderer to call any place my home; perhaps England best deserves that appellation."

I seemed to have aroused melancholy recollections. A cloud passed over the clear expression of his face, and he was silent for several moments. Wishing to give a more pleasant turn to the conversation, I slipped my ring from my finger, and handing it to him, I said, "we were speaking of ancient rings just now—there is one of very curious workmanship." As the hands unclasped, he sprang up with an exclamation that pierced my very brain. In the unconscious power of strong emotion he grasped my arm, till the veins swelled beneath his pressure. It was an instant before he could summon steadiness enough to say, "Oh, tell me whence came that ring!" When he was a little calmer, I told him its history as briefly as possible, for my curiosity was strongly excited to know the cause of such vehement interest. He listened with varied, but intense expression as I proceeded, and suddenly interrupted me by exclaiming, "and where is that little West Indian girl? Oh, sir, I'd give you wealth enough to buy a thousand consciences, if you could but tell me where she is!" "The interesting little creature has been twelve years in her grave,"

said I; "but may I ask who it is that thus cherishes her memory?" "I am her brother Orlando," replied he, "and I have a tale of fearful wickedness to tell you, about the charming companion of my infancy; but I have not time to detail it now. The boat is slackening her course and makes for the shore. I land at West Point—I trust you do too." I answered that such was my intention, and made hasty preparations to quit the boat. My curiosity was so painfully excited, that I could hardly wait until the possession of a private room at the lodging house gave him an opportunity to explain his meaning.

"I left Cuba for England, soon after my sister went to America," he resumed; "and there I continued until after my father's death. I remained abroad and travelled even into the interior of Asia, partly from a love of adventure, and partly because no fire-side endearments awaited me in Cuba. During my childhood, I received letters from Mr. Reynolds, informing me of my sister's health and progress in her education. Afterwards I received letters from herself which indicated entire contentment with her situation. It is not a year since I received one, in which she excused a draft upon our agent for a very large sum, by saying she found great calls upon her benevolence. I was glad she possessed this spirit. I answered the letter by a promise to be in Boston during the summer of 1820. I came. I eagerly inquired for Mr. Reynolds. The merchants said he had called in his debts very rapidly, left his affairs half settled, started very suddenly for Calcutta, and been shipwrecked. I asked for Angelina, and was assured she died soon after she came to this country, and the grave-stone bear-

ing her name and age was then shown to me." "The villain," exclaimed I; "he concealed it, that he might appropriate her property to his own use!" "Oh, I could forgive him that," cried the brother, almost convulsively; "yes, I could have forgiven him if he had taken the last shilling of my fortune; but—the child still lives—and I cannot discover her!" "The proof—tell me the proof," said I. "I searched out one of the old servants," he replied, "that I might learn all the particulars of my sister's illness. At first she shook her head mysteriously, and said she believed there had been some strange doings; and at last I induced her to tell me the old nurse had, on her death bed, confessed that the child which slept under that grave-stone was not Angelina Gindrat, but her own daughter; that Mr. Reynolds had paid her handsomely for the deception; and that she believed the little West Indian was put out at service in the country. Further than this, all my inquiries have been fruitless. I cannot discover the least trace of my injured sister; and I am roaming about the country with a sort of indefinite hope, that Providence will lead me to a discovery of her retreat." A sudden light came upon my mind, like an electric flash; and I was just on the point of saying, "your hope is realized!" but recollecting the extreme uncertainty of my conjectures, and the cruelty of exciting vain expectations, I checked the tumult of my feelings, and asked if there were any peculiarity by which he should know his sister. "In my boyhood," answered he, "I pricked upon her right arm a carrier-dove, with a letter in his mouth; and on the day she bade me farewell, she held it to my lips

and bade me kiss it." I well recollected it, for Angelina had a hundred times talked of Orlando's little bird. Much conversation followed. I advised Mr. Gindrat to remain at West Point a short time, as he would, in all probability, see many strangers there, and by some extraordinary accident, light might gleam on this singular story; but I did not venture to express a hope which amounted almost to entire conviction. He consented to follow my advice, and I left him, to communicate with all speed, my hopes and fears to young Dudley. The Cadet gave me a reception exceedingly cordial and enthusiastic. "To see you at any time, is happiness for me," said he, "but now, you are the very man, of all the world, I most wished to see; for I have lately received a commission from Miss Williams to find you, at all events, and bring you into her presence at the military ball, which is to be at New York, the ensuing week. You are such a bird on the wing, that I have dispatched letters to Philadelphia, Canandaigua, and New York, which are the three last places, from whence your letters have been dated, in hopes some one of them would reach you." As soon as the bustle of meeting was over, I told him all, with which the reader has been made acquainted, and expatiated very largely upon my belief that Angelina Gindrat and Margaret Williams were one and the same person. I was a little disappointed at the calmness, and even sadness, with which Mr. Dudley heard my disclosure; and I reproached him for want of sympathy in my daughter's good fortune. "I will deal frankly with you," replied the young man. "As your adopted child, admired and flattered by the rich and

intelligent, I have long felt that my hold upon her remembrance was exceedingly precarious; but if she is heiress to this immense fortune, her hand will soon be sought by numbers, superior to me in all respects." "I have no right to answer for Margaret's feelings," rejoined I, "but of one thing I am certain, this change of fortune will make no change in her romantic nature." This assurance somewhat dispelled his gloom, and having naturally the slightest possible degree of selfishness in his disposition, he soon entered with enthusiasm into all my hopes and fears. When I asked him if he had ever heard Mrs. Hagar describe the Mr. Vinton who left Margaret with them, he answered that he had. In every respect the description corresponded with my vivid recollection of Mr. Reynolds. A thousand trifling details tended so much to confirm my suspicions, that my eagerness to meet Margaret grew painful in its excess. Report said that the great southern beauty, Miss Fitzroy, was to be in New York two days before the ball. Young Dudley and Mr. Gindrat accompanied me there. I awaited their arrival with the most eager impatience, and clasped Margaret to my heart the moment she alighted from the carriage. I pass over all the delight of meeting; all the thousand kind things said and thought; all the joy and timidity of young Dudley; and only pause to mention that in the short space of two days, I three times surprised Margaret Williams entirely absorbed in Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, before I introduce my readers to the lighted ball-room. When I entered, with Margaret leaning on my arm, much of the company had already assembled, and an audible buzz of ad-

miration followed her as we passed along. Chandeliers, flowers, and groups of beautiful heads, always give to a ball-room the mellow brilliancy of fairy land; but a military ball has charms peculiar to itself; it seems like a fragment of chivalry, and partakes of the high, poetic interest of tilts and tournaments. As I looked round upon the gay scene, I heard a loud whisper of applause, and soon perceived that it announced the entrance of my friend Miss Fitzroy. Her blazing and radiant beauty was of a character totally different from my Margaret's. Her face and figure were the statuary's embodied dream; her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and her eyes had an expression lucid and tranquil, as Lake George by summer's moonlight. In the Venus de Medicis, art studied nature, and in one form concentrated the graces of a thousand models; but it now seemed as if nature, vexed at the successful rivalry, had studied every line of beauty from Praxiteles to Canova, and thrown over the whole, the rich colouring of Titian. She glided through the room with a majestic, swan-like motion, so modest in its pride, that it seemed like a total unconsciousness of her charms. While I was listening to some eloquent badinage upon having hurried Margaret away from her, I saw Mr. Gindrat enter. I had seen him much, and become more and more interested in him during the brief period I have mentioned; but as I became convinced that Margaret was his sister, I earnestly wished that he should meet her in public, and judge of her as an entire stranger. That she was Angelina Gindrat I had now no doubt; for under the pretence of telling her fortune, I had asked her to show

me her arm. The carrier-dove and his letter were there as plain as when I first kissed that little arm on board the *Amphitrite*; and with deep fervour my heart thanked the all-wise being who had thus enabled me unconsciously to fulfil my promise to Mrs. Reynolds. With excitement almost too tumultuous to be happy, I sought Mr. Gindrat, to introduce him to Margaret. "Who are those beautiful ladies you have just left?" inquired he, after the first salutation had passed. "It is the celebrated Miss Fitzroy, from the south, and her friend Miss Williams," replied I. "The one with pearls in her hair is the famous beauty.

There's a divine proportion!
Eyes fit for Phœbus' self to gild the world with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the state of Heaven:
Look, how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the synod of the Gods sat under;
Look there, and wonder!"

"She is indeed a beautiful creature," rejoined he, "but what a queen-like figure stands beside her! How genius pours forth in torrents of expression! and how much graceful vivacity there is in the very bend of her neck!" "She is my adopted daughter," said I, "and if you wish, I will introduce you." "But why have I not heard of her before?" asked he, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, we have had weightier matters to talk of, you know, and rich young men are apt to suspect fathers, who are too anxious to introduce their daughters." Smiling, he followed me toward the ladies, and I intro-

duced him as a friend from Europe. Both were obviously prepossessed in his favour; and it was soon whispered among the circle of beaux, that Miss Fitzroy had never before condescended to treat any gentleman with so much attention. She accepted his invitation to dance, and they took their places at the head of the first cotillion. Two reputed lovers of Margaret's were making their way toward her, when she involuntarily gave an earnest glance toward the place where Dudley stood aloof, apparently in no very cheerful mood. He met the expressive look, and was instantly at her side. I heard much animated conversation whenever the couples met in the windings of the dance; and when the ladies were seated near me, Gindrat took his station at Margaret's side. "These orange and lemon trees," said he, "almost make me imagine myself in my native island; and there are flowers here to night," added he, with marked emphasis, "so like the productions of my sunny clime, that the recollections of my childhood come vividly before me;" and he went on describing the beauties of tropical regions with surprising volubility and eloquence. Miss Fitzroy listened with a marked interest, which made some of her admirers frown; and Margaret gave one of her most fascinating smiles, as she said, "I have strange thoughts sometimes. As you describe these scenes, it seems to me like recalling a dream long since forgotten. Visions crowd on my memory, and are gone before I can trace their outline. There is much poetry, perhaps some truth in the idea that our souls pass from one body into another, and that the mysterious imaginations which so often come upon us, we

know not why, or whence, are but reminiscences of some former state of being." Gindrat listened with a mingled air of deference and admiration; and Dudley gave me a glance full of prophetic meaning. The two beauties were soon after engaged in another dance. Margaret was Mr. Gindrat's partner, and I watched their growing interest in each other, with a heart even more happy than their own. I had resolved that the dénouement should take place the next day, and my imagination was rapidly running over the scene—when Margaret chanced to drop her bracelet. Mr. Gindrat took it up, and as she stepped aside to clasp it he remarked the beauty of the workmanship. It was an exquisitely cut cameo of Psyche, upon a yellow ground. After looking at it, an instant, "may I have the honour?" said he, offering to place it upon her arm. Her lace sleeve was slightly deranged, and she turned her arm to adjust it. A half suppressed ejaculation burst from Gindrat's lips, and reeling with faintness, he leaned against the folding doors. I supported him to the air. "Put me into a carriage," said he quickly, "and come with me—come with me." I saw how it was—the transparent sleeve had betrayed the carrier-dove, and all my plans of a regular catastrophe were frustrated.

* * * * *

* * * When I asked my new friend to forgive me for thus concealing my conjectures—"Say nothing of forgiveness," cried he. "To find her at all, would have been a blessing. Yes, even in ignorance and obscurity; but to find her thus—so elegant—so well educated—Oh may heaven bless you—may heaven bless

you! Money can, and shall reward her rough country protectors; but you—Oh may heaven bless you!”

All the wonder and joy which followed, can be better imagined than expressed. Crowds of suitors contended with each other for the bright West Indian prize. To all, she gave a kind, but very decided negative; and all her friends, except Frank Dudley, divined the cause. The sight of Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd marked in many interesting places, and blistered with tears, did at length enable hope to weigh down the long fluctuating scale in his distrustful mind. Mr. Gindrat felt grateful to his sister's long-tried friend, the beautiful Miss Fitzroy; and in his enthusiastic nature, gratitude changed to love almost as suddenly as the aloe bursts into blossom when touched by fairy wand. Both the lovers were made happy by a frank avowal of reciprocated attachment; and one bright June day witnessed their splendid bridals. Mr. Gindrat has sold his West India property and purchased two beautiful plantations in Virginia, and Angelina and Orlando live within sight of each other's piazzas. I care less about rambling, now that my heart has such a happy home; but I have not lost, and I trust I shall never lose, an active, affectionate interest in my fellow creatures, though I am an odd old bachelor.

HERE THEN WE PART FOR EVER.

Here then we part for ever—

Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one sigh from thee.
Few eyes may shine so bright as thine,
Few brows may be so fair,
But nor eye nor brow can move me now,
For truth is wanting there.

Here then we part for ever—

Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one sigh from thee.

The rose when it is blighted,
Lies withering from that hour,
And the fond heart when slighted,
Will wither like the flow'r.
No after sun that beams upon
That rose, can bloom impart;
No after love can e'er remove
The canker from that heart.

Here then we part for ever—

Dear though thou once might be,
I would not now endeavour
To win one sigh from thee.

ROBERT SWEENT.

COMPLAINT.

That I have loved thee long and well,
My heart cannot refuse to tell—
That thou hast all unworthy proved
Of her who fondly, truly loved,
I cannot choose but feel and know,
And yet I pray, it were not so.

Thou hadst been worthy well of me—
O! had I then been worthy thee!
If thou hadst used thy better part,
Thy lofty soul and generous heart;
And not by guilty passions driven,
Been forced from me, and hope, and heaven.

O! I did love thy manly form,
Thy kindling eye, thy bosom warm,
Thy mighty purpose, upward turn'd,
Thy soul, that all with glory burn'd,
Thy noble beauty, worthy one,
His noble father's darling son.

But now I love, and yet must hate
The leman's tool, the villain's mate,
Thy beauty seared, thy spirit gone,
Thy generous bosom turned to stone.
O! hard, such torturing grief to prove;
I would but hate, and yet must love.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

A VISIT TO THE CATTSKILLS.

You know the Catskills lad, for you must have seen them on your way to York, looking as blue as a piece of clear sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council-fire.

Pioneers.

A SUMMER traveller realized this description as he was borne in a light skiff over the Hudson, from a few miles distance below the town of Catskill; he preferred passing over the undisturbed stream, in the fashion of the time of Leather-Stocking, to being steamed through troubled waters, with all the refined accompaniments of the present day. In a short time he exchanged the pleasing sounds of the dripping oars, for those of human voices in a crowded stage coach, which was drawn by four toiling horses along the road that leads to the Pine Orchard house, on the summit of one of the mountain peaks. He wisely determined that he would endeavour to draw amusement from sounds, which he would fain not have heard, (as he was a votary of silence,) and leaned forward to understand the reply of the driver to a passenger who asked him "if he had ever heard of Rip Van Winkle." "O yes," said this descendant of "Brom Dutcher." "Rip lives not far from here—we stop at his shop." "What kind of a shop?" asked a

soft voice. "He keeps tobacco and drink and such like, for travellers," was the reply. The attention of the traveller was now drawn to a timid lady who sat beside him, and he answered with good humoured civility the questions—"is the driver careful?—are the wheels strong?—is there no danger?"—until their frequent repetition had the effect of producing abstraction, and yes, and no, were uttered mechanically. His good genius for a time presided over the monosyllables, and placed them in word-saving order, but in evil moment an affirmative took the place of a negative, and the unfortunate mistake of yes, in answer to "have you ever heard, sir, of an accident happening on this road?" induced an immediate and increasing demand for particulars. The disconcerted traveller, in desperation, sprung from his seat into the door-way of Rip Van Winkle's shop, which occupied a nook in that part of the mountain, to which the stage had arrived. A species of wild cherry hung its ripe red fruit over a mass of rock, variegated with lichens and moss, through which the water of a clear spring trickled, and was collected in a long strip of bark; by this rustic expedient, it was conveyed to Rip's dwelling, and afforded him an unfailing fountain. Rip was not even a descendant of the mountain sleeper, but some classic writer had scrawled the name upon the door-post of the drink-shop, and its owner could show the spot from which the old man of the glen repeated "Rip Van Winkle," and the very hollow where Rip saw the "company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins"—how he obtained his historical knowledge is a mystery, for he certainly did not

inherit it, and was as ignorant of the "posthumous writing of Diedrich Knickerboker," as Rip was of his own identity when he visited his native village, after his mountain nap. When the traveller had refreshed himself by a draught from the cool fountain, he was confirmed in his resolution to "finish his journey alone," by an assurance that the distance to the Pine Orchard was only two miles; but those who have used their own limbs to bear them over those miles, will attest that they are wearisome ones. The road was so hedged on either side by rocks, shrubs, pine trees, and wild vines, forming a net-work almost impenetrable, that there was no danger of wandering; not even a cow-path lured from it; happy for stray-loving mortals, if it were as impossible to leave the way, which conducts to scenes, it should be the chief object of their life to arrive at.

The traveller stopt occasionally to catch a glimpse of the valley, through the openings in the foliage; or to admire the mountain ash, brilliant with scarlet clusters; he loved to gaze upon the fair face of nature, but at length felt a strong desire to fix his eyes on the form which art has placed upon the summit of the mountain. The windings of the road brought him unexpectedly to the Pine Orchard spot; and creation seemed presented in one view—at least half the hemisphere of earth appeared to be beneath him, varied with mountain and valley, rugged hills, luxuriant fields, towns, farm-houses, huts; mill-streams, and creeks, (which, in other lands, would bear nobler titles,) and the Hudson river, winding through the whole extent. The midday sun spread such dazzling beams through the vast blue concave

above, that the vision of the gazer was almost overpowered, and he turned his aching eyes, to relieve them, upon that part of the mountain, which shuts out the prospect—there all was wildness. Without again venturing to do more than cast a glance around, he mounted the flight of steps which leads to the lofty portico of the house; and the sudden transition from the rudeness of mountain scenery, to the refinements of an elegantly furnished apartment, in which, belles and beaux, decorated in the costume of great cities, were amusing themselves, was almost as unexpected as the extensive view had been, when it first opened before him. He passed on to secure an apartment, (for lovers of nature may be lovers of comfort,) and was soon prepared to attend the summons to dinner; after the ceremonies of which, he placed himself in a rough car, provided to convey visitors to the cascades. The rest of the seats were occupied by a youthful party. Interjections are useful parts of speech, they express so much; freely were they used by soft, gay voices, to convey admiration of the wild scenery, which shuts in the mountain lakes. Interjections are also convertible, and were soon applied to the purpose of exhibiting terror, lest a thunder storm should be concealed in the cloud, which overcast the strip of blue sky, that had been seen through the opening made by the road through the dark evergreens. A proposal to return, was the result of the fear; and the gallantry of the attendants, would not suffer them to dissent. The traveller obtained a direction from the driver, and was content to forego the “sweet music of speech.” The dreaded cloud bore its electric treasure to the hills and vales below; and again blue sky was

seen above the narrow road. One habitation at last, and only one, served to assure him that he was not entirely beyond the reach of humanity. Now, (cherubimical reader,) you may fancy a landscape for the pencil of Claude, and a happy Lubin and Annette, in a cottage of solitude: but the traveller saw only a log cabin placed in the centre of what is called a clearing, and he had to "bear patiently the ugliness" of the young inhabitants who ran out to look at him, while his wonder grew where they obtained nourishment; for not even a potato plant had a place between the fragments of rock, and the stones which covered the clearing: yet the children of the mountain looked healthy, and glad; and reflection could here well apply the truth, that a paternal providence, gives to all creatures "their portion of food in due season." At a short distance from this dwelling, the marks of a road ceased; for wheels never passed over the rest of the rugged way to the cascades. Our country has not yet arrived at that interesting period, when banditti conceal themselves in the caverns of its mountains, or spring from behind its rocks, upon lonely wanderers; our hero, therefore, had no such dangers to encounter: but do not forsake him, fair reader—be assured he did cast many an apprehensive glance upon the spots where his footsteps were to fall, lest they should rest upon a rattlesnake, or copper-head, whose race had not yet yielded to the encroachments of man, all the territory assigned them by their Creator. Arriving at length, without harm at the little building, which is erected near the cascades, the traveller seated himself, somewhat disappointed, on one of its benches. The scene, at first view, did not present the character

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CATSKILL FALLS.

which fancy had given it; and when a small boy presented himself as a guide down the ravine, he followed with indifference: he became, however, more animated, as he alternately slid over moss-covered rocks, and stepped down rustic ladders, catching for support at the almost worn out branches which hung over the descent. In strict obedience to the law of nature, he was intent upon his steps, until he placed them in safety upon the rock, at the foot of the first cascade; there he stood, it is to be fancied in a graceful attitude, for it was a motionless one, as he became almost entranced with again realizing in the wild beauty of the scene, the animated description of *Leather-Stocking*.

In the enthusiasm of the moment he repeated aloud, "the first pitch is high two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow, before it touches the bottom; and then the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and maybe flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-away, and then turning that-away, striving to get out of the hollow till it finally comes to the plain." The child who had guided him stood listening, and bore his artless testimony to the truth of the description, by saying, "so it is, just like what you say." A new object now attracted the traveller, and he exclaimed, as he gazed at the cascade.

———"Beautiful! for on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering sun,
An Iris sits, amidst the unceasing shower."

No assent was given by the still listening guide; and



Painted by H. L. Loomis

Engineered by Geo. B. Loomis

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in a few moments he disappeared. The traveller now turned to the scene which lay beneath him. The pathway of the skipping stream was hedged by broken masses of rock, which afforded themselves decorations, by holding earth in their crevices, for the support of large bunches of waving fern, and long streamers of mountain vine. The earth, on both sides of the chasm, seemed still to hold some of the pines which belonged to it when the gap was formed, but by such an uncertain tenure, that even an adventurous clamberer would hesitate to seize for aid their bare projecting roots, lest they should yield to his grasp, and carry him, with the lofty trunks which they supported, to the deep hollow below. A moving object appeared at the bottom of the second cascade, and the traveller might have fancied that he saw one of Queen Mab's subjects sporting over the mossy stones, had he not known that our country has not yet been favoured with emigrations from fairy land; and he was obliged to acknowledge the earthly form of his mountain guide. Wearied with standing, he now seated himself beneath the shelving rock, that spreads in a half circle of fifty feet, and from which the water takes its first leap. Stilled into a sense of his own impotency, he breathed a praise to the Almighty Being, who by the union of his attributes of mercy, wisdom, and power, decks even the wilderness in beauty. The deep shade which suddenly fell around, as the sunbeams were intercepted by a peak of the mountain, induced the traveller to begin his returning toil; he cast a farewell look of admiration, and then climbed up the rocks on the side of the stream opposite to that which he had descended.

and sauntered and clambered, as the way might be, towards Pine Orchard, where he arrived in time to watch the landscape losing the light of the sun, and gradually fading into indistinctness. Rest for an hour in his chamber, prepared him to move with quick step, when he heard a voice exclaiming, "I do believe the moon is rising." That was a sight not to be lost willingly, and he placed himself upon a projection of the rock near the house, that he might mark each object as the mellow moonlight should displace the gray veil. It was not a night when the full orb was to rise in cloudless majesty, for it was concealed by a dark mass, which no doubt was lined with silver, but only the brightening edgings were shown to mortals; he watched impatiently for the moment when the unobstructed light should give a new character to the scene; when it did so, it realized more than his fancy had ever pictured in a moonlight prospect. The horizon was marked by the irregular lines of hill and valley in the distance; the projections of the Catskills drew the view to a half circle, but the only objects within it that could be distinctly discerned were the lofty hills and the noble Hudson; the light was not strong enough to place in relief towns, farm-houses, or cottages. All nature seemed to sleep beneath the soft beams, but voices from the portico proved that some beings were awake, and the traveller listened to the various sounds. "To me," said a native of the Emerald Isle, "the Hudson looks like a strip of half whitened linen, laid crooked over a great bleach ground." "To me," breathed a tone, in contrast, soft as that which the harp of Eolus yields to zephyr, "it resembles a stream

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locked in the frosts of winter, for the moonbeams seem to play upon a motionless surface." "To me," said a stripling votary of the nine, "the moon"—the traveller thought, what can be said of the moon that poets have not said, and he did not listen to the youthful tones. But the next that were uttered attracted him, and he turned to fix his eyes upon the form from which they came. It was that of an aged minister of the gospel bending forward and pointing with extended arm to the spacious firmament above; "I feel," said a clear though tremulous voice, "as if we were in a mighty temple, upon the lofty dome of which is inscribed in characters, that all intelligent beings may read, worship the Creator." The venerable herald of the cross paused a moment, and then turning to the listeners, with earnestness, continued, "Let us not forget that there is another book prepared for the service of this temple, written in characters which none who have the power to know may disregard and be guiltless." Even the gay and thoughtless were hushed to silence by this solemn admonition; the heart of the traveller was in union with the call to devotion, and after its silent exercise, he returned to his chamber. The morning found him at the window, ready to watch the effects of the rising sun upon the scenery, but it was shrouded in vapour, he observed that the mist was gathering into large masses, and he again seated himself on the rock which he had left a few hours before, that he might enjoy the novel feeling of having the clouds passing beneath him. The first mass was borne round the mountain, and for a few moments the landscape was as distinct as the light of dawn could show it; but ano-

ther and another overspread it, until the misty flood was whitened into a sea of foam by the beams of the rising sun; wave followed wave, parting as they rolled, and showing beneath, sunny spots of green fields and sparkling waters. The traveller closed his eyes, to relieve them from the aching caused by intense gazing; wearied by unusual exertion, he did not uncloseth them, until the harsh notes of a blue jay disturbed his calm but perilous slumber; the morning breeze had then withdrawn the curtain of vapour, and bore it in folds to the upper air, to float through the day in snowy whiteness and unfold into a bow of promise for the evening sun to tinge. Let no American, (thought the traveller,) leave his native land for enjoyment, when he can view the rugged wildness of her mountains; admire the beauty of her cultured plains, the noble extent of her broad rivers, the expanse of her lakes, and fearful grandeur of her cataracts; or FEEL the rich blessings of her freedom.

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THE WHITE HARE.

It was the sabbath eve—we went,
My Geraldine and I, intent,
 The twilight hour to pass,
Where we might hear the waters flow,
And scent the freighted winds that blow
 Athwart the vernal grass.

In darker grandeur, (as the day
Stole scarce perceptibly away,)
 The purple mountain stood;
Wearing the young moon as a crest:
The sun, half sunk in the far west,
 Seemed mingling with the flood.

The cooling dews their balm distill'd;
A holy joy our bosoms thrill'd:
 Our thoughts were free as air;
And, by one impulse moved, did we
Together, pour instinctively,
 Our songs of gladness there.

The greenwood, waved its shade hard by—
While thus we wove our harmony,

Lured by the mystic strain,
A snow-white Hare, that long had been
Peering from forth her covert green,
Came bounding o'er the plain.

Her beauty, 'twas a joy to note,
The pureness of her downy coat—
Her wild, yet gentle eye—
The pleasure that despite her fear,
Had led the timid thing so near
To list our minstrelsy!

All motionless, with head inclined,
She stood, as if her heart divined
The impulses of ours,
Till the last note had died—and then
Turn'd half reluctantly again,
Back to her greenwood bowers.

Once more the magic sounds we tried—
Again the Hare was seen to glide
From out her sylvan shade;
Again—as joy had given her wings,
Fleet as a bird, she forward springs
Along the dewy glade.

Go, happy thing! disport at will—
Take thy delight o'er vale and hill,
Or rest in leafy bower!
The harier may beset thy way,
The cruel snare thy feet betray!
Enjoy thy little hour!

We know not, and we ne'er may know,
The hidden springs of joy and woe,
That deep within do lie:
The silent workings of thy heart
Do almost seem to have a part
With our humanity!

ANN MARIA WELLS

SONNET TO SCHUYLKILL.

SLOW wind thy waters, Schuylkill, favourite stream!
And as I muse along thy lonely shore,
Thy light waves, trembling to the noon-tide beam,
Still flow, ne'er ceasing, and return no more.
Thus silent, unperceived, the stream steals on
That floats us down the tide of life's decay—
Sunk in the lapse of years forever gone,
Each gliding moment bears its part away.
Yet to thy source, fair stream! will nature's power
From her vast reservoirs thy floods supply,
And nature's God, when life's dull flow is o'er,
Will not extinguish'd let its essence lie,
To purer realms th' ethereal beam will raise,
Borne on th' eternal stream of being's deathless maze.

R. H. SMITH.

CHARITY.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

MAROOKBA and his wife were in the habit of rising early every day, in order to go to the temple and perform their morning devotions.

On the road between their house and the temple, lived a weaver who had a large family. Although, as far as external appearances indicated, he seemed to maintain his family comfortably, yet, as Marookba and his wife were always busy in finding out objects of charity, they discovered that many a day had passed, without a morsel of bread being in the house of the weaver.

As the weaver however had never imparted his distressed situation to any one, Marookba and his wife were somewhat at a loss in what manner to relieve them, so as not to insult them, or, at least, hurt their feelings. They therefore made use of a stratagem, and every morning as they passed the weaver's, threw four dinars in a corner of the poor man's house behind the door. The weaver accordingly found the money every morning, and it served to feed his family. Led by curiosity, and anxious to know who was his secret bene-

factor, he resolved one day to rise very early, and conceal himself behind the door of his house. Marookba and his wife at the accustomed hour came and bent their heads lowly, so as not to be perceived by any of the inmates of the dwelling, and threw the customary four dinars in the usual corner. At that instant the weaver sprang forth from his hiding place, and rushed into the street. As soon as Marookba and his wife perceived the door open, and the appearance of the owner of the house, they ran as hard as they could, for they did not wish that their charity should be known, or that the poor man should feel an obligation to them. The weaver however ran after them. Exhausted from fatigue, Marookba and his wife perceived a house open, they rushed in; even here however they were not protected from the anxious curiosity of the weaver, for he followed them there. It happened to be the house of a baker, and the oven was red hot, ready to receive the bread. Marookba and his wife being thus pursued, rushed into the oven. The weaver of course did not pursue them thither, for he thought them no less than supernatural beings.

As soon as they were in the oven, they said, "it is better for us to be burned, than to cause shame to the poor man."

After they had been in the oven a little while, Marookba said to his wife, "my feet burn," then she said to him, "put thy feet on my feet." He did accordingly as his wife directed him. He no sooner had put his feet on her's, than neither the fire nor the heat did incommode

him. After some time they quitted the oven, and had the satisfaction to see that the weaver was gone.

Then spake Marookba to his wife, "surely thou must be more pious than I am, for my feet began to burn, and my whole body was heated, but no sooner did I put my feet upon thine, than I felt as cool as when I entered the oven." She answered, "thou givest the poor money, they have then the trouble of buying themselves food, and if they wish to prepare themselves a warm meal, they are unable to do it from the faintness of their hearts, being overcome by hunger. But I give them ready prepared victuals, and bread that they may immediately eat and refresh themselves." From this moral we learn that the charity of women is more agreeable to the Almighty than that of men.

J. HORWITZ.

THE PRINCES OF YORK.

Rise, shade of Edward, from the tomb!
And shield thy sons from harm,
Protect them 'mid their prison gloom
From Gloster's murderous arm.

Still dost thou trust with dauntless eye
A brother's proffer'd care?
Lo, Arthur's spirit hovers nigh,
And warns thee to beware.

They sleep—and charms so bright and pure
Around those features play,
Methinks their sacred force might lure
The savage from his prey.

Prince Edward's ruby lip was curl'd,
As when, in knightly strife,
'Mid the proud tournay's list is hurl'd
The lance for death or life.

But Richard in his dream did smile
Within that fatal tower,
As if he mark'd some pageant's wile
In lady's courtly bower.

His arm was o'er his brother's breast,
And on the pillow lay
That book of prayer their lips had prest,
Ere slumber's hallow'd sway.

Sad widow'd queen! once more to gaze
On brows so bold and fair,
Might paint a rainbow on thy days
Of weeping and despair.

Once more those sunny curls to lift
Might cheer a mother's heart,
But oh! the assassin's step is swift,
And dark the usurper's art.

Morn comes—those princes wake no more,
Their couch is lone and cold,
But yet no life-drops stain the floor,
To mark a deed untold.

Dissembler!—who dost mock the sky,
And man's weak search control,
Be strong to bear heaven's burning eye
Of justice on thy soul.

The sparkling orb may bind thy brow,
A realm extol thy bliss,
Ambition have its triumph now—
Is there no world but this?

It comes!—It comes!—the vengeful hour,
Stern warriors grasp the shield,
And Richmond pours his hostile power
O'er Bosworth's fatal field.

Haste, haste, false king! their might oppose,
Uplift thine haughty crest,
But secret throngs of spectre foes,
Ungird thy tyrant breast.

Meek Henry, from whose royal side,
Afresh the purple flows,
Seems with his slaughter'd son to glide,
Crush'd Lancaster's last rose.

Pale Clarence from his moulder'd cell
Stalks forth with dripping hair,
And they who in their beauty fell,
Look to it!—they are there.

Go! to thy tearless grave, go down!
Thy blood in battle spilt;
Go! weigh against thy bauble crown,
The eternal pang of guilt.

H. SIGOURNEY.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

F 456-A]



Painted by John Borden.

Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND! yes, lovely boy,
 Well may that friend each care employ.
 The buoyant laugh, the fond caress,
 That now thy thoughtless love express,
 In scenes all changed, in hours less gay,
 Well shall that faithful friend repay.
 When grief has dimm'd thy bright blue eye,
 And summer friends have flitted by;
 When fickle love no longer smiles,
 And treacherous hope no more beguiles;
 When all that youth and fancy gave
 Are swept by Time's incessant wave,
 And the wreck'd heart, forsaken, lone,
 Its trust has vain, as forced to own;
 This silent friend no change shall know,
 In joy still constant and in woe;
 With mute expression watching nigh,
 To catch each look—each smile or sigh,
 Following where'er thy steps have led,
 Lingering round thy drooping bed,
 And, every other mourner past,
 Breathing o'er thy tomb his last.

F 452-A



Painted by John Brown

Exhibited in 1852

THE PATRICK. FRIEND.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND! yes, lovely boy,
Well may that friend each care employ.
The buoyant laugh, the fond caress,
That now thy thoughtless love express,
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Following where'er thy steps have led,
Lingering round thy drooping bed,
And, every other mourner past,
Breathing o'er thy tomb his last.

G.

“THE MEMORY OF JOYS THAT ARE PAST.”

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Written at Thirteen years of age.

THERE is a tear of sweet relief—
A tear of rapture and of grief;
The feeling heart alone can know
What soft emotions bid it flow.
It is when memory charms the mind,
With tender images refined;
'Tis when her magic spells restore
Departed friends and joys no more.

There is an hour—a pensive hour;
And oh! how dear its soothing power!
It is when twilight spreads her veil,
And steals along the silent dale;
'Tis when the fading blossoms close,
When all is silence and repose;
Then memory wakes and loves to mourn,
The days that never can return.

There is a strain—a plaintive strain,
The source of joy and yet of pain;
It is the song whose dying measure
Some friend beloved has heard with pleasure,
Some friend who ne'er again may hear
The melting lay to memory dear;
Ah! then her magic spells restore
Visions of blissful days no more.

ELLEN'S GRAVE.

HER grave is in the clay-cold earth,
 Her slumber long and deep;
 And there its vigils of lone mirth
 The nightingale doth keep.
 She, when men's souls in dreams are winging,
 Sits in the weeping willow singing.

It is a spot where summer sheds
 Its sweet perfumes from violet beds;
 Where even winter's chilling blast
 With soften'd ire along hath pass'd;
 Where spring puts forth its earliest shoots,
 And autumn plucks the yellowest fruits;
 Upon a mount emblem'd to show
 Her flight from the vain world below.
 Around it flows a stream the clearest
 Of all that glide beneath the star;
 Its murmur down the glade thou hearest
 O'er the green vale for miles afar.

No splendid tombstone tells her name,
 No minstrels sing of Ellen's fame;
 Why should they? their's are harps that cry
 The coronach but when the mighty die;
 And the banner of glory, or coffer must buy
 The praise of the bard, else neglected they lie.

'Tis a stone of the forest; of sculptor unknown,
All covered with ivy, and standing alone;
Though it has no inscription, I deem it as well,
It tells where she lies—all I wished it to tell.
The marble moulders, stern decay
Sweeps monumental works away;
Almost as soon to dust returns
The grave stone as the thing it urns.
When I am gone, perchance some friend
Will still that bed of flowerets tend;
That grove to save some sylph will tax
The woodman's heart to stay his axe.
And that stream, ever babbling, will flow down the vale,
And those willows, so mournful, e'er sigh in the gale.

J. A. JONES.

THE DULL LECTURE.

FRONTISPIECE.

FROSTIE age, frostie age!
Vaine all thy learning.
Drowsie page, drowsie page,
Ever more turning.

Younge heade no lore will heede,
Younge heart's a recklesse rover,
Younge beautie while you reade,
Sleeping dreames of absent lover.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHRISTMAS OMENS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

The nightmare
seeks some love-wilder'd maid, with sleep oppress'd,
Alights, and grinning, sits upon her breast.

ONE Christmas eve, the young girls of the hamlet were assembled to divine their future fates by various ceremonies. Some threw their stockings behind the door—some rolled in the snow, or listened at the window, to discover in which direction the wind blew—and some dropped melted wax into cold water, predicting good or bad fortune to the assembly, according to the various forms it presented to their anxious eyes.

Then again, they took off their rings and ear-rings, and casting them into a vase, covered it with white linen, and retired one by one, singing love songs in chorus. A young cock became in his turn the oracle of fate, and each girl placed before him a handful of grain carefully counted. Thrice happy was she whose grains were least numerous when the animal was satisfied; she would first be united to the being whom she loved.

Like the beauteous star of night, when a dark cloud overshadows its soft and sparkling rays, the lovely

Svetlana sat apart from the merry group, pensive and musing. "Why this unusual sadness, dear Svetlana? Come and join in our sport, and mingle your sweet voice with ours in this joyous song."

"Come hasten hither, jeweller, thy gold and silver bring,

"And make for me a golden crown, and make for me a ring—

"My wedding-day will soon be here, and I must surely wear

"A sparkling ring upon my hand, a bright crown in my hair—

"Then hasten hither, jeweller, ah! think not of delay,

"My own true love will soon be here, to bear his bride away."

"Can I sing with you, O my friends, when my promised one is absent? Separated from him, my days seem long and sad, and every moment increases my anxiety. A year has already passed away since his departure, a whole year! and he has never sent me a single message to warn me of his return. Deprived of my lover, life has no joys for me. Has he forgotten his Svetlana? Can absence have banished my image from his heart? What detains him so long? Return, O return, your Svetlana languishes in grief! Ye guardian angels hasten his return!—guardian angels grant my prayer!"

Yielding to the entreaties of her companions, Svetlana

allowed them to conduct her to a lonely chamber, where she found a table, covered with a cloth, upon which was placed a mirror, a lamp, and two covers apparently in readiness for two guests. "Seat yourself before this table," said her conductor; the clock will soon strike the midnight hour—at this solemn warning, look attentively upon the mirror, and it will reveal to you your destiny—he who is most dear to you, will knock softly at the door, he will come and place himself at your side, and sup with his affianced bride."

Having spoken thus, they retired, and left Svetlana, who felt a secret fear stealing over her at finding herself alone in this solitary chamber, around which, the lamp shed but a dim and doubtful light; the profound silence of the night, broken only by the murmurs of the wind, and the plaintive cry of the cricket—the flickering of the feeble lamp—all filled her soul with terror: she scarcely dared to look upon the mirror before her, over whose surface the shadows of the apartment passed and repassed in a thousand fantastic forms.

All at once she heard a slight noise at the door; it opened—with a trembling and palpitating heart Svetlana cast an anxious glance upon the mirror, and beheld two sparkling eyes fixed intently upon her. She was nearly sinking with the terror which seized her, but a well-known voice softly met her ear; "All our wishes are fulfilled, dear Svetlana—away with tears and sighs—your lover returns the most tender, and the most faithful of men."

She turned—O most unexpected happiness! it is he—it is her lover who encircles her with his arms!

"Dear Svetlana banish your alarm, we will never part again; come, the priest waits to join my hand to yours—come, the chapel is now brilliant with a thousand lights, it already resounds with the nuptial song." Svetlana smiled, and followed her guide across the court, where her light feet scarcely left their traces upon the snow; they gained the gate—and there a sleigh awaited them drawn by two coursers, who stood champing their bits, and pawing with impatient feet.

More rapid than the winds before the tempest they pressed onward, filling the air with flakes of snow. Before the travellers, lay an immense plain; the moon, surrounded by a thick vapour, seemed to shed an unwilling light upon this dreary solitude; no habitation was to be seen. Svetlana, in affright, pressed closer to her lover. "Speak, O my friend!" said she in a trembling voice, "speak I conjure you"—but in vain she interrogated him, she received no reply.

At last, through the thick mist they could distinguish a vast edifice, towards which their horses directed their course, and Svetlana soon perceived it was an isolated church; as they approached, a sudden whirlwind burst open the door with the noise of thunder; a crowd of men clothed in mourning, filled the interior, and clouds of incense rose in the air; a black coffin was before the altar, and the priest, carrying in his hand the funereal taper, recited in a low voice the prayers for the dead. The horses continued on their way. Svetlana trembling with horror, again addressed her mute companion—

but deaf to her entreaties he preserved an obstinate silence.

At this moment the moon escaping from behind a cloud, discovered to the eyes of the young girl, the countenance of her lover, which the obscurity of the night had heretofore concealed. Great God! what a change—the pale and inanimate face, discoloured lips, and eyes immoveably and mournfully fixed upon the planet of the night—every thing in the appearance of the young traveller indicated that he was no longer an inhabitant of this world—all was cold and insensible as the tomb—at that moment a raven, the only inhabitant of those regions, uttering a funereal cry, flitted past the fiery coursers, whose manes bristled with affright.

A feeble light was seen at intervals in the distant horizon, and as if urged onward by supernatural force, the horses redoubled their speed, and soon stopped before a cabin of a most dismal appearance. Suddenly the traveller, the horses, the sleigh, all disappeared, leaving Svetlana alone, exposed to the pelting of the storm in the midst of a frightful desert; the snow fell around the poor girl, and embarrassed her faltering steps. Had her friend but been near her to sustain her courage! but alas! all nature seemed to abandon her. At length the sound of footsteps strikes her ear; she turns, and again beholds the consoling light. She advances towards it and knocks at the door of the hut, which flies open at her touch. She enters—a sad and mournful spectacle meets her view! a bier covered with a winding sheet, a taper, whose feeble brightness shed around only a dim sepulchral light. Unhappy being, why come you

here? what fatality has conducted you to this desolate abode. Svetlana took refuge near the holy images, the sight of which re-assured her sinking soul; she threw herself on her knees, and pressing with ardour a crucifix to her lips, invoked the protection of heaven by her fervent prayers.

The tempest no longer agitated the air—all was sunk into profound repose—the dying taper at times appeared extinct, and then again sent forth a brilliant light which illuminated every corner of the hut—suddenly a low murmur disturbed the death-like silence of the place, and a white dove, whose eyes sparkled amid the gloom, hovered around poor Svetlana, and perching upon her shoulder, flapped its caressing wings. Then, O horror!—the dead started, and trembled under the winding sheet, and throwing off the veil of death which enveloped it, disclosed to the eyes of Svetlana a ghastly and livid face, a forehead encircled by the funeral bandeau,* and eyes vacant in death—from the withered lips, escaped a long-drawn sigh, and the lean and lank hands were with an effort extended towards the young girl, who stood immovable with affright, till calmed by the sweet caresses of the beauteous dove. But the bird soon spread its wings, and flying through the apartment, alighted upon the frozen bosom of the corpse, which uttered deep and hollow groans; the spectre rose, grinding his teeth, and glaring fiercely upon the terrified girl—but all at once the eyes closed, a death-

* In Russia, they place upon the head of the corpse a crown, upon which saints and angels are represented.

like paleness passed over the features, and it fell motionless upon the bier. "Gaze, Svetlana, gaze upon this fearful corpse—it is thy lover!" Sinking under such an accumulation of horror, she uttered a piercing shriek—and suddenly awoke.

Where did she find herself? Before the mirror, in the same chamber, and in the same place in which her companions had left her. But the golden rays of the morning were already chasing before them the shades of night, and the cock clapping his wings, greeted with his matin song the returning dawn.

Still agitated by the terrible impressions of her dream, Svetlana was seated at the window, her mind oppressed by the saddest presentiments.

A whirlwind of snow arose upon the mountain—the sound of distant sleigh-bells was heard—the noise approached, and soon the tramp of horses, and the voice of the *isvoschik* was plainly distinguished—the door creaks upon its hinges—who is the traveller, who, throwing aside his mantle, covered with snow, springs lightly from the sleigh? O Svetlana! it is your promised one! it is your faithful lover!

DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.

I SAW a pale horse smear'd with gore,
Course o'er the bleeding plain;
Death's grisly form aloft he bore,
Hell follow'd in the train.
With famine, sickness, fire and sword,
And every ill, to slay—
Where'er they pass'd the life-blood pour'd,
And nations blanch'd away.
But though to these th' Almighty gave
O'er man's frail life control,
Their power is ended at the grave—
They cannot harm the soul:
And those for whom, on Calvary's height,
Christ yielded up his breath,
Unawed may front the ghastly sight,
And triumph over death!
Yes, when the heavens shall pass away,
The stars to earth shall fall,
When all yon countless orbs decay,
And darkness buries all;
The pure in heart, on angel-wings,
Shall reach that world of bliss,
Where pain no more the bosom wrings,
That aches so oft in this.

W. L.

OCEAN MUSIC.

COME—thou art of my spirit—sit with me—
And let me tell thee of a former time.

* * * * *

—Thou knowest there are things of harmony,
Unseen musicians of the air and wave,
That come and go upon the breathing winds,
And steal to meet you in deep solitudes;
When you have put the world away, as if
Into its grave, that you may be alone!
When to the ocean you have turn'd, to tell
Your sorrows to the seas—or to lull down
The heaving tumults of a tortured heart,
At that hard time when tears and thoughts of wo
Have flowed upon it like a bitter stream,
That seems to heap its waters.—At such time
I went and sat upon the sullen rocks,
That have been lash'd for ages by the surge,
And smiled on, too, for ages by the sky,
Yet look'd the same through all! Those old, dark rocks,
Which we have loved to shout from at the birds,
That flew there to the sunshine and the cliff.

I sat, and gazed in wonder on the sea;
Pondering its vastness, power, and awful depth,
Its beauty when in light it kiss'd the shore,

And terror in the storm, when its wild arms
Smote in loud anger all it had caress'd
In loveliness before. I thought of all
The wonder-wroughten splendours that were there,
Borne on the bosom of that peerless deep
Down the green tide, further than thought could go:
And then my winged mind rose from the waves
Up to the Mighty and Ineffable,
Who fashion'd this sublimity. I thank'd him
That he had given me soul to feel these things:
A heart to read his glories, and to say
Within itself, this shall not cease to be!
I thank'd him for the simple spirit that
Saw good in all the clouds, and trees, and stars.
And heard a sacred music from a world
That look'd a waste to others. I thank'd him
That he had made me child-like, and had kept
Me so, till I had come to my long years—
And had permitted my boy heart to go
In innocent rejoicing among the waves,
And feel that there was ecstasy in tears,
Shed why I knew not, when I heard the noise
Of the great sea come moaning at my feet!

At such a time I listen'd on these rocks:
The sea was not in anger, but a smile
Was resting on it, as it heaved itself
In a sad swell upon the jutting crags,
And broke into a line of silvery foam,
Murmuring, and oftentimes rising to a roar.
My soul was following out my idle eye,

That glanced from rock to some yet distant bark
That seemed a dull ship painted on the sky;
And that strange lullaby was in my ear
That comes not ever but in times like this,
When the intensest beating of the heart
Speaks audibly as conscience, and you hear
The voice of friends departed, round your head.
I listened as the surge went back, and heard
The distant coming on of music—such
As I ne'er heard on earth; the far, faint choir
Stealing symphonious on the wilder'd air,
Chord within chord, wrapt to its highest heaven!
Until the glorious harmony sunk down
And seem'd to die in the returning wave.
Then came the echo of one far, lone harp—
And straight a voice stole over it—and o'er that
A shrill pipe blown upon the wind, that made
Still sweeter harmony—then above all
A melancholy horn was swelling out
Its liquid melody, till all conjoin'd,
Voices, and organs, and wild instruments,
Came like the rolling thunder of a band—
So rich, so magic, and so beautiful,
I thought it was the green-hair'd Naiades
With all their sea-shells up from ocean blown,
To pour one chorus on my ravish'd ear,
Then sink forever to their coral homes!

GRENVILLE MELLÉN.

THE GRECIAN MAID TO HER LOVER.

A BEAUTIFUL Thessalian maid
Sat weeping by an almond tree;
Beside her on the grass was laid
A warrior youth of Thessaly.
He had bright weapons in his hand,
And glorious fancies in his heart,
Yet much he loath'd to join his band—
He loved, and could not bear to part.

She says to him, why art thou faint,
Why wet thine eye, and pale thy brow?
What dost thou wear a coward's taint,
Nor recollect'st thy vow?
Thou once did'st swear to bathe thy sword
In the best blood their ranks afford—
Go, and redeem it now.
I see where wave yon cypress trees,
A Moslem banner in the breeze.

What wilt thou wed me while the land
Is yet in bondage and in tears?
Go join the brave Botzarris' band—
Him, leader of yon spears.
If thou but bear'st thee well in fight,
Nor fickleness, nor fortune's blight,
Nor interval of years,
Shall tear me from thee, I will be
A wife for none, or wife for thee.

THE GRECIAN MAID TO HER LOVER. 307

Thou knew'st my sire, he dared the strife,
The vengeance of the turban'd foe,
Thou know'st he freely gave his life
To Greece, thou saw'st his heart's blood flow.
Go win thee fame, I'll wed thee then—
I'll be thy wife, but only when
Thou can'st for trophy show,
Memorial of thy first essay,
A caftan cleft in mortal fray.

But if the fields where warriors meet,
A recreant lover, thou dost shun;
And deem'st a life so purchased sweet,
Our league of love is done.
I'll build for thee a lonely tomb,
And deem thee buried in thy bloom,
And human converse shun;
The widow of the fallen brave
And not the consort of a slave.

J. A. JONES.

CONTENT.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

A KING who was one day leaning out of the window of his palace, which was built near a river, perceived on the beach an old and decrepid man, limping on until he came near the palace, when he seated himself by the water side.

The old man opened a small bag, took out of it a hard crust of bread, and threw it in the water. When the bread was thoroughly soaked, he made a hearty meal of it. He then took out a wooden cup, dipped it in the water, and drank with as great a zest as that with which he seemed to relish his repast. Having satisfied the cravings of nature, he retired some distance from the shore, to shelter himself from a burning sun under the foliage of a large tree, and there threw himself down and slept soundly.

The king in the meanwhile watched all the motions of the old man attentively; he called his attendants, and bade them to take special notice of him, and as soon as he waked to bring him before him. They accordingly did as he commanded, and the old man was

brought before his majesty. The king observed to him, "I have noticed that thou hast warmed thyself in the sun, and that thou hast taken a piece of stale rye bread out of thy little sack, and after soaking it in the water hast eaten it; afterwards thou didst satisfy thy thirst with the water from the river, and then refresh thyself with sleep, by throwing thyself under yonder tree. Art thou the same man?" "I am," answered the old man, "the very same;" "Then," rejoined the king, "I am much astonished how thou canst endure such living." The old man answered and said, "my dear lord, I am as much rejoiced and satisfied with it, as if I had fed on the greatest dainties of your majesty's table." The king then said, "thou mayst be satisfied from necessity, but it is impossible that thou canst enjoy such living." The old man answered, "my dear king, I will show you those who lead a worse life than I." "Proceed," said the king. The old man observed; "he that strives after money and property has a worse life; he is always desirous of becoming rich, he is never at rest; his mind is agitated, and his heart palpitates; by day he runs hither and thither, and by night he sleepeth not, ruminating how he can acquire substance; day after day passeth away, and he wanders like a madman, rushes into the world, travels over wildernesses, crosses oceans in pursuit of an annual fair, amidst thieves and robbers, sorrows and anxieties, trouble and labour, nothing stops his cupidity, there is no rest for him. He risks his life on the furious billows of the ocean, and on the waste land of the wilderness. And even if he reaches home,

he is perplexed with making up his accounts, and preparing for other journeys and other voyages; the more he has, the more he wishes to have, he has never enough, and he verifies the verse, 'he that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver, sleep shall fly from his eyelids.' Besides" said the old man, "he not only leads a miserable life in this world, but he exchanges the world to come for money, so in the end he loses both."

As soon as the old man had finished his reflections, the king said, "truly, old man, thou art more wise, and more happy than me, all my courtiers, and all those who aim at naught but riches and power."

The king henceforth loved the old man much, he became his favourite, and received many valuable presents, so that he could live the rest of his days comfortably.

J. HORWITZ.

THE RUINED CITY.

THE days of old, though time has reft
The dazzling splendour which they cast;
Yet many a remnant still is left
To shadow forth the past.
The warlike deed, the classic page,
The lyric torrent strong and free,
Are lingering o'er the gloom of age,
Like moonlight on the sea.

A thousand years have roll'd along,
And blasted empires in their pride;
And witness'd scenes of crime and wrong,
Till men by nations died.
A thousand summer suns have shone
Till earth grew bright beneath their sway,
Since thou, untenanted, and lone,
Wert rendered to decay.

The moss tuft, and the ivy wreath,
For ages clad thy fallen mould,
And gladden'd in the spring's soft breath;
But they grew wan and old.
Now, desolation hath denied
That even these shall veil thy gloom:
And nature's mantling beauty died
In token of thy doom.

Alas, for the far years, when clad
With the bright vesture of thy prime,
The proud towers made each wanderer glad,
Who hailed thy sunny clime.
Alas, for the fond hope, and dream,
And all that won thy children's trust,
God cursed—and none may now redeem,
Pale city of the dust!

How the dim visions throng the soul,
When twilight broods upon thy waste;
The clouds of wo from o'er thee roll,
Thy glory seems replaced.
The stir of life is brightening round,
Thy structures swell upon the eye,
And mirth and revelry resound
In triumph to the sky.

But a stern moral may be read,
By those who view thy lonely gloom:
Oblivion's pall alike is spread
O'er slave, and lordly tomb.
The sad, the gay, the old, and young,
The warrior's strength, and beauty's glow,
Resolved to that from which they sprung,
Compose the dust below.

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VIEW OF ISCHIA AND PROCIDIA

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ISCHIA AND PROCIDA,

From the Camaldoli near Naples.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOLITARY TRAVELLER.

AND why is it not so in my own country? Our seasons are the same, our latitude is the same, we enjoy the same deep blue skies, the same cloudless days, the same refreshing storms, the same bright moons: if we study the descriptions which Virgil has so faithfully and exquisitely given, if we read what present travellers record, we shall find in all, between the climates of Italy and America, a singular resemblance. Yet peasants are not seen dancing in our groves, the murmur of our streams is not answered by the light tinklings of the guitar, no groups collect around wandering enthusiasts to listen to tales of old romance, and the heavy hand of thought and of care seems scarce ever to lift its weary pressure from our brows. These reflections arose in my mind as I looked down on the gay and happy groups that were enjoying, in careless vivacity, the charms of an Italian evening. I had wandered, during the day, along the lovely shores which bound the bay of Naples, the old,

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fabled fields of Elysium, the truer paradise of Baiz, where the gentlest and the sweetest of poets, the best of philosophers, and those who were dearest to fancy and the muse, had passed the happiest hours of various life; and I had now seated myself on the brow of the eminence whence the fathers of the Camaldoli look down on the fairy scene below. And how beautiful was that scene! The sun had not yet sunk into the ocean, but the brightness of his rays was lost in the rich red glare of a vast but thin cloud, through which they seemed to be diffused. The purple light was spread over the bay; the islands of Ischia and Procida, arose in strong relief; a thousand skiffs were waiting to catch the lazy breeze, or stealing silently along.

At such times how wild are the tricks of imagination; how memory roams in moments over ages and worlds. No clouds of dark smoke issued from the rocky summits of Ischia, no roar of volcanos thundered like the vexed ocean, no torrents of burning lava poured over desolated vales; but all was clothed in fertility and beauty, myrtles and vines, and groves and smiling cottages rose around, unconscious that nature had ever there wreaked her saddest vengeance. Yet as I looked upon the peaceful island, I recollected that many centuries had not passed since all had been laid waste, and few were spared to tell the tale of sudden horror. I recollected that in ages far beyond, dreaming poets had made it the abode or the grave of giants, and that angry Jupiter had hurled it on the monster who attempted to storm the skies—

'There Typhon press'd beneath the burning load,
Still feels the fury of the avenging God.

But is this the only change which memory recalls? is all the same save the green hills which have succeeded to craggy rocks? There are vicissitudes still more strange. These isles, mighty emperors once made the seats of harmless pleasure, or of darkest crime; these waves were once covered with vast fleets which brought supplies of corn, and every luxury from every shore; these promontories were crowned with temples where suppliant nations listened to the prophetic dictates of the sibyl. The islands are now the abodes of peaceful peasants, the waves bear few vessels, but the little skiffs which pass along the shore. On the promontories are seen the silent cells of monks, who profess a faith which teaches them to await the secrets of futurity, with hope, uncertainty, or dread.

Time rolls onward like the triumphal procession of the Cæsars. Bands of chained slaves occupy the spot where a moment since passed the golden car of the victor; rough and wearied soldiers are followed by the glittering spoils of nations; the sounds of revelry and joy are succeeded by lamentations and tears. Yet all alike are hastening to their end; the hill must be ascended, the doors of the temple will be closed, and every thing shall be as if it had never been.

THE TOMB OF WILSON.

On the shores of the Delaware, within the southern suburbs of Philadelphia, is the "Old Swedes' Church," with its neat parsonage house and garden. It was erected in the year 1700, on the site of the first temporary shelter, from which the anthems of the Pilgrims burst on the primeval forests of Pennsylvania. In its cemetery, WILSON, the American Ornithologist, is interred. He had requested to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, where the birds might sing over his grave. That spot is marked by a simple marble, which records the date of his birth and death.

THE grass is green, and the plane trees bloom
Round the ancient kirk, and the humble tomb.

O'er Wilson's honour'd grave;
And the passage-bird from the orange groves,
To the summer scene of his youth and loves,
Has borne him down from the heights of air,
To warble his wonted requiem there.
But still and cold is that heart of fire,
It thrills not as erst to the songster choir.

Sainted student of nature! thy relics repose
Far away from the land which is proud of thy birth,
Where the thistle blooms high o'er the vales of the
 rose,
And the mountain breeze nurtures the brave of the
 earth.

Where cotter's hearth, and beetling tower,
Are scenes of love and chivalry,
Scenes which could wake the holiest power,
That lives in Highland minstrelsy—

Ere yet her ploughboy bard had sung
Amid his bonny braes and rills;
Or Campbell's deathless lyre was strung
On Caledonia's heather'd hills;

Upon his peasant-mother's breast,
Nature had mark'd a darling boy,
And conscious of his high behest,
Beheld him with maternal joy.

Soon she who gave the prattler birth,
Left him in infancy to roam—
Left to the wilderness of earth,
An orphan from his parent home.

But not the dull routine of toil,
The shuttle's shrill monotony,
Or ills of penury could spoil
His spirit's high wrought destiny.

The love of virtue and of truth,
Inspiring genius bore him on;
Gentlest of Scotia's gallant youth,
Nature's devoted, chosen son.

He dream'd a happier clime had risen
Beyond the darkly rolling wave—
The brightest spot that beacons heaven,
Home of the exile and the brave.

He sought Columbia's distant shore,
Where erst a pilgrim band had prest;
Where Penn his bloodless banner bore
To the vast forests of the west.

There nature in her frolic moods,
Had strew'd her sweetest forms and flowers,
And bloom'd o'er boundless solitudes,
Lovely as in her orient bowers.

And there, as now, the passage bird,
Had sung his summer song and flown,
Gay as the hunter-race who heard
Through ages noteless and unknown.

But now there came a gifted child,
A wanderer from o'er the sea,
To hear the songsters of the wild,
And breathe the air of liberty.

He saw the cheerful choir whose loves,
Enraptured song, and summer home,
Surround us mid our fields and groves,
Till fading autumn bids them roam.

And all the mightier tribes that soar
From the lone icebergs of the north,
Above the restless ocean's shore,
When winter's empire sends them forth.

Kind Nature to his docile heart
Taught the enchantment of the scene,
And gave him power to impart,
Such as to mortal had not been.

His words have pictured to the sight
The rival falcons of the sky,
And lit, in their unmetred light,
The fadeless dreams of Poesy.

He rambled where the "wandering stream,"
Mirrors his own primeval woods,
And where, beneath their rainbow gleam,
Whelm Niagara's ocean-floods.

He climbed the Appalachian's height,
Where lingers the eternal snow,
And gazed with wild and proud delight,
O'er all the forest-world below.

Where the wide waters of the West
In one concentrated volume roll,
A skiff upon its rippling breast,
Bore him, a lone and ardent soul.

He mark'd the pigeon's myriad flight,
That fill'd the horizon broad and blue,
Till his eye wearied with the sight,
And twilight hid them from his view.

There by the lonely leaf-strewn grave,
Where lost lamented Lewis lies,
He wept, as friendship weeps the brave,
Ere it may join them in the skies.

But now the mourner weeps no more,
He sleeps beneath yon humble tomb,
His wild-wood wanderings are o'er,
He heeds not Spring's returning bloom.

He died as genius oft shall die,
While heartless avarice bears control,
But never shall the sun or sky
Glow on a warmer, nobler soul—

The brightest, loveliest orbs of heaven,
Shine on us for the shortest date—
To brightest spirits oft are given
The comet's swift returning fate.

While Egypt's slowly mouldering stone,
Shall look on nations yet to be,
And tell of generations gone,
To races passing ceaselessly—

While Homer's numbers shall prolong
His country's dear and deathless name—
E'en if his rapture-breathing song
Wakes not a Phœnix from her flame.

While our own emblem bird shall fly,
Serenely in his native sky,
And the broad breeze o'er earth and sea
Wafts the proud banner of the free—
So long, illustrious shade! thy name
Shall brighten on the scroll of fame—
While Nature's pauseless course shall bring
Again the bloom and birds of Spring,
Each lonely note or song of glee,
At dawn and eve shall tell of thee.

T. F.

THE RIFLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.

"Foul deeds will rise,
'Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
Shakspeare.

THE traveller who passes, during the summer or autumn months of the year, through the states of our union that lie west of the Ohio river—Indiana and Illinois in particular—will often pause in his journey, with feelings of irrepressible admiration, to gaze upon the ten thousand beauties, which nature has spread through those regions with an uncommonly liberal hand. The majestic mountain, upholding the heavens on its cloudy top, does not, to be sure, arrest his astonished eye; and the roaring cataract, dashing from a dizzy height, and thundering down into whirling depths below, then rising again in upward showers, forms no part of the character of their quiet scenes. But the wide-spread prairie, level as some waveless lake, from whose fertile soil the grass springs up with a luxuriance unparalleled in any other part of our country, and whose beautiful green is besprinkled with myriads and myriads of flowers, ravishing the sight with their loveliness, and filling the

air with their sweets—and, again, on either side of these immense savannas, standing arrayed 'like host to host opposed,' the leafy forests, whose silence has not often been broken by the voice of man, and through whose verdant recesses the deer stalk in herds, with the boldness of primeval nature—these are some of the scenes that call forth a passing tribute of praise from every beholder. Such is their summer aspect: but when winter 'has taken angrily his waste inheritance,' not even the painter's pencil can convey a just conception of the bleakness and desolation of the change. Then those extensive plains, lately covered with the infinitely diversified charms of nature, become one white unvaried waste; through the vistas of the naked trees nothing meets the glance but snow; and if from the chilly monotony of earth, the wearied eye looks up to heaven, thick and heavy clouds, driven along upon the wind, seem surcharged to bursting, with the same frigid element. It was during the latter season that the incidents of our story took place.

About the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister state into the union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly mild, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap, made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linseywoolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woollen

fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was also appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin moccasins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ankle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode, was so small that his rider's feet almost draggled on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated racking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country, where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern states; and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the but resting on his toe, a heavy-looking rifle.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you yankees, toting about wi' you a rail Kentuck rifle, than I should ha' thought I'd be riding myself without one. If I did'nt see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr. Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, doctor," said the old man, "and there a'nt many good ones, atwixt Sangamo and the Mississip', that I do'nt know the vally on. I reckon now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of a shooting-iron; but it's brought down a smart chance of deer first and last. That lock's a rail screamer, and there an't a truer bore—except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to—no, not atwixt this and Major Marham's. It carries jist ninety-eight, and mine a leetle over ninety-four to the pound. Jim has used my bullets often, when we've been out hunting together."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself: in this wilderness country we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr. Silver-sight."

"'Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I do'nt mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that 'ere, with a yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I ca'nt 'bide seeing a good rifle in a man's hand that do'nt know the vally on it."

Doctor Rivington resigned the weapon with a good humoured smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece, of the character of that he had

been carrying: he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loth to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money. The term yankee, which we have heard him applying, in rather a contemptuous manner, was then, and for years after, used indiscriminately in reference to all such as emigrated from the states east of the Alleghany mountains. Handing the rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed:

"I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr. Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and as I wish to reach Mr. Wentworth's to night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going into town to-morrow, Doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well then, you can do me a good turn. Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rag. I want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land: I was going to take it in; but you'll do jist as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business; and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached

the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe?" said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This fresh track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be, that I'll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in hand some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than Jim's, you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball to its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and year out, with red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor; you need'nt lift the sarrificates—the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened shortly to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter, acknowledging to himself in mental soliloquy, that the doctor was "a right nice and cute young fellow, considering he was raised among yankees," rode briskly along the path. He had proceeded about four or five miles further on his way, when he perceived that the track he before observed, turned aside, towards a little point of timber, that put out into the prairie. "So, so," said he, "Slaymush has been out among the deer to day; I was in hopes 'twas some one going up to the head-waters;" and he kept racking along the road, when, directly, the report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night,

and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A form was seen, a few minutes after, cautiously approaching the place, fearful lest his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"Damnation!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon has'nt got the money after all; and I've put a bullet through his head for nothing. I'm sure, I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly give it to him to carry: well it's his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it, and the gray-headed scoundrel wont never jeer me agin, for using a smooth-bore, before a whole company of Kentuck squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry, I dropped that flask, any how, but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast, where it had hung for forty years. "What the devil have we here!" said he again, as he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," discharging it into the air, "if the worst comes to worst, they'll think his piece went off by accident, and shot him. But there's no danger—it will snow before daylight, and cover the trail; and the prairie-wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie,

nearly at right angles with the path, along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

It was in a log-house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half-way up the capacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of this atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we lately parted. His great-coat, hat, and overalls were laid aside; and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency, and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then, would send a furtive glance to the guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter. We say she was beautiful; and if a complexion so clear, that—

The eloquent blood spoke through her cheek, and so distinctly wrought,

That one might almost say of her, her very body thought—

—if laughing blue eyes lighted up by intelligence and affection; if smooth and glossy auburn ringlets; teeth white as the snow around her father's dwelling, and a person which, though not tall, was well formed and graceful; if all these traits combined, constitute a claim to the epithet, it certainly belonged to her. She was mo-

destly attired in a dress of no costly material; and the little feet that peeped from underneath it, were clothed in white stockings of her own fabrication, and in shoes of too coarse a texture ever to have been purchased from the shelves of a fashionable city mechanic. Yet that same form had been arrayed in richer apparel, and had been followed by glances of warmer admiration, than perhaps ever fell to the share of those, who are ready to condemn her on account of her simple garb.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter, (at the time of our story the only one,) of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the city of New York; but whom misfortunes in business had suddenly befallen, and stripped of all his fortune. While surrounded by affluence, he had been considered remarkably meek and affable; but became proud and unsocial in adversity: and not caring to remain among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated, with his whole family, to the wilds of Illinois. He was actuated in part, no doubt, by a higher and better motive. At that time he was the father of another daughter. Louisa, older than Catharine, was fast falling a victim to that disease, which comes over the human form, like autumn over the earth, imparting to it additional graces, but too truly whispering that the winter of death is nigh. The medical attendant of the family, perhaps to favour the design which he knew Mr. Wentworth entertained, intimated that a change of climate was their only hope. If it were right in us to detain the reader, and we possessed the power of exhibiting in the melancholy sweetness

of reality, the progress of that interesting female to the grave, till at length she lay down in her attenuated loveliness to awaken in heaven—all who have hearts, would moisten the relation with a tear. But we will not—we cannot:—

Beneath the prairie turf she lies,
And sweetest wild-flowers dress the sod;
Her stainless soul hath sought the skies,
To dwell forever with its God.

How strangely does the human mind accommodate itself to almost any situation: the man who had spent his life, hitherto, in a sumptuous mansion, surrounded by all those elegances and means of enjoyment, which, in a large city, are always to be procured by fortune, now experienced, in a log cabin, divided into but four apartments, and those of the roughest kind, a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well he might be happy; for he was rich—not in money—but in a better, a more enduring kind of wealth. His wife, two hardy and active sons, and the remaining daughter, Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health. We can only estimate our condition in this life, by comparison with others, and his plantation was as large, and as well cultivated, his crops as abundant, his stock as good as any of the settlers on that prairie. He had still a better source of consolation: Louisa's death, the quiet of the country, and the natural wish of every active mind to create to itself modes of employment, had led him more frequently to read and search the sacred scriptures, than he had found leisure

to do before; and this was attended, as it always is, with the happiest result, a knowledge and love of him, 'whom to know is life eternal.' But we are digressing.

The family of Mr. Wentworth, with the addition of Charles Rivington, (whom, indeed, we might almost speak of as one of its members, for, on the coming New Year's day, he was to receive the hand of 'their saucy Kate,' as the happy parents fondly termed her,) were gathered round the fire-side, conversing cheerfully on every topic that presented itself, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff of the county, entered the apartment. He apologized for his intrusion, by saying that having had business to attend to at a cabin farther up the prairie, which detained him longer than he expected, he should not be able, on account of the darkness of the night, to return to town until the following morning: he therefore hoped that he might be accommodated with a bed. His request was of course readily complied with.

He was a tall, dark person, dressed much in the manner of the unfortunate hunter, except that his leg-gings were of buckskin. He had lost an eye, when a young man, in a scuffle with an Indian, two of whom sprung upon him from an ambush; this, with a deep scar on his forehead, received in a tavern-brawl at New Orleans, two or three years before, and the wrinkles that age, or more likely his manner of life had ploughed, gave to his countenance a sinister and disagreeable expression. At this time, the haggard appearance of his face was increased, either from having been a long while exposed to the cold, or from some latent sickness

working on him, for his lip quivered, and was of a bloodless hue, and he was remarkably pale. Charles Rivington, who often met him in his rides, was the first to notice the change from his usual appearance.

"You look pale and fatigued, Mr. Rumley; I hope you are not unwell."

"No, sir—that is—yes I do feel a little sickish; and should be glad to go to bed, if it's convenient," answered Mr. Rumley.

"Perhaps there is something that we can do for you, sir?" said the maternal Mrs. Wentworth.

"No ma'am, I thank ye. I reckon a good night's sleep will be best for me: it's what cures all my ailments." And in compliance with his wish, the guest was shown to his apartment.

One by one, the different members of this peaceful family sought their pillows, till soon Charles Rivington and the blushing Catharine were left sole occupants of the room. But though alone, they were not lonely: he had many an interesting tale to whisper into the maiden's ear, (for it was almost a week since they had met!) and she, though something of a chatterbox, when none but her mother and brothers were present, on this occasion betrayed a wonderful aptitude for listening. The hours glided rapidly away; and the gray morning was already advancing, when the happy young man, imprinting a good-night kiss upon her cheek, left her to those sweet dreams, which slumber bestows only upon the young and innocent.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he

resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying, at the same time, on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner!" cried the foremost of the party. "By heaven! Jim look there; there's the very money itself. I can swear to that pouch." And here he rudely seized our hero by the collar.

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," returned Charles Rivington, sternly; as shaking the man from him, he gave him a blow that sent him to the other side of the office. "What is it that you have to say? and if I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit quietly, Doctor Rivington," said another of the party, who was a constable. "You perhaps can explain every thing; but you must come with us, before Squire Lawton. This is my authority; (showing a paper,) and it is only necessary to say that suspicion rests on you, as the murderer of old Silver-sight, who was found shot through the head, on the road this morning."

"Is it possible! poor old man, has he really been killed! When I parted from him last night, he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits," said the doctor.

"He parted from him last night; mark that Buck-horn," said the one who had just received a severe repulse from our hero, and whose name was Carlock. "He left him in excellent spirits! mark what the villain says."

"There need be no jeering about it," replied Buckhorn. "Doctor Rivington, you tended me in my bad fever last spring, and agin when I had the chills in the fall, and you stuck by me truer than any friend I've had since my old mother died, except this 'ere rifle; and I'm monstrous sorry I found it where I did. It may so be, that you've got a clear conscience yet; but whether or no, though old Silversight and me has hunted together many and many's the day, you shall have fair play any how, damn me if you sha'nt. That 'ere money looks bad; if it had been a fair fight, we mought a-hush'd it up, somehow or 'nother."

Our hero, while Buckhorn was speaking, had time to reflect that if Silversight were indeed dead, circumstances would really authorize this arrest. The rifle, which he was known to have carried with him from town, had been found, it seems, beside the murdered body. The money that the unfortunate man had entrusted to him, was discovered in his possession; and how could it be proved for what purpose it had been given to him? As these thoughts rushed rapidly through his mind, he turned to the officer, and observed,

"Mr. Pike, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honour and fair dealing, until I shall either be enabled to prove my innocence, or heaven places in the hands of justice, the real perpetrator of the deed."

So saying, he gathered up the money from the table

and departed with the officer and his companions, to the house of Mr. Lawton, who, being a justice of the peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

"I have always been glad to see you heretofore, Doctor Rivington," said the magistrate, politely, on the appearance of that person before him, "and should be so now, were it not that you are charged with a crime, which, if proved, will call down the severest vengeance of the law. I hope and believe, however, that you can establish your innocence. Where were you, sir, on the afternoon of yesterday?"

"I went out to visit some patients, meaning to continue my ride as far as Mr. Buckhorn's; and took his rifle with me, from the gunsmith's, with the intention of stopping and leaving it: but I met with old Mr. Silversight, at the cross-roads, who was going up from the New Settlements, and he offering to take charge of it, I gave it to him. We parted at the fork, and I crossed over to Mr. Wentworth's."

"Did Mr. Silversight continue on his journey, having Jim Buckhorn's rifle with him?" asked the Justice.

"Yes, sir; but before we separated he gave me this money," handing the notes and specie to the magistrate, "requesting me to pay it into the land-office to day, to clear out Mr. Richly's land. He said there were five hundred dollars in all, and I was counting it when arrested."

"There is a most unfortunate coincidence of circumstances against you, Doctor. The man is found murdered, the rifle which you were known to have carried, lying near him, and you arrive in town on the next day,

with the money of the deceased in your possession. The poor old man's horse going home without his rider, excites alarm; Buckhorn and Carlock, with other neighbours, set out upon the track; they find the murdered victim, stark and bloody, lying on the snow, which was scarcely whiter than his aged head; they divide—some bearing the body back, while the others follow on the trail; it leads them to Mr. Wentworth's where you acknowledge you passed the night; they there inquire what person made the tracks which they had followed, and were answered it was you; they continue on your trail until they arrive in town; they make affidavit of these facts, and procure a warrant for your arrest, when, to complete the chain of evidence, you are found counting the spoils of the murdered man. Now, sir, what answer can you make to these appalling circumstances."

"They are appalling indeed, sir," said our hero, "and I can only reply to them—I am innocent. If the poor man was murdered, the one who did it must certainly have left tracks; and I fear they have fallen upon his trail, and taken it for mine. But it is in my power to prove that I had no weapons with me, except that unlucky rifle, and the gunsmith will testify that he gave me no balls with it."

"The gunsmith has already been before me," said squire Lawton, "for I was loath to have you apprehended, except on an application backed by such proof as could not be rejected. He states when he gave you the gun, the lock had been repaired and polished, and that since that time it has certainly been discharged. I am sorry to do it, sir, but my duty compels me to commit you."

It is needless to dwell longer on this examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs adduced against him, that the worthy magistrate, and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood could scarce hesitate to believe him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb as it burst up through the eastern heaven with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at its setting; its last rays fell upon him through the iron-guarded window of a prison. Yet, could we examine into the soul of that young man as he lay in one corner of the small and noisome apartment, on a bed of straw that had been spread for a former inmate, we should find, perhaps, though surrounded by the greatest danger—the danger of dying an ignominious death, and of having a blot left forever on his memory, he was still serene and happy. And why was this? He had a companion in that dreary place, whose acquaintance had been sought in the hours of prosperity, and who now, in the darkness of trouble, would not depart; a companion that can cheer us amid the revilings of the world, can pierce through the bars of a dungeon, and whisper to the desponding spirit, ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’

Charles Rivington was one of the too small number of young men who are not ashamed to be religious; ‘and

verily he had his reward.' The mere worldling similarly situated, would have been loud in imprecations or dumb with agony: but he, upborne by conscious innocence, and knowing that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our heavenly Father, humbled himself in prayer before that being 'who is mighty to save unto the uttermost,' and he arose from the exercise with those tranquilized and invigorated feelings which are its invariable result.

Nearly two years had elapsed since our hero emigrated to that western region. He was the youngest, and, at the time of our narrative, the only son of a widowed mother, who had been doomed to follow successively to the grave a husband, a lovely daughter, her eldest born, and two fine and promising boys. Sick of the scene where death had made such havoc, and crushed so many fragrant buds of promise, she consented to accompany her sole remaining child to a place where the newness of the country seemed to hold forth greater prospect of success, than was afforded to a young practitioner among the overstocked population of a city. Hitherto their expectations had been amply realized. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, provided for the wounded heart of that Christian widow, a balm of sweetest efficacy. Her son was such a child as mothers pray for; he strove by redoubled filial attentions to supply the place of the lost ones to his parent; and her eyes seldom rested on his manly form, that they did not become watery, from the overfulness of gratified maternal love. Their family misfortunes had rendered his mind uncommonly

ductile; and it was she who planted there those seeds of righteousness, which, as we have seen, sprang up and brought forth goodly fruit.

On the afternoon of her son's commitment, she was sitting in the parlour of the pleasant little house which they occupied, when Judy, an Irish girl, who had lived long in the family, remaining with them through all their trouble, came running, almost breathless, into the apartment.

"Och, Mistress, and the Lord bless you," she cried, as soon as she was able to speak, "and presarve your old heart from breaking—but I's got bad news for ye."

"How often, Judy, must I repeat to you," said the pious old lady, interrupting her, "that it is extremely wrong to use the name of your Maker so familiarly on all occasions: 'the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'"

"Botheration, ma'am, but I's no time tend to that now——"

"Judy!" interrupted Mrs. Rivington again, "how can you speak so——"

"Ma'am, will you plase to hear me," roared out the servant, at length fully restored to her voice, "are ye agoing to set here praching, and let them murder Mr. Charles."

"Charles! gracious Providence," ejaculated the mother, catching the alarm of the menial, "what is the matter—surely nothing evil has happened to him?"

"Oh nothing at all, at all, mistress," responded Judy, striving to speak calmly, that she might not too suddenly shock the trembling parent; then, unable to

control her feelings, she sobbed out, "my poor dear young master's in prison."

"In prison!" exclaimed the astonished mother, turning quickly to the weeping girl, and grasping her arm, "Judy," said she, with the earnestness of agonized apprehension, "tell me the whole truth—you have seen me bear calamity before—what does this mean?"

"Ah, madam, jist be quiet," returned the anxious servant; "it's only one of them drunken hunters what's kilt himself, and the blackguards want to lay it to poor Mr. Charles, becasse he's a yankee, as they call it, and that's jist the whole of it."

"My boy accused of murder! my honourable, my pious boy. Father of mercies!" said the pale and agitated mother, sinking on her knees, "if this withered heart is doomed to receive another wound, if my last earthly prop is to be torn from me, oh do thou give me strength to bear this greatest of afflictions, and enable me to say, thy will, not mine be done." She rose with renewed composure, and turning to her maid, "get me my hat and shawl, Judy," said she, "I'm glad it is no worse: this is but a passing cloud; for he is innocent and his innocence will soon be manifest. I feared lest he might be sick, or thrown from his horse; but the Lord be praised, who hath not tried his servant beyond her strength."

Such was the language of the exemplary Mrs. Rivington, as she walked out that evening, with the intention of visiting her son in prison. We will not accompany her: their meeting was such as will be anticipated from their enlightened and pious characters; and though

the good woman was alarmed by the strength of the circumstances adduced against her beloved boy, yet not for a moment was her faith in the justice of the Almighty so shaken, as to permit a fear that the guiltless would suffer. But leaving them mutually striving to strengthen and encourage each other, we will ask of our reader to accompany us into the kitchen of Dr. Rivington's house, whither Judy immediately returned on the departure of her mistress.

"She's a noble-hearted woman, that's what she is," said the girl, whose admiration was excited by the Christian firmness she had seen exhibited; "she's jist the right sort of mither for sich a swait young gentleman as he is: and you Jimmy," (turning to Buckhorn, who sat with a sorrowing countenance in a corner,) "ye're a pretty blackguard, ar'nt ye, to be going to give information 'ginst a man what you know niver did harm in his born days. Ah! git along with ye—I'm fairly sick of ye."

"But, Judy, when we found the rifle laying by the dead body," answered the distressed young man, "I very natur'ly said to Carloch, that that was the best trail we could have: for I know'd old Silversight had been down in the new sittlement, and so, says I, the man what got this 'ere rifle from Drill's, must be the murderer: but if I'd-a-know'd it was the Doctor took it out, miss fire but I'd a-held my peace, if I never could shoot buck agin till I told it. I hardly b'lieve he killed the old fellow now."

"Now, 'pon my honour ye're a great fool," responded the indignant Judy; "you hardly b'lieve it, do you? I tell you what, Jimmy Buckhorn, the man as comes a

sparking to me, if I set ever so much by him, should niver get my consent, if he was the means of putting the dear young gentleman into limbo, till he contrived ways and means to git him clare agin. You don't b'lieve he's guilty! Arrah now, Jimmy, I've told you afore I's a sort of liking for you—but I'd sooner b'lieve you had murdered the poor old vagabond, in cold blood, than that Mister Charles did it, if he was ever so provoked."

Buckhorn rose from his seat when the fluent and handsome Irish girl finished her speech, and taking her hand, "Judy," said he, "my nag is tired down—but I'll git Bob Millar's—I'll go down and see the doctor at the jail winder, and find which way he went out to the head waters—then I'll follow up his trail from town, and see where he cut off to old Wentworth's, for it's sar-tain he slept there—and it may turn out that the villain's trail and his are two different ones. If so be that's the truth, I'll keep on the scent 'till I find out who the rail ruff'an is—and there's no time to be lost, for it may come up to snow, and that will fill up the tracks in short order. So, Judy, give me your hand, and there," continued he, kissing the blushing girl's lips, "there, I'll find out who the scamp is, or, in case that's impossible, if Doctor Rivington does'nt git clar it shall be his own fault."

A heavy fall of snow did unfortunately occur that night, leaving the wide prairies as white and smooth as unwritten paper, and consequently depriving our calumniated hero of the most obvious, and apparently of every mode of substantiating his innocence. His confidence, however, in the divine protection, was undimin-

ished, and nightly from the silence of his cell, went up the inaudible aspirations of a soul that firmly relied on the goodness and justice of its prayer-hearing Father. Nor did those pious orisons ascend unaccompanied through the still vault of night to the Almighty's ear: the aged mother's contrite heart was poured out in an agony of prayers; the parents of his affianced bride knelt often before the throne of heaven for the welfare of their slandered boy, as in their affection they called him, and the blue eyes of Catharine wept supplications, and her pure and innocent heart, hitherto untouched by sorrow, except on the occasion of her sister's death, now continually sent unworded and unutterable appeals to her Creator, for her lover's life. In the meanwhile week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for trial at length arrived.

The little village in which the sessions of the circuit court were held, and which, for the sake of a name, we will call Edgarton, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the public square," in which stood a building answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of meeting-house, when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country; it fronted on the public road. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and, like the court-house, built of large hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. A large brick-house, the only one in the

town, was situated on the rear of the square, and was occupied as a hotel, as the traveller was informed by a huge sign suspended from a post at the road side, where was conspicuously written in great yellow letters, under a burlesque likeness of General Washington, "Entertainment for man and horse." A little farther up the road, or main street as it was called, though there was but one in the village, on the opposite side was another tavern of more humble appearance than the first. It was around these two places of public entertainment, that a numerous assemblage of persons collected on the morning when the important trial was to take place, all eagerly conversing on the crime of which the prisoner was supposed to be guilty; and many of them uttering no very moderate anathemas against the yankees, whom they pretended to consider, en masse, as rogues and cheats, and who, at least, were coming into the country to break up their old manners and customs. The women, who were plentifully sprinkled among them, seemed very willing to join in the general clamour.

"They're a monstrous fidgety people, say the least of them," observed the large fat wife of a farmer, and her sleepy eyes and unmeaning face assumed something like angry vivacity as she spoke. "They want a heap of waitin' on; and you do'nt git no thanks after all. Now there was old Wentworth—he tarried with us, you know Carlock, on account of his sick da'tar, when he first came out here. Good coffee was'nt good enough for 'em; they must have a little tea to be sure. So I sent Johnny down to the Settlement to git some; and I took a heap of pains to cook the truck—and, what do you think? they would'nt

eat a bit on't after all. I do'nt much wonder neither; for 'twas bitter, nasty trash, as ever I'd wish to taste. But it's always the way with 'em; they make trouble just for nothing."

The remarks of the indignant woman were fully concurred in by most of her simple and unsophisticated hearers; but there was one among them who was obliged to thrust his tongue into his cheek, and turn aside, to prevent the dame from seeing his laughter. He was the merchant's clerk, and had heard the story before. The fact was, that never having used the article of tea in her life, the poor woman had caused a pound of it to be purchased, and boiling it all in a large kettle, served it up to her guests as greens for dinner.

"They tell," said a farmer, who had the reputation of being a wit among his fellows, and whose linseywoolsey coat contrasted strangely with a printed calico shirt, the collar of which was ostentatiously displayed. "They tell that old Silversight had a power of money when he was killed. It's kill or cure with these yankee doctors, anyhow; but that was the queerest pill to give a patient, I've ever hearn of; and he took the trouble off your hands, Carlock, and paid the bill himself out of the dead man's pocket, hey?"

Such is a specimen of the idle talk with which the crowd amused themselves, until the court, at length, assembled, and, after the usual preliminaries, the important trial commenced. The prisoner had been supplied by his anxious and affectionate parent, with all the little comforts which the narrow apartment admitted of, except fire and candles; they being forbidden on account

of the material of which the jail was constructed. But the coldness of the weather had been excessive, during a part of the time that he was the occupant of that dreary abode; and the boundaries of his cell not allowing of much exercise, a sickness fastened upon him, which, though not dangerous in its nature, had rendered him thin and very pale. He came into court, arm in arm with the attorney who was employed to plead his cause; and slightly bowing to those whose friendly salute indicated that they believed him innocent, he passed through the crowd, and took a seat beside the lawyers within the bar. From the high and exemplary character which he had sustained invariably, from his first settling in the place, until the present black suspicion rested on him, a degree of intuitive respect was accorded by all, that must have been highly gratifying to his feelings. A plea of not guilty was entered, and the examination of witnesses commenced.

George Carlock was the nephew of the deceased. On the night of the sixteenth of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped, perhaps, for a-while at Buckhorn's, who lived a mile or so further down the timber; but, as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of trailing the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. Two young men that had joined them at Buckhorn's returned with the body, they continuing on the trail. It led them to Mr. Wentworth's. They inquired

if any person had been there, that crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered that Doctor Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them. That Mr. Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail, and found that there was a track from farther up, most likely Mr. Rumley's. They continued on the track till they arrived in town. Being informed, by Mr. Drill the gunsmith, that Doctor Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money, which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

James Buckhorn's testimony was in full corroboration of the preceding. He mentioned, in addition, that he examined the lock and barrel of his rifle, on finding it lying near the murdered man, and discovered that it had certainly been discharged, but a short time before.

The gunsmith deposed to his having given the rifle to the prisoner, on his offering to carry it out to Buckhorn, and that it had been discharged since.

"Mr. Drill," said Lawyer Blandly, who was counsel for our hero, "you mention having given the gun to Doctor Rivington; did you also give him a bullet that would fit the bore?"

"I did not."

"Did he exhibit any anxiety to obtain the weapon?" again asked the lawyer.

"By no means," replied the gunsmith, "I considered at the time that the Doctor's offer was one of mere

kindness; and he had previously mentioned he was going out that way to visit his patients."

"The bore of this rifle, Mr. Drill," continued the sagacious lawyer, "is very small. I presume that you are familiar with the size and qualities of all that are owned on the road out to Mr. Buckhorn's. Is there any house at which Dr. Rivington could have stopped, and procured a ball of sufficient smallness?"

"John Guntry's rifle," answered Mr. Drill, "carries eighty-seven or eight to the pound, and one of his bullets, with a thick patch, would suit Buckhorn's pretty well. That is the only one any where near the size."

The attorney for the people here asked the witness another question.

"For what purpose, sir, did the prisoner go into your shop, on the morning of the sixteenth of December?"

"I was employed in repairing a pair of pocket pistols for him, and fitting a bullet mould to them. He came in, I believe, to inquire if they were finished."

"Please to note that answer, gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting attorney. "Mr. Drill, you may stand aside."

Samuel Cochrane was next called. He was one of the young men, who had returned with the body of Silver-sight. On his way back, and about two hundred yards from the place where the murder had been committed, he found a copper powder-flask, (which was shown to him, and he identified it,) the letters C. R. M. D. being cut upon one of its sides, apparently with a knife. There was but one more witness on the part of the people, Mr. Lawton, the magistrate before whom the unfor-

unfortunate prisoner had been examined. He testified as to the facts which were deposed before him, together with the acknowledgment of Doctor Rivington that he had been in company with Mr. Silversight, &c. But we may pass over these circumstances, as the reader is already acquainted with them.

The prisoner was now put on his defence; and all that talent and ingenuity could devise, was done by his skillful counsel. The witnesses were cross-examined, and re-cross-examined; but their answers were uniformly the same. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character, but their evidence was rendered unnecessary by the attorney for the people admitting in unequivocal terms, that previous to this horrid occurrence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. At length, wearied by his exertions, and distressed at their result, Mr. Blandly discontinued his examination: he had one more weapon to try in behalf of his client—the powerful one of eloquence; and it was used by a master of the art, but, alas! was used in vain. He dwelt much on the fact that his unfortunate client had wished his route to be trailed from the village, and that Buckhorn had started for the purpose, when the disastrous snow-storm occurred, and took away the only hope he had of proving his innocence. He cited many cases to the jury in which circumstances, even stronger than these, had been falsified, when their victim, murdered by the laws, was slumbering in his grave. He appealed to them as parents, to know if they would believe, that a son, who had been so filial, whose character had previously been

without stain or blemish, could suddenly turn aside from the path of rectitude and honour, to commit such an atrocious a crime? But it were useless to recapitulate the arguments that were made use of on this interesting occasion—they were ineffectual. The attorney for the prosecution summed up very briefly. He assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder-flask, such as the eastern people principally use, had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree, engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine. The trail is pursued, and it leads them to the house of Mr. Wentworth, where the prisoner arrived on the evening of the bloody deed, and remained all night. They continue on the trail, till at last they find him, with greedy eyes, bending over the plunder he had torn from his gray-haired victim. "Such," concluded he, "is a rapid outline of the facts; and deeply as I deplore the wretched young man's guilt, yet, believing him guilty, it is my sacred duty to display his enormity—but farther than the imperious call of justice requires, I will not—I cannot go."

The charge of the judge, who was evidently very much affected, occupied but a few minutes; and the jury retired to make up their verdict. We have already told the reader that the prisoner was pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his exposed situation in prison, but the appalling events of the trial had caused no alteration in his appearance. He sat firm and collected; and

there was a melancholy sweetness in the expression of his countenance, which told that all was calm within. Indeed, the awful coincidence of the circumstances had been made fully known to him, before he came into court; he was convinced, unless the interposing arm of heaven should prevent the blow, that death and ignominy must fall upon him, and, after a severe internal conflict, he had become enabled to say, 'Thy will be done!'

His mother, by the assistance of that never-failing comforter in sorrow, religion, had hitherto supported, with something like resignation to the divine will, this greatest earthly calamity. In compliance with the earnest request of her son, who was fearful that the feelings of nature might become too strong for control, and who wished to behave with manliness and equanimity through the trying period, she refrained from going to court, on the day that was to decide, in a great measure, her mortal destiny.

Seated in the little parlour of their dwelling, together with the weeping Catharine, the strength of whose love had drawn her to the spot, and awaiting with an intense anxiety the issue of the laggard hour, was the mother of Charles Rivington, at the time to which we have brought our narrative. She started at each noise that reached her ear, and every breeze that shook the casement, seemed laden with the awful sentence of the law, against her son. And yet that noble woman, though torn by the deep and awful solicitude, which only a mother's heart can know, strove to speak words of comfort to the lovely being beside her, whose affectionate bosom seemed bursting with affliction.

"Weep not so bitterly," she said "Catharine, my dear child, alas, I soon may have no other child but you. But no: the Searcher of hearts knows that Charles is guiltless, and will yet put forth his arm to save. What sound 'was that!—I am wrong to distrust his goodness; yet this is a heavy, heavy hour. I have knelt, Catharine, at the bedside of three lovely children, three little human blossoms, that death untimely cropt, and was enabled to bow with resignation to the inscrutable decree. But this, oh my Father," groaned the tortured parent, "suffer this bitterest cup to pass from me. Catharine, dry your tears: he whose powerful hand led forth unharmed from the fiery furnace the three that would not renounce his name, will yet deliver my boy from the toils that are around him."

At this moment, Judy was seen from the window, running rapidly towards the house, and directly after, pale and breathless, entered the apartment.

"Judy!" faintly cried the agonized parent, trembling in every nerve, but unable to utter more.

"Ah, madam," responded the servant, "I know what you'd be asking me—tak' comfort, it's no decided yit; the juries has jist gone up stairs, to talk it over among themselves; and bless their swait souls, they cried amost as fast as I did mysell, when Mr. Blandly spoke to 'em. Ah he's a nice gentleman, and he knows exactly what kind o' body mister Charles is. He described him jist for all the world as I would, only I could'nt use sich ilegant words."

"The jury wept—there is hope, then, Judy?" inquired the parent, in a faltering voice.

"Wept did they? yes, and the judge, and Mr. Wentworth could scarce give his evidence for crying—and they all cried, except Mr. Charles himself. He looked pale and sorrowful, but there was no blubbering about him. I niver see'd him look so ilegant afore. But I jist rin here to tell ye how things was going on; I'll go back, and find what them juries says. I hope they may niver be able to open their ugly mouths, till its jist to spake the word 'innocent.'"

"Stop, Judy," said Mrs. Rivington, feeling unable to endure the horrors of another period of suspense, "I will go with you: I trust that heaven will give me strength to bear the issue, even should it be the worst that can befall."

"Ye had bitter not, my dear mistress," replied the devoted servant, "for there are hard-hearted people about the place, that b'lieve he's guilty, becasse he's a yankee—odsrot their saucy tongues—and they mout jeer at ye, becasse ye're his mother."

"They cannot—at any rate, I will go forth," said the afflicted woman, "he's my own, true, pious, noble-hearted boy; and his mother will be by to whisper consolation in his ear, though every other tongue were loud in mockery and revilings."

"And I will go with you, mother," said Catharine, rising from her chair, and drying her tears, "I know he is innocent—and should the worst come, it is better to hear it at once, than linger here in such protracted anguish."

The assembled crowd was still anxiously awaiting the return of the verdict, when the mother of Charles Ri-

vington, leaning on the arm of Catharine Wentworth, entered the court-house of Edgerton. A passage was instantly opened for them, with that intuitive respect which almost all men are ready to yield to misfortune, even when accompanied by guilt. They had not been long seated, in the part of the room where they could be most skreened from observation, when the jury returned, and handing a sealed verdict to the clerk, resumed their places. The clerk arose, and read in a faltering voice, "we find the prisoner, Charles Rivington, guilty." The words had scarcely left his lips, when a piercing shriek rang through the apartment, and Catharine Wentworth fell lifeless on the floor. Not so with that Christian mother—with an unwonted strength, she darted through the assembly, until she reached her child; "my boy!" she cried, "my boy! be of good cheer. Your heavenly Father, knows your inmost soul, and sees that you are guiltless. We shall lie down together, for think not I can survive you—we shall lie down together, to awake with the Lord—my boy—my boy! little did I think to see this bitter day;" exhausted nature could endure no more, and the mother fainted in the arms of her child.

We shall not attempt to describe the situation of our unhappy hero, for words are inadequate to the task. The insensible forms of his mother and beloved Catharine, were conveyed from the scene; and when some degree of silence was restored among the sympathising multitude, the judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. He had nothing to say to avert it, except a reiterated

declaration of his innocence; and he besought the court, that the time previous to his execution might be made as brief as possible, in mercy to his bereaved parent, who would be but dying a continual death, while he survived. It was accordingly fixed, to take place on that day three weeks.

It was near midnight of that important day—the busy throng which the trial had collected together were dispersed, and the moon, high in heaven, was wading on her silent course, through the clouds of a wintry sky, when Charles Rivington, startled from unquiet slumber, by a fancied noise at the door of his prison, and sitting up in bed that he might more intently listen, heard his own name whispered from the outer side.

“Will you wake, Mr. Charles!” was softly uttered in the sweet accents of our little Irish acquaintance, Judy. “Was there iver the like,” continued she, “and he asleeping at that rate, when his friends are opening the door for him.”

“Be quiet, Judy,” responded a masculine voice, but modulated to its softest tone, “and stand more in the shadow. The doctor ’ll wake fast enough, as soon as I git this bolt sawed out; but if ye git that tavern-keeper’s dog a-barking, there’s no telling, but it may wake the jailer instead of the doctor.”

“And you’re right, Jimmy dear,” responded Judy; “there now, leave go with your fingers, man; you can’t pull it off that ’ere way. Here, tak’ this bit of a stake for a pry—and now, that’s your sort,” continued she, adding her strength to his, and a large end of the log,

to which the fastenings of the door were appended, fell to the ground. "Now, one more pull, Jimmy, and the day's our own."

They accordingly made another exertion of united strength, when the prison door flying open, Buckhorn and Judy stood before our prisoner.

"There, Mister Charles, say nothing at all, at all about it, but just take Jimmy's nag, that's down in the hollow, and git clare as well as ye can. There's a steamboat, Jimmy says, at St. Louis, going right down the river, and here's all the money that we could git, but it's enough to pay your passage, any how," said the affectionate girl, tears standing in her eyes, as she reached to her respected, and, as she firmly believed, guiltless master, all her own hoardings, together with the sum which Buckhorn had been accumulating, ever since he became a suitor for her hand.

"You are a kind and excellent girl," answered Rivington, sensibly affected by the heroism and attachment of his domestic, "and you are a noble fellow, Buckhorn; but you forget that by flying I should only confirm those in the belief of my guilt, who are wavering now: besides, I could hardly expect to escape; for my life being forfeit to the laws, a proclamation would be immediately issued, and apprehension and death, then as now, would be my doom. No, no, my good friends, you mean me well, but I cannot consent to live, unless I can live with an unsullied fame."

"Ah, dear doctor," sobbed out poor Judy, whose heart seemed almost broken, "what's the use of spaking about it. If you stay, you've but a few days to live;

and if you tak' your chance now, who knows but the rail murderer may be found out, and then you might come back, Mister Charles, and all would go well agin."

"That is a powerful argument, Judy; but my trust is in him who beholds all our actions," returned our hero, "and I must confess that I cannot divest myself of the hope, that the truth will yet be brought to light, before I die the death of a felon."

"Doctor Rivington," said Buckhorn, going up to him and taking him warmly by the hand, "I've been wavering all along about you; but I'm sartain now. The man that murdered Silversight in cold blood, would'nt be agoing to stand shilly-shally, and the jail door wide open. I always was dub'ous about it, though the proof seemed so sure. My nag is down in the hollow, with saddle-bags on him, and Judy filled 'em full of your clothes: you may take him Doctor, if ye will; you may take the money in welcome—but I, that come here to set you clear, advise you to stay; and if I dont find out somethin' to turn the tables before hanging day, it sha'nt be becace I dont try."

Our hero exchanged with the honest hunter, one of those warm pressures of the hand, which may be termed the language of the soul, and conveyed to him, by the eloquent action, more than he could readily have found words to express. They were now alarmed by the report of two rifles near them, fired in quick succession, and two persons issuing from the shadow of a neighbouring horse-shed at the same moment made directly towards the door of the jail, crying out in a loud voice, "the prisoner has broke out! the prisoner has broke out!" Our

friends, Judy and Buckhorn, were enabled to make good their retreat, as the object of the alarm seemed more to secure the prisoner, than the arrest of his intended deliverers. It was not many minutes before a considerable number of the idle and curious were collected by this clamour around the insufficient place of confinement, and effectual means were devised to prevent any danger of a farther attempt at rescue.

The glimmer of hope which had been lighted up in our hero's heart by the last words of Buckhorn, and the confident manner in which they were uttered, gradually declined, as day after day rolled by, and no trace could be discovered of the real perpetrator of the crime. To add to the anguish of his situation, he learned that his beloved Catharine was confined, by a wasting fever, to her bed; and that his mother, though she still bore up, and uttered not a murmur against the Almighty's will, was fast sinking of a broken heart into the grave. The evening previous to the fatal day which was to terminate his earthly career, at length arrived, but brought no cheering promise with it, and the unhappy young man, therefore, humbling himself before the throne of heaven, and beseeching that mercy there, which he could no longer hope for on earth, devoted the greater part of the night to prayer.

It was on the same evening, in a little mean-looking cabin, called "Brown's Tavern," in the place which we have before had occasion to speak of as the New Settlement, that two persons were sitting at a table, with a bottle of whiskey between them, conversing on the general topic, the execution that was to take place

on the morrow, when a third one entered, and calling for a dram, took a seat at some distance from them. He was a tall, dark man, dressed in a hunting frock, and buckskin leggings; and held in his hand one of those mongrel weapons, which, partaking of the characters both of rifle and musket, are called smooth-bores by the hunters of our western frontier, who, generally speaking, hold them in great contempt. The apartment of the little grocery, or tavern, where these three persons were assembled, was lighted, in addition to the blaze of a large wood-fire, by a single long-dipped tallow candle, held in an iron candlestick; and its only furniture consisted of the aforementioned table, with the rude benches on which the guests were seated. The conversation had been interrupted by the entry of the third person, but was now resumed.

"For my part, as I was saying," observed one of the persons, in continuation of some remark he had previously made, "I think the thing's been too hasty altogether.

"The doctor's character, which every body respected, should have made 'em more cautious how they acted; especially as he wanted 'em to go right out on his trail, and said they'd find he had kept straight on to Mr. Wentworth's. Now he would'n't a-told 'em that, if it was'n't so; and I'm half a-mind to b'lieve that he's not guilty, after all."

"That's damned unlikely," said the stranger, in a gruff voice.

"Why bless me, Mr. Rumley," continued the first speaker, "I didn't know it was you, you set so in the

dark. How have you been this long time. Let me see—why yes, bless me, so it was—it was you and me that was talking with poor old Silversight, the day he started from here with the money. I hav'nt seen you since. Why, an't you agoing to be over in Edgerton, to see the doctor hung to-morrow?"

"I do'nt know whether I shall go or not," replied Rumley.

"Well, I've a great notion to ride over there, though I'm monstrous sorry for the poor man."

"Sorry, the devil!—hang all the cursed yankees, I say," responded the amiable deputy-sheriff.

"Come, that's too bad—though, I like to see you angry on account of the old man's murder, becuse yc was'nt very good friends with him when he was alive—but bless me, Mr. Rumley, that powder-horn looks mighty like old Silversight's," taking hold of it to examine it, as he said so.

"Stand off!" cried Rumley, "what do you s'pose I'd be doing with the old scoundrel's powder-horn? It's not his—it never was his—he never seen it."

"It's a lie!" cried a person who had glided in, during the foregoing conversation, and had obtained a view of the horn in question, as the deputy-sheriff jerked it away from the sight of the other: "It's a lie! I know it well—I've hunted with the old man often, and I know it as well as I do my own. Bill Brown, and you, John Gillam," addressing himself to the one who first recognised the powder-horn, "I accuse Cale Rumley of old Silversight's murder—help me to secure him!"

The deputy-sheriff stood motionless for a moment.

and turned as pale as death, (from surprise, perhaps,) then, suddenly recovering his powers, he darted across the room, and seizing his gun, before any one was aware of the intention, levelled and fired at his accuser. The apartment became instantly filled with smoke, which, as it slowly rolled away, discovered to the astonished beholders, the stiff and bleeding form of Caleb Rumley, stretched at full length upon the floor. As soon as he discharged his piece, the infuriated man had sprung towards the door, designing to make an immediate escape; but the motion was anticipated by our friend, Jimmy Buckhorn, (for it was he who charged his fallen antagonist with murder, and who luckily was not touched by the ball that was meant to destroy him,) and with one blow of his powerful arm, he felled the scoundrel to the earth. He now rapidly explained to the wondering trio, the nature of the proof he had obtained of Rumley's guilt; and succeeded in satisfying them that he ought to be made prisoner, and immediately conveyed to Edgarton.

The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, arose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of males and females came pouring into the little village, impelled by the mysterious principle of our natures, which incites us to look on that we nevertheless must shudder to behold. But no sounds of obstreperous merriment, no untimely jokes, were uttered, as they passed along the road, to grate upon the ear of the unfortunate Charles, and break him off from his communion with heaven: on the contrary, many a tear was shed that morning, by the bright eyes of rustic

maidens, who were 'all unused to the melting mood;' and many a manly breast heaved a sigh of sympathy for the culprit, who was that day to make expiation to the offended laws. Indeed, since the sentence of the court was passed, a wonderful change had been wrought among the ever-changing multitude, by various rumours that were whispered from one part of those wide prairies to another, and spread with almost incredible velocity. A thousand acts of unasked for benevolence were now remembered, in favour of him who was so soon to suffer. Here was an aged and afflicted woman whom he had not only visited without hope of reward; but upon whom he had conferred pecuniary, as well as medicinal comforts. There was an industrious cripple who had received a receipt in full, from the young physician, when creditors to a less amount were levying upon his farm. And many similar acts of bounty were proclaimed abroad, by the grateful hearts on which they had been conferred, all helping to produce the change of sentiment which was manifestly wrought. Still the general impression seemed to be unshaken, (so strong had been the proofs,) that, in an evil hour, he had yielded to temptation, and embroiled his hands in a fellow creature's blood.

The hour at last arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal place with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectators guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death—for his eye had

a calm expression, and the muscles of his face were as motionless as an infant's in slumber. They reached the spot. A prayer, a solemn prayer was offered up to heaven for the murderer's soul, in which every hearer joined, with unaccustomed fervour. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord, while the agonized mother, vainly endeavouring to emulate the firmness of her heroic boy, approached, with trembling steps, to bid a last farewell—when hark! a shout was heard—all eyes were turned to catch its meaning—another shout, and the words “stop! stop the execution!” were distinctly audible. In less than an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining, to reach towards the sheriff, an order from the judge, to stay the execution.

Reader, our tale is nearly at an end. Jimmy Buckhorn had been faithful to his word. He had sought for some clue to the real murderer, with an earnestness which nothing but a firm conviction of our hero's innocence, superadded to his love for Judy, could possibly have enkindled. For some time he was unsuccessful. At length the thought struck him, that the track on the side of the stream where Mr. Wentworth resided, might have been caused by a traveller passing along, on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy-sheriff, in that case, might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr. Wentworth's, to see if his story that he had been further up the stream was correct. This took considerable time; but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then pro-

cured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy, until the proper time for disclosure, and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had even dared to hope; the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head, and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth-bore. He set out directly for Edgarton, choosing to go by the way of the New Settlements, for a two-fold reason. He had heard that Rumley was in that neighbourhood, and to get possession of him, or of his gun at any rate, he deemed very essential. Besides, that route would take him by the house of the judge, and from him it would be necessary to procure an order to delay the proceedings. We have seen the result. But the chain of evidence was not yet complete.

A wild and dissipated young man, by the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk of the county, on his way back to the tavern, from the place where the execution was to have taken place, in order to while away an hour until the time for dinner should arrive. The powder-flask, which had been brought in evidence against our hero, was lying on the table, the graven side downward. There is a restless kind of persons in the world, who can never be easy, let them be sitting where they will, without fingering and examining whatever is in their reach—and such an one was Michael Davis: he accordingly took up the flask in a careless manner, and turning it over in his hand, his eye fell upon the letters.

"Why, halloo, what the devil are you doing with my powder-flask?" asked he.

"I wish the unlucky article had been your's, or any body's except the unfortunate Dr. Rivington's," returned the clerk, who was a friend of our hero, and deeply deplored the circumstances that had lately transpired.

"Unfortunate devil's," reiterated Michael; "I tell you it's my flask, or article, as you prefer calling it; or rather it was mine and Cale Rumley's together. We bought it when him and me went down to Orleans—let's see, that's three years, come Spring. I ought to know the cursed thing, for I broke a bran new knife in scratching them letters on it."

The clerk started from his seat—he snatched the flask out of the hands of Davis—he gazed at it a moment intently—then, the truth suddenly flashing on his mind, he rushed out into the road, forgetting his hat, forgetting every thing but the letters on the flask. The magistrate, who grieved as much as any one, at the supposed dereliction of their young friend, the physician, was amazed to see the clerk enter his apartment in such a plight.

"There!" cried he, as he threw down the flask on the table, "C. R. M. D. spell something beside Rivington. Send your servant out of the room." As soon as he was gone, and the door carefully closed, the clerk continued in a low, confidential tone, "that flask is Caleb Rumley's, and Caleb Rumley is the murderer, (no wonder he has kept himself away all this while.) It belonged to him and that imp of Satan, Mich Davis, together; and Mich Davis told me so, with his own

mouth, not three minutes ago—and Charles Rivington's an honest man—huzza! huzza! huzza!" concluded he, as he danced and skipped about the apartment, with the delirious joy true friendship inspired. The magistrate was a man of middle age, and very large and corpulent, but a mountain of flesh could not have kept him down, when such thrilling news tingled in his ears, and he too began to dance a jig, that shook the tenement to its foundation.

It became the duty of the worthy magistrate, to commit, in the course of that very day, our respected friend Caleb Rumley, Esq. deputy-sheriff of the county of — to the same capacious tenement which Dr. Rivington had lately inhabited, he, with the consent of the judge, being more safely disposed of in the prison of—his own house. A bill was immediately found by the grand jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he obstinately denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, he first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was found guilty and executed on the same gallows, that had been erected for our calumniated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to his skill. The Christian parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with a noble humility to the decree of heaven; it was thence she now

derived support in this more trying hour of joy. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight over those wide-extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovelier flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington. Never did there stand before the holy man a happier, a more affectionate pair. Their hearts had been tried—severely tried; they had been weighed in the balance, and not found wanting. The house of Mr. Wentworth was the scene of their union; and on the same evening, and by the same hand that had bound her ‘dear Mister Charles’ to his blooming bride, our little Irish friend Judy, was united to the worthy Buckhorn, who had been prevailed upon reluctantly to lay aside his hunting shirt and leather leggings on the joyful occasion. The evening glided rapidly away, urged along by tales of mirth, and song, and jest; and it was observed that though Charles and Catharine took but little share in the rattling conversation of the hour, they appeared to enjoy the scene with happiness that admitted of no increase. Indeed, often did the tender blue eyes of the beautiful bride become suffused with crystal drops of joy, as she raised them up in thankfulness to her heavenly Father, who had conducted them safely through all the perils of the past, and at last brought them together under the shelter of his love.

“The whole trouble come out of your being so kind, Doctor Rivington,” said the manly, though, in his new suit, rather awkward looking Buckhorn. “It was all of your kindness in offering to bring out my plaguy rifle.

If it had'nt been for that, suspieion would'nt a-lighted on you at all."

"Now hould your tongue, Jimmy, dear," answered his loquacious little wife; "I thought so mysell, till Mister Charles explained it to me, and then I found out how 'twas the wisdom of the Almighty put it into his head to carry your gun: for how would you iver got on the true scent, if the big bullet had'nt a tould ye for sartain that it was niver the small-bored rifle what kilt him. No, blessed be his name, that made then, as he always will, goodness its own reward, and put it in the heart of my dear, kind master, to carry out a great clumsy gun to an old ranger like you, Buckhorn. And under heaven, the cause of all our present happiness, tak' my word for it, is **THE RIFLE.**"

SONG.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I THROUGH gay and brilliant places,
Long my wayward course had bound,
Oft had gazed on beauteous faces,
But no loved one yet had found.

Careless, onward did I saunter,
Seeking no beloved to see,
Rather fearing such encounter,
Wishing ever to be free.

Thus, from all temptation fleeing,
Hoped I long uncheck'd to rove,
Till the fair Louisa seeing—
Who can see her and not love?

Sol, his splendid robes array'd in,
Far behind the hills was gone,
As one night I saw the maiden
Tripping o'er the verdant lawn:

Of a strange tumultuous feeling,
As I gazed I felt the sway,
Quick it set my brain a reeling,
Back, confused, I bent my way.

Through my bosom rapid darting,
Love 'twas plain I could not brave,
And with boasted freedom parting,
I became Louisa's slave!

W. D. L.

TICONDEROGA.

By old Ticonderoga's walls
We met—how soon to part!
'To him how swiftly flies the hour,
Whose dial is his heart!

And yet it seem'd as if some spell
Had all my senses bound,
For, while I only thought of thee,
I spoke of scenes around.

We talk'd of deeds of olden time—
Deeds still our country's pride;
And ruins, now the hallow'd grave
Of warriors there who died.

We talk'd of nature smiling o'er,
Her woods, her waving hills,
The azure skies, the balmy breeze,
The music of the rills.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Yet was thy softness in the breeze,
In that blue vault thine eye,
Thy voice was in the murmuring streams—
In all I felt thee nigh.

Yes, ah! believe me, though my tongue
Might speak of scenes around,
My anxious heart was fix'd on thee—
In thee my senses bound.

STANZAS.

THE breath that heaved her artless breast,
Has pass'd, like dew exhaled, away!
Her virgin path with buds was dress'd,
And hope look'd bright upon her day:
But they have wither'd where they lay:
And hope has veil'd her sunny crest.
Spirit inscrutable! thy sway
We own—while pity speaks the rest!

When death to age we see appear,
And deal his pulse-arresting blow,
Resign'd we follow with the bier;
Our tears flow gently, if they flow,

And it is right it should be so:
The fruit is ripe—the leaf is sear—
The one must fall, the other go
Before the chill-blast of the year.

Not thus when youth and beauty find
The sudden stroke of silent fate:
A grief is on the heart, and mind,
With an insufferable weight,
Which time—time only, can abate.
O early lost!—O early twined
Funereal wreath!—this is the state
Of human expectation blind.

Radiant the sun of youth ascends,
To shine on prospects gay with flowers:
Far as the eye its glance extends,
We mark a train of rosy hours,
And pleasure opens all her bowers;
But, while we gaze, the vision ends:
The cloud of death the scene o'erpowers,
And horror with the darkness blends!

Yet happy is the virgin's doom,
Who early thus to earth is given;
And blessed is the tear-wet tomb,
Which opes for her the gates of heaven!
The thorns of love—which oft have riven
The gentle breast—can find no room
Within that silent dwelling:—even
Aspersion cannot pierce its gloom.

Should fate and fortune join to bless,
And love to hymen's altar lead
The maiden, from her loveliness,
Alas! what sorrows still succeed!
How oft the mother's heart must bleed;
A dying infant to caress!
That parent's anguish who can read;
Or who a widow's pangs express!

Life is of varied ills a scene—
A dream, at best, that will not stay;
Yet, strange perversity! we lean
On worthless props, from day to day,
And wish to live.—More blest are they
Who go before, with conscience clean:
And doubly blest the maid, whose May
Is closed in all its freshness green.

G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE

FAITH, HOPE, AND HUMILITY.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

RABBI YEHOODA MARGOLAH, a man very learned and pious, and withal a skilful physician, was one of those who had been driven, after the destruction of the first temple, into Persia. He became a great favourite with the king, and his majesty bestowed on him the rank of head doctor to his person and palace. The latter munificent act caused him to have many enemies, particularly among the physicians who were jealous of his reputation and greatness.

After a residence of several years, in which time Margolah had often cured the king of Persia of several maladies, it happened once that his majesty was attacked with a severe fever, and the favourite and head doctor, had some medicines prepared for him, and sent them into the palace. But as it was a law that the king of Persia could take no medicine without all the physicians belonging to the palace being present, orders were given, that they should all assemble at a certain hour. Accordingly, when the hour arrived, they were all present. The head physician then ordered the prime minister, to pour out from a vial a certain quantity of medicine. Whilst the prime minister was in the act of pouring out the medicine, one of the physicians

who were opposed to the head doctor, stepped forth, and commanded the prime minister to stop, alledging that he could perceive from the colour and smell of the medicine, that it was poison. A pause took place, and terror seized every one present. His majesty then addressed himself to the head doctor, in the following terms. "Thou worm, whom I have raised from the dust of the earth, on whom I have lavished houses, pleasure grounds, slaves and treasures, what have I done to thee, that thou hast sought my life!" The head doctor, according to the custom of Persia, when addressing the king, prostrated himself, kissing the hem of his majesty's garment, and then uttered these words: "O thou greatest of earthly monarchs, by whom mighty empires are ruled, king of the east, when heretofore the God of thy fathers was angry with thee, and reproved thee as a father would his son, by visiting thee with sickness, I, thy unworthy slave, have several times been an instrument in the hands of the Almighty God, to raise thee from thy sick bed, This medicine, mighty monarch, was sent this morning from my house, prepared by myself, not to kill, but to heal thee; and if it be poison, it must have been changed by the contrivance of the other physicians, who are mine enemies."

One of the wise men then stepped forth, and said, "may it please your majesty to have this medicine given to a dog, in order to try its noxious qualities, perchance the physicians are trying to injure the head doctor." His advice was adopted, and no sooner had the dog tasted the medicine, than he became convulsed and expired. The head doctor immediately was dragged from the presence of the king, stript of his costly garments,

and clad in sackcloth, had heavy iron chains put round his neck and feet. He was then placed into a dungeon, that more resembled a grave, than a prison, for he could neither turn himself, sit upright, nor stretch a limb. His daily allowance was a piece of coarse black bread, with a small pitcher of water, and even this scanty fare was some days neglected.

When the king had recovered from his malady, he inquired of his prime minister, what had become of the doctor; he was accordingly answered, that he was in prison until the recovery of his majesty, and now that his majesty was convalescent, he was awaiting his pleasure to pass his judgment on the doctor, as the crime which he had been guilty of, was the most heinous in the annals of Persia, and required the most exemplary punishment. The king was silent, for he had still an affection for the doctor, whom he thought one of the wisest men he had ever known, and perhaps innocent of the charge, as his guilt had not been positively proved.

As soon as the courtiers and the prime minister had departed from the presence of the king, he gave secret orders to some of his servants, to go to a little opening, which led to the dungeon, and try to converse with the doctor, in order to spy out his sentiments. They accordingly did so. And, although they tried their utmost to enter into conversation with the doctor, they did not succeed, the doctor was perfectly silent. They brought their report to the king, he then ordered them to stand and listen; perhaps the doctor in the bitterness of his heart, might talk to himself; peradventure, he might curse the king for thus punishing him innocently, or curse him-

self, for having tried to poison his sovereign. But all in vain, the doctor was perfectly mute. The king then tried the stratagem of sending his wife, children, and near relatives to him; at the same time giving orders to his spies to be at a little distance, so as to be able to hear, yet not be seen. His majesty very naturally thought that when his near relations came to him, and bewailed his situation, they would extort from him his sentiments, and that he would open his heart to them. His wife and children were accordingly sent to him, and as soon as they perceived him they wept bitterly, but on a nearer view, when they found that he had lost none of his flesh, and his cheeks were as rosy as ever, and he perfectly calm, they all began of one accord to ask him how it happened? heavily loaded as he was with iron chains, in a dungeon as narrow as the grave, food hardly enough to sustain life, and yet he had lost neither his flesh nor his colour? Then the wise physician began to speak—

“My dear friends! I put in all my food seven kinds of herbs, that is the reason that neither my colour, nor my flesh, hath forsaken me.” His friends then requested him to tell what those herbs were, so if the stock which he took with him to the prison, were exhausted, they might gather fresh ones and supply him. Besides, they might be of use to themselves. The wise man then opened his mouth and said, “my dear friends, listen and I will inform you of the names of the seven herbs. The name of the first is Faith—he that hath faith in the Holy One, blessed be he, need neither care nor grieve, and as I have my faith in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he will surely preserve me from all wo, and

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send me help, and I am certain that he will turn the heart of the king that he may be satisfied of my innocence, and that the king will have mercy upon me, and release me from this prison, for he that hath trust in the Lord, mercy will surround him, and he will not be forsaken; so that the verse of the holy prophet may be verified, 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.' The second herb is Hope—every one should have his hope in the Holy One, blessed be he, in the midst of pangs and woes, we should lift up our eyes and hope to be relieved by the most high God. The third herb is called Punishment from the Lord. The Blessed One no doubt has punished me on account of my manifold sins, for no mortal is punished without he deserves it, wherefore then should I murmur when the Lord has seen fit to punish me. The fourth herb is called How can I help it. As the king has commanded my punishment, how can I alter it, it is therefore the part of a wise man not to grieve at those things that he cannot alter. The fifth herb is called To rejoice under affliction—it is the will of the Holy One, blessed be he, that I should be punished in this world, in order that I may enter pure and spotless into the world to come, and that the verse of the psalmist, peace be upon him, may be fulfilled, 'Blessed be the man whom thou chastenest O! Lord, therefore I rejoice under thy punishment.' And it also accords with what Rabbi Joshua ben Levi hath said, 'he that rejoiceth under affliction, brings redemption into the world,' and he accomplishes the words of the prophet Isaiah, peace be upon him, 'Behold thou art wroth, for

we have sinned, in that consists eternity, for we shall be saved.' The sixth herb is called To be satisfied with one's lot—I am satisfied with the portion that the Holy One, blessed be he, has apportioned unto me. I neither crave after wealth, health, pleasures, honours, nor even life, but render myself up entirely to the will of him who made me. Besides, I always consider that there are worse misfortunes, and worse punishments than mine. The seventh herb is called The help of the blessed God—I know that my Redeemer liveth, he will help me. For the help of the Lord cometh in the twinkling of an eye, he is a holy, merciful, and just God—he will deliver me from evil, and give due punishment to mine enemies who seek my life, and have enraged the king against me. These, my dear friends, are the seven herbs that I put in my food, and that is the reason that I am as healthy and fresh as you see me. Let me therefore beseech you, my dear friends, to make use of the same ingredients, and not to grieve on my account—on the contrary, rejoice. And when you are under the greatest tribulation, have your trust in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and he will surely help you. You will then fulfil the words of king Solomon, peace be upon him, 'He that putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be made fat.' "

The emissaries of the king who listened to the conversation of the doctor, reported it to his majesty.

He gave immediate orders that his irons should be taken off, his sackcloth changed into his former costly garments, and his dignity restored to him.

J. HEWITZ

SPRING MORNING.

How sweet the landscape!—Morning twines
Her tresses round the brow of day,
And bright mists o'er the forest pines,
Like happy spirits, float away
To revel on the mountain's crown,
Whence the glad stream comes shouting down
Through woods and rocks, that hang on high,
Like clouds against the deep blue sky.

The woven sounds of bird and stream
Are stealing beautiful and deep
Upon the spirit, like a dream
Of music on the hour of sleep;
And gently, from the dewy bowers,
Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
Are winding through the purple grove,
And blending with the notes of love.

The streams in veins of silver flow—
The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
A fairy bark upon the sea;
It comes so fresh, so wild, so sweet.
It draws the heart from its retreat.
To mingle with the glories born
In the first holy light of morn.

The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
Smiles in its sweet, unbroken rest,
As it were dreaming of the trees
And blossoms pictured on its breast;
Its depths are glowing bright and fair,
And the deep skies seem hallow'd there,
Soft-trembling—as they felt the thrill
Of music echoed from the hill.

A cloud is on the sky above,
And calmly o'er the young year's blue
'Tis coming, like a thing of love,
To gladden in the rising dew;
Its white waves with the sunlight blend,
And gentle spirits seem to bend
From its unrolling folds, to hear
The glad sounds of our joyous sphere:

The living soul of beauty fills
The air with glorious visions—bright
They linger round the sunny hills,
And wander in the clear blue light;
Off to the breathing heavens they go,
Along the earth they live and glow,
Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles
And beckon to its glittering isles.

Oh, at this hour, when air and earth
Are gushing love, and joy, and light,
And songs of gladness hail the birth
Of all that's beautiful and bright,

Each heart beats high—each thought is blown
To flame—the spirit feels the tone
Of brighter worlds, and melts away
In visions of eternal day.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

BIRDS.

YE birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear!
Ye would teach our souls from earth to rise,
Ye would bid us its grovelling scenes despise—
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain—
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven—
Ye would teach us to fix our aim on heaven.

Beautiful birds of the azure wing,
Bright creatures that come with the "voice of Spring,"
We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn.
Though rainbow splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows—
Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye—
How ye preach of the grace of humility!

Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor slumber stay,
But press still forward by night and day—
And in your unwearying course yet fly
Beneath the clear and the clouded sky,
O! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay—
You remind us that we alike should raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise.
There's something about you that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!

C. W. THOMSON.

HEAVEN.

AN INDIAN FRAGMENT.

WHERE are the dead who nobly fell
To save the valleys of their sires?
Whose deeds, which bards delight to tell,
Are bright as heaven's immortal fires!

In climes of joy, in realms divine,
Their's is an everlasting day,
Where suns in cloudless glory shine,
And never, never fade away.

A land where winter never threw
His mantle of ungenial snows,
But where, from age to age anew,
One bright unchanging summer glows.
A land where e'en the name of slave
Has not been heard; where all are free
As the light breeze, or boundless wave,
That bathes thy shores, Eternity!

The warrior chiefs of ages past
Who on the earth had never met,
In joy assemble there at last,
And pledge the sacred calumet.
From hour to hour the chase goes on,
The wild-deer flies, but flies in vain;
And, when the huntsman's task is done,
Unwearied he pursues again.

Years roll away, but cannot shed
A furrow on the warrior's brow;
And when ten thousand years have fled,
He still is young and strong as now!

